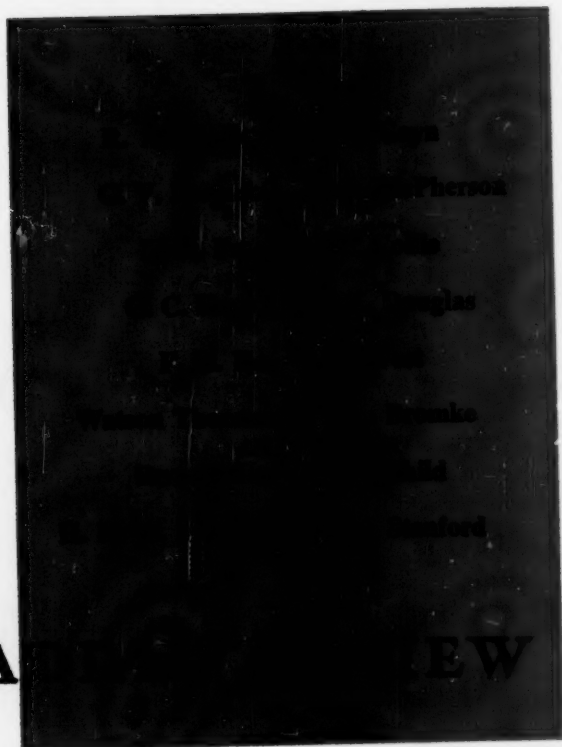


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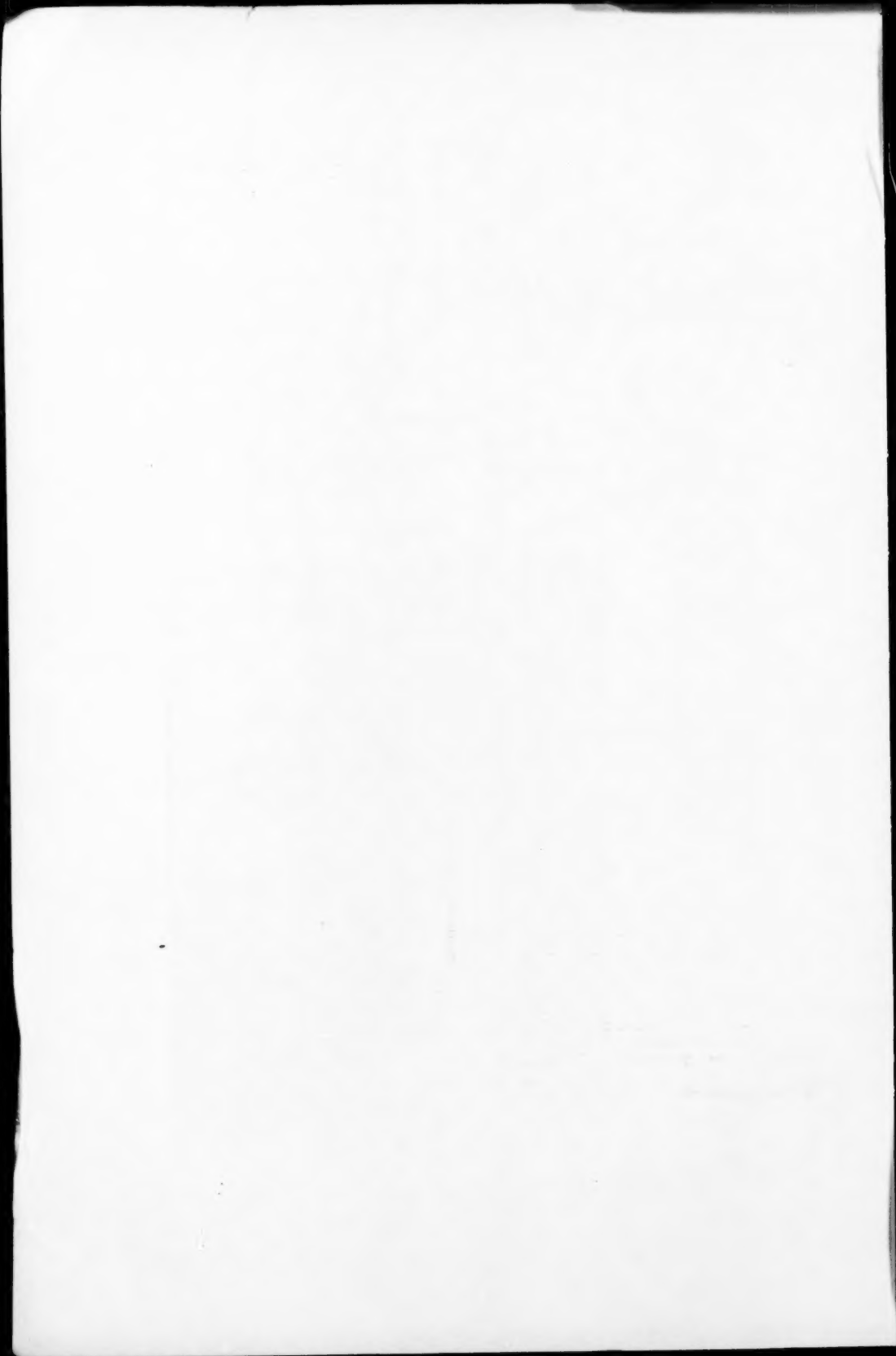


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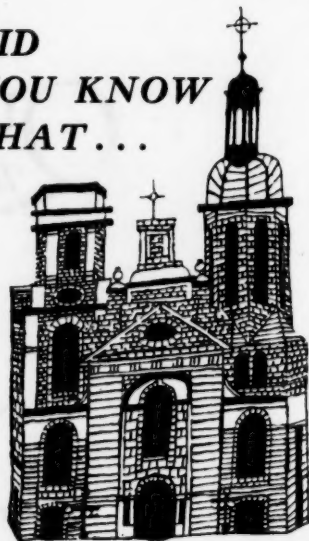
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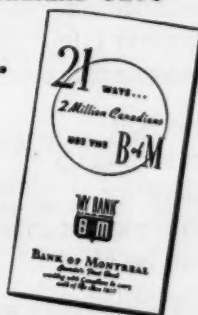
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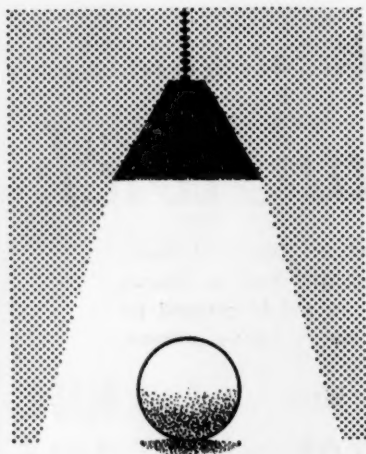
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## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

MARK GAYN, author of four books on Russia and the Far East, has lived and travelled widely in the Soviet Union and China. A close student of the Russian press, he applies his special knowledge to an analysis of the ferment among Soviet intellectuals of which "l'affaire Pasternak" is a recent symptom. The political crisis in Poland is discussed by ADAM BROMKE, a specialist in East European affairs who has taught at the Universities of Montreal and Ottawa and at McGill.

G. V. FERGUSON, who gives us a sensitive portrait of the late Chancellor of Queen's University, is Editor-in-Chief of *The Montreal Star*. His distinguished career as a publicist, which has included service with the *London Times* and the *Winnipeg Free Press*, recently earned him an honorary degree from his old Alma Mater, the University of Alberta. A few years ago the same institution similarly honoured F. G. ROE, retired railwayman and self-taught historian, whose numerous publications include contributions to the *Canadian Historical Review*, and who offers here some imaginative reflections upon the ruins of Glastonbury. Miss A. VIBERT DOUGLAS, who contributes a charming account of a meeting with Garibaldi's colourful grand-daughter, is Dean of Women and Professor of Astronomy at Queen's University, and author of a recent biography of Eddington.

WATSON THOMSON, whose voice is well known to C B C listeners, has had a varied career on three continents as author, editor and educationalist. His work in the English Department at the University of British Columbia gives him a special competence to discuss the problems posed by the need for humanistic education in a technological age.

G. G. HARROP, who summarizes the case for the Dead Sea skeptics, has written for *The Canadian Journal of Theology* and for *The Reporter* of New York. Assistant Professor of Biblical Studies at McMaster, he is presently on sabbatical leave in Heidelberg.

The place of the writer in the "open society" of North America is examined by PAUL WEST, Assistant Professor of English at Memorial University, whose volume of critical studies of the newer humanism will appear this spring under the title of *Fossils of Piety*.

Our latter-day flight from "the controversial", with its debilitating effect upon a once robust literary form, is provocatively scrutinized by the eye of H. R. PERCY, himself the author of several essays, who is a member of the Royal Canadian Navy presently stationed at Halifax.

Two review articles cover T. S. Eliot's *The Elder Statesman*, which closed in London in December, and *The Arts in Canada*, recently published by Macmillan under the editorship of Malcolm Ross. DEREK STANFORD, who contributes the first of these, has written or edited a dozen books on literary subjects and lectures on twentieth-century poetry at the City Literary Institute in London. HUGO McPHERSON, well known as a Canadian literary critic, is in the English Department of University College, Toronto.

Our two short stories come from an older and from a newer pen. RUSSELL KIRK, whose books include *The Conservative Mind*, *St. Andrews*, and the more recent *The American Cause*, visits Scotland annually while on vacation from his duties as research professor of politics at Post College. H. R. W. MORRISON, Toronto Editor of C B C Information Programs, publishes his first short story with this issue.

Three poets have contributed to our verse department. R. A. D. FORD, whose book of poems entitled *A Window on the North* appeared two years ago, has recently been appointed Canadian ambassador to Yugoslavia. His translation of *White Night*, direct from the Russian of Boris Pasternak, suggests an interesting comparison with another version included in the volume *Doctor Zhivago*, recently published in English by William Collins Sons of Toronto. The varied activities of LAMBERT FAIRCHILD, who lives in New York, have included the directorship of the St. Paul Real Estate Exchange, as well as posts as Commander of the American Legion and Governor of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Ryerson will shortly publish a chapbook of the verse of MICHAEL COLLIE who lectures in English at the University of Manitoba while nourishing the ambition "to write well by working on a freighter, washing dishes in a New York hotel, herding cattle in Spain or even by being decadent in London."

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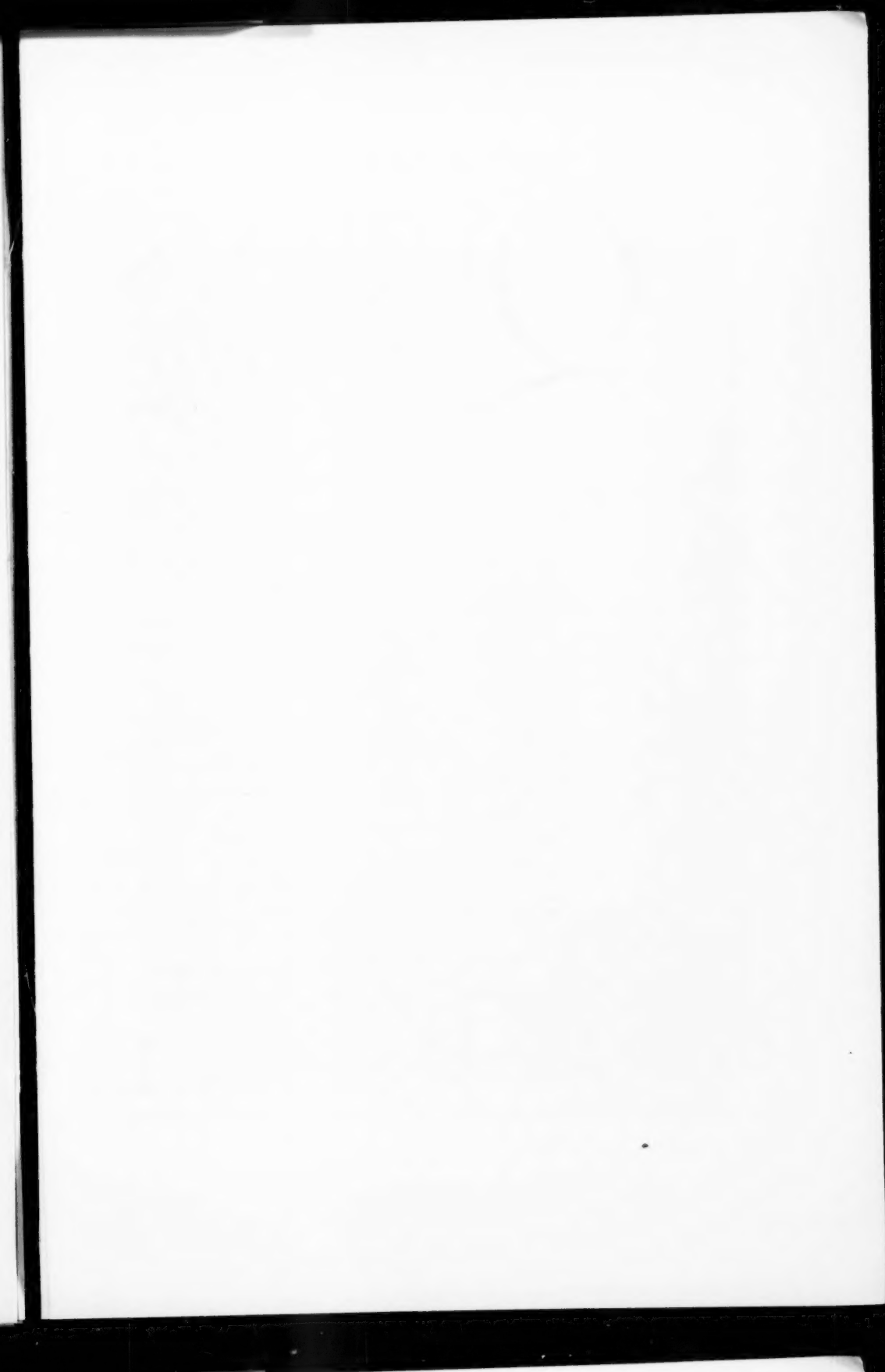
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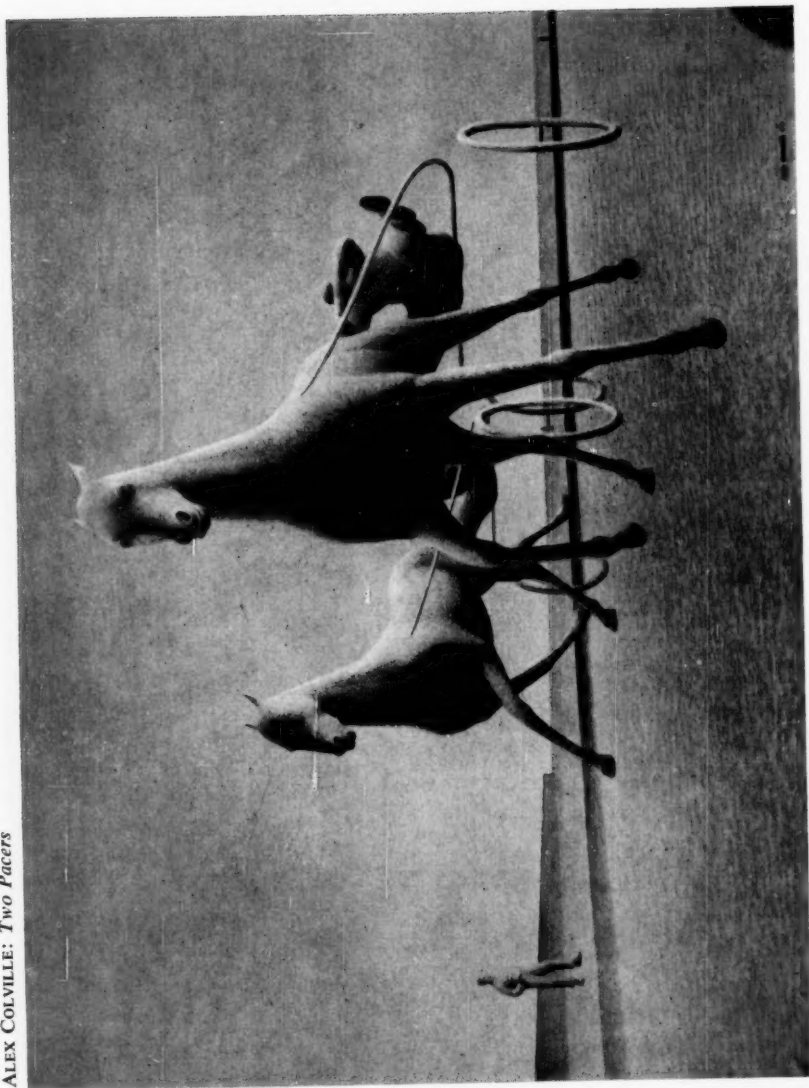
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ALEX COLVILLE: *Two Pacers*



(From *The Arts in Canada* edited by MALCOLM ROSS. See page 677).



# A Party at the Kremlin

— Soviet Literary Rebels —

by

MARK GAYN

---

*Boris Pasternak is not alone among the "angry men" of Russia. In this analysis of the recent events an authority on the communist half of the world tackles the question: Who? Why? and What next?*

---

ON February 8, 1958, the social calendar in Moscow was topped by a reception at the Great Kremlin Palace. The list of the hosts, as given in the Soviet press the following day, ran from Aristov, A. B., to Khrushchev, N. S., and included the nineteen men and one woman who govern the Soviet Union through the Communist Party Presidium. The vast throng of guests included personages equally well known, if less influential — scientists, designers, engineers, writers, philosophers, composers and artists. As the Communist theoretician, Mikhail Suslov, put it in his speech of welcome, this was "a reception in honor of the Soviet people's intelligentsia, who are making a great contribution to the development of Socialist culture and the great cause of the establishment of Communism."

As the reception progressed, there were more speeches, more bottles were uncorked, and more toasts were drunk — to the Party, to its leaders, to writers and to various other segments of *intelligentsia*. If any man dominated the reception though, it was Nikita Khrushchev. He delivered three speeches; he proposed more toasts than anyone else; and finally he handled the day's most ticklish assignment — a fatherly, heart-to-heart talk with the writers.

"Comrades," he told them, "the Soviet people are building Communism, and thus realizing the brightest and noblest dreams of mankind. In order to build and to fight, we must have strong, brave people of great, bold, noble and beautiful spirit. Books by Soviet authors help to strengthen all that is best, honorable, creative and progressive.

They teach people to hate all that is evil, mean and inhuman . . . . The artists of the pen help our party in the great cause of Communist education of the people. More than once lately, we have met writers, had friendly conversations with them about tasks and trends in the development of our literature. At the same time, critical comments were also made regarding those who have erred in their creative work. This was friendly criticism of the faults and incorrect tendencies which led artists to stray away from the only true path, the path of serving the people who are building Communism . . . . Recently, new works have appeared which were gratifying in the clarity of their ideology, in their effort . . . to show vividly the heroic road travelled by our country . . . To Soviet literature! To our Soviet writers!"

To respond to the toast there rose one of the Soviet Union's oldest authors and leading literary bureaucrats, N. S. Tikhonov. Soviet literature, he said, "is and has been the Party's weapon, and Soviet writers are proud of it . . . . It is the literature of progressive mankind . . . . I wish to raise this glass to the great teacher of life, our best friend and inspirer, the Communist Party, which leads mankind forward . . . ."

★ ★ ★

This might have been just another happy social gathering in Moscow, were it not for its macabre background. For what the Party leadership was celebrating here was nothing less than the end, or at least the apparent end, of a grave and portentous clash between the rulers and the unruly literati, the poets, novelists, playwrights, critics and editors. Russian history of the past 150 years is highlighted by such clashes. Under Tzardom, they led to the incarceration or deportation to Siberia of some of the nation's greatest writers. In the years of Stalinism, they meant concentration camps, execution or suicide for many of the ablest men of letters. But now, with a post-Stalinist thaw still in the air and with a far more supple mind directing the Party, the offending writers were getting away with nothing worse than a few harsh lectures and the usual mandatory public self-flagellation. With the reception at the Kremlin, Khrushchev was, in effect, saying to the intellectuals, to the Russian people, and to his Party colleagues: "Look, the times have changed. We are no longer

so insecure that we have to kill the rebels off. We can just as easily reform them through persuasion."

He had every reason for jubilation. The last of the literary rebels had surrendered abjectly just eight weeks before the Kremlin party. A leading poetess had submitted a repentant letter. Erring editors had been replaced by men with less inner torment but more awareness of the Party's wishes. Hopeful authors could now count on a harsher scrutiny of their work by book publishers and magazine editors. But no lives were claimed, and there was a minimum of official heavy-handedness. It seemed so easy, in fact, that few realized the Soviet Union had just gone through one of the most serious intellectual crises in its history.

Tomorrow's historians might usefully speculate on the ferment of the mid-fifties. Was it a part of the world-wide turmoil, which produced the more-or-less Angry Young Men in England and the Beat Generation in the United States? Or was it a specific Soviet phenomenon born of Stalin's repression or of the growing disparity between the complex society emerging in the Soviet Union and the primitive form of Stalinist government? Had the ferment begun even before Stalin's death in March, 1953 (it must not be forgotten that Boris Pasternak began writing his "Doctor Zhivago" long before then)? Was Khrushchev's celebrated attack on Stalin in February, 1956, one of the by-products of the ferment, or did it inspire much of the ferment? What would Khrushchev have done had he failed to still the trumpets of dissent by peaceful means? And had he effectively stilled it, or was the Kremlin reception a little premature?

The answers are "iffy". What is certain, however, is that the ferment was far more powerful than anyone in the West had suspected at the time, and it involved not only the makers of images and ideas but also the recipients — not only the rebellious writer but also the restless and discontented reader.

Roughly speaking, the ferment began to demonstrate itself in the late summer of 1956, in the pages not only of such "thick" monthlies as *Novy Mir* (New World), edited then by Konstantin Simonov; *Oktyabr* (October) and *Znamia* (Banner), but also of various regional magazines. Also infected were such publications as the official

youth magazine, "Young Guard," various anthologies, and even informal "do-it-yourself" student magazines. Perhaps the most curious example of the half-dozen cited in the Soviet press was a small handwritten magazine called *Yeres'*, or Heresy, circulated at the Krupskaya Library Institute in Leningrad and devoted to what *Komsomolskaya Pravda* described as "wild verse ineptly patterned after the worst examples of decadent literature." Before the turmoil was stilled, it had come to involve some of the biggest literary names in the Soviet Union — Ilya Ehrenburg, whose novel, "The Thaw," was one of the advance manifestations of the revolt; Boris Polevoi; Simonov; Margarita Aliger, Margarita Shaginyan and Vera Panova, the distinguished poetesses; V. Tendryakov and V. Kaverin, the novelists, and Boris Pasternak. As for the lesser literary lights, I once counted at least 100 persons under Party attack in Moscow and the provinces.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the revolt of the Soviet Angry Young Men — for most of them were young — was their break with the rigid formulae of the Stalinist era. Speaking at the Second All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in December, 1955, or just a few months before the literary storm broke, S. Marshak, one of the best Soviet poets, complained that it was easy to see "the message of the plot, dry and stiff, protruding from the story like a skewer from shashlik . . ." He was referring to the books for children, but the same was true of the pap served to the grown-ups. The hero was usually a Communist, with callouses on his hands and ready oratory on his tongue; or a hardy worker who in the last chapter joins the Communist Party; or a brave soldier who thwarts the enemy, overcomes heroically all tests of flesh and spirit, and eventually gets his acclaim and his girl. The villain was usually a sly survivor of old Russia, such as an industrialist or a kulak; or a foreign agent; or perhaps even a pig-headed Soviet technocrat. The plot usually dealt with — but why go on, given the standard hero and the equally standard villain? As to the form, the Party insisted on optimism, enthusiasm, rosy colors, the up-tempo. The result was literary decay, a Party-induced greyness unrelieved by any flashes of brilliance in the long and terrible interval between Mikhail Sholokhov's trilogy and Stalin's funeral.

Literary conformity, of course, was fairly easy to achieve. Those who did not conform, from Babel to Zoschenko, were liquidated. Those who followed the Party line were generously rewarded. The late Boris Gorbатов, who won the Stalin Prize for his "Taras' Family", a work of singular ineptness, boasted to me that he was paid the ruble equivalent of \$10,000 for each "cellar" story he sold to *Pravda* or *Izvestia* — the "cellar" being the lower half of pp. 2 and 3 where short stories and major articles usually appear. Konstantin Simonov, at whose request I once translated his play, "Under the Chestnut Trees of Prague" (one of its heroes is a Soviet parachutist who, in the best tradition of Grade-B melodramas, literally descends on the stage at the proper moment to thwart Fascist villainy), earns so much with his activities as novelist, playwright, short-story writer, editor, critic and song-writer that he has an unlimited bank account. This is a peculiar Soviet arrangement which allows the very, very rich to write checks for any amount they need. These and other top Soviet authors boast of their wealth, their summer homes, the food they serve to their guests, and the prima-ballerinas they marry.

The turmoil of 1956-57 was, in effect, a revolt against the formulae decreed by the Party, against the cheery tone of voice, the gilding of bleak reality and the praise of unjust men, the rigid ban on an honest examination of certain vital facets of Soviet life, and even the system of bribing the keepers of the Muses. The revolt was angry, spontaneous, and tremendously popular.

The hero of that first phase of the revolt was a young and undistinguished writer named Vladimir Dudintsev. He had worked for a Communist youth newspaper, written children's tales, in 1952 published a book of short stories. It took him another four years to produce his first major work, "Not By Bread Alone." The novel was serialized in the August, September and October issues of Simonov's *Novy Mir*, and almost literally electrified the Soviet Union. The magazine has a circulation of 140,000. Now the demand for it became so great that the three issues became a prized black market item, commanding a price of 100 rubles, or roughly half a week's pay, for the set.

The initial reaction to the novel was kind. The critics saw in it the end of what they called "the age of varnishing." They said it was



a demonstration of the honesty and candor for which Khrushchev pleaded in his attack on Stalin earlier that year. The friendly critics were soon joined by the students, who often gave Dudintsev or his novel riotous support at public meetings. "It is well known," Leonid Sobolev, a Party-line writer, commented in May, 1957, "that this novel has become a sort of banner for certain people . . . The fact is that the literary works of the past year that allegedly proclaimed the notorious 'blunt truth' seriously confused the minds of our young people. And what an effect this has on our young people, how they react to it!" It was also Sobolev who told the Writers' Union Board that the discussion of Dudintsev's work had had "a thermo-nuclear reaction" throughout the country.

What hostile comments were heard, at first came faintly from the provinces. But as the implications of the novel became clearer, the critical voices gathered strength, until the Party itself joined the chorus. The Communist Central Committee had already been alarmed by the ferment within the Soviet orbit. The ferment affected the workers of Poznan (who rioted that portentous summer of 1956), the intellectuals of Budapest (whose angers found an outlet at the crowded meetings of the Petofi Circle), and the writers of Moscow and Leningrad alike. The Central Committee may not have been clear about the common source of the unrest. It was certain that the process had to be arrested before it imperiled the very bases of Party control. It was no coincidence that the decision to crush the revolt in Hungary was made at about the same time as the decision to discipline Dudintsev. Soon the Party's most authoritative voices were attacking the novel as a libel on Soviet reality, as a manifestation of an alien poison seeping into Soviet literature, as the work of an enemy.

Yet, 1956 was not 1949. Stalin could destroy the Jewish writers *en masse*; his heirs hesitated to jail one angry young author. Dudintsev and his supporters were aware of this. Asked to recant, Dudintsev refused. Instead, at a meeting in Moscow, he turned on his critics. "I remember," he said, "in the early days of the great war, I lay in a trench. A dogfight was going on overhead. Messerschmitts were shooting down our planes, although ours were superior in numbers. Something snapped in me, because I had always heard that our planes were the fastest and the best. It's charged here that I express 'black-

ening' tendencies. This is untrue. I simply do not want to see a repetition of what I saw then. I have a right to such a wish." But Dudintsev was not contented merely with defending himself. Obviously, he had done some painful soul-searching about the rôle of a writer in society, and about the Party's insistence on "guiding" him. "I think," he told a meeting of writers, "that we might be allowed, like beginning swimmers, to try to swim on our own, to take our chances on drowning. But, alas, I always feel a halter, like the harness with which children are sometimes kept afloat. And it prevents me from swimming." When the literary Party-liners at the meeting tried to hush him up, they found themselves shouted down by the students who jammed the hall.

After this, the campaign to discipline Dudintsev and his allies became one of the most determined seen in the Soviet Union up to that time. Writers' unions in every Soviet republic called meetings to denounce him. Army leaders and bricklayers were brought out to castigate him. The daily press turned on him with a fury normally reserved for Wall Street. The climax was provided by a confrontation between the commissars and the men of letters at the Kremlin in the Summer and Fall of 1957. Khrushchev himself led the Party's offensive with the declaration that "the Soviet people reject . . . such, in effect, a slanderous work . . ." and with a detailed exposition and reiteration of the Party's policy on "guiding" the arts.

Khrushchev's anxiety was solidly founded. "Not By Bread Alone" is no literary classic. It is melodramatic, and the joints of its construction lie naked. Its heroes are dazzling white, its villains all black. Its love story is almost embarrassingly awkward. But if its literary virtues are slight, its impact as a political document could not fail to be shattering. For this is an emotional protest against moral corruption in the Soviet system, against injustice, the heartlessness of Red officialdom, and the timid silence in which the common man has learned to take asylum. It is a protest of an angry young man seeking to rediscover his own integrity.

"Not By Bread Alone" is the story of a self-made inventor, Dmitri Lopatkin, and his conflict with Soviet bureaucracy. Lopatkin develops a machine for casting pipes, but no one is interested because

a clique of scientists and officials in Moscow is promoting an inferior project of its own. Lopatkin's protagonist is Leonid Drozdov, at first manager of a great industrial combine in the provinces and later a high Moscow official. Lopatkin is an idealist, a humanist, an individualist; Drozdov is the New Soviet Man. He believes in swimming with the tide, in knifing a luckless colleague when profitable, in "working with the collective," which might make costly mistakes, but always wins out in the end. The essential triangle — for this is also a love story — is completed by Drozdov's beautiful wife. In disillusionment, she leaves her husband, befriends Lopatkin, becomes his occasional mistress, and eventually marries him. After years of hunger, suffering, and even imprisonment on trumped-up charges, Lopatkin triumphs. But what makes this book so powerful an indictment of the Soviet system is that if virtue and genius are rewarded in it, villainy is not punished. As the book ends, Lopatkin finally gains recognition (mainly with the help of a hush-hush military organization), but Drozdov himself is about to become a deputy minister. Nothing could be a more striking tribute to the novel than the fact that the names of both Lopatkin and Drozdov have already become common nouns in the Soviet Union.

One of the inexplicable marvels of this era is the fact that "Not By Bread Alone" was only one of so many similar works that appeared at about the same time. In another land, this might have been described as a genuine literary renaissance, for it saw the emergence of new writers equipped with unfamiliar vigour and freshness, of new themes, new heroes and villains. New magazines and anthologies sprang up, and whether they appeared in Moscow or in the provinces, they all exhibited the happy symptoms of the new current. But this, of course, was the Soviet Union, and the renaissance was promptly branded a counter-revolutionary and decadent movement that could not be allowed to exist.

What united the rebels of this period was their feeling that an ever-widening gap was developing between the writer and Soviet reality. "The prime function of our literature," a speaker told a writers' congress in the Fall of 1957, "is to teach our people that this is a heroic age, and that the new Soviet man is a heroic figure." But



it had long become obvious that the heroic era had also witnessed a great deal of larceny, and that the New Soviet Man was not always an admirable person. The rebels felt the time had come to deal with Soviet reality as it was, and not as the Party wanted it portrayed. And if, in the process, the writer's pen exposed not the standard villains of Soviet fiction but the actual villains of Soviet life, so much the better — or worse. Thus, Dudintsev's huge canvas may have been shocking for the taboos it broke, but it was also tragically true to life — the scheming and dishonest Party and State officials, their mink-coated wives, the service underlings, the children fighting in the street for the peel of oranges thrown away by a factory manager, the common people living on a diet of potatoes, the city slums, the political frame-up and, of course, the prison. In the works of Dudintsev and his fellow-rebels, the main theme was now supplied by the ordinary man's conflict with the heavy-handed bureaucracy, and it was the man-in-the-street — someone like Dudintsev's half-starved, ragged, obstinate and selfless Lopatkin — who became the hero of our times.

It is impossible in a single article to deal with more than a few of the novels, short stories, plays and poems that formed parts of the renaissance. None of them possessed the literary distinction of Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago"; each, at the same time, carried a stirring message. As striking as any was Semyon Kirsavin's poem, "The Seven Days of the Week," which deals with a nameless genius who has invented a new heart, and put it on display. The bureaucrats quickly fight their way to the head of the queue for a look at the new wonder. "Who are entitled to new hearts? Not those who are too tired. Not those who have never reached the upper ranks. Not those who cannot be called persons." The common men are pushed aside, and "somebody's favorites" head the line — "the double-dealers, the turn-coats, the slanderers, the traitors, all had permits for new hearts . . ." But, in the end, the hearts are rejected, for what is needed is

Hearts that are useful  
Like iron locks,  
Simple, convenient,  
Ever ready to obey:  
Blacken? Blacken!  
Praise? Praise!

Roar? Roar!

Keep silent? Keep silent!

Destroy? Destroy!

Love? Love!

Dudintsev's theme of a conflict between the good scientist and the all-powerful and corrupt bureaucracy also serves the well-known author, Venyamin Kaverin, in his novel, "Quests and Hopes". Here a woman scientist seeking to develop penicillin runs into a clique of high officials who would rather buy British penicillin patents, which would bring them honors and profit. The officials write scurrilous anonymous letters to the press and to medical journals, and end by sending the woman's husband to prison on fraudulent charges. As in "Not By Bread Alone," so in Kaverin's book, the heroine succeeds in the end — but her enemies remain in their seats of power.

Almost as popular as Dudintsev's novel was Daniel Granin's short story, "Personal Opinion," dealing with the disillusionment of a technocrat named Minayev. A rebel in his younger days, Minayev soon finds it much wiser to remain silent. He thus decides to wait patiently until he rises to a position high enough to enable him to speak up boldly. He does rise to head a research institute, but when the moment comes to speak up — in support of a young engineer who justly criticizes a badly designed motor — Minayev discovers he cannot do so without destroying himself. The theme of this well-written story is that a man who wishes to remain honest and speak courageously is doomed in the Soviet system; only the conformists survive and prosper.

But if bureaucrats fare badly at the hands of the angry young writers, so — for the first time in a generation — do the professional Communists. No Soviet writer, of course, would dare to suggest that the source of all evil is at the top of the Party, but many writers tilt their lances at the middle levels of the hierarchy. Thus, V. Tendryakov's story, "Sasha Sets Off," which appeared in *Novy Mir*, deals with a succession of three First Secretaries of a District Party Committee, each of whom is a bungler; a Second Secretary who is "a stupid and vapid woman"; and two other high-ranking Communists who are "neither fish nor fowl, and both are noticeably obtuse." The

hero of the story is Gmyzin, a sort of a Russian Will Rogers, a folk sage. But, an angry Communist critic observed, "if one is to speak of folk wisdom, then today it consists above all else of a deep faith in the Party, and of awareness that the Party has no other interests but those of the country and the people. . . Tendryakov deals with Party workers on three levels . . . but he is unable to find a good word for any of them. Is this fair?"

Still better known is the short story, "Kundia," by P. Zagrebelny. Its dominant figure is one Lysyansky, who is graduated from an institute without having studied or passed a single examination; who decorates his chest with five medals without having fought in any battles; who wins appointment as a District Party Committee Instructor for Industry; and who ends by becoming the senior engineer at a major metallurgical plant, though he knows nothing about production. Inevitably, he wrecks a blast furnace and, just as predictably, foists the blame on a young engineer.

For yet another example there is Alexander Yashin's story "The Levers", published in the new magazine *Literaturnaya Moskva*, which formed one of the spearheads of the literary revolt. An unpretentious little tale, it describes village Communists as they talk about their District Party boss. He had told them: "Carry out the Party line. You are now our levers in the village." But the "levers" are not happy. They say that the boss "doesn't listen to people. He decides everything by himself. He thinks the Party would lose authority if he talked to people simply, like a human being . . ." And the villagers are tired of oratory, manufactured and canned in Moscow, delivered by the Party speakers, and totally unrelated to village reality.

Apart from the bureaucrat and the Party official, the renaissance produced yet another villain — the Army officer. This is a curious and thought-provoking phenomenon, for no one in the West, as far as I know, had assumed up to 1956 that there was a measurable popular resentment against the military. Is it because they had developed some of the traits of intolerance and clannishness common to many men in uniform in any land? Is it because they had become a part of the governing oligarchy? It is difficult to answer, but of this there is no doubt: they fared very badly at the writers' hands during the renaissance. Among the sharpest charges brought by the Party-line

critics against Simonov in 1957 was that he had presented "a whole gallery of idiots and cowards holding various Army ranks" in his two short stories in the new magazine, *Moskva*. The well-known playwright, A. Shtein, was similarly attacked for a play dealing with a man arrested on false charges in 1937. When the war breaks out in 1941, he is freed, and hurries home to Leningrad to volunteer for military aviation. Here, however, he promptly runs into difficulties with military men who are afraid to have anything to do with a former political prisoner. The play ends on a note of triumph when a high officer returns from the front in time to give the hero his commission — but the Red Army comes out of the play quite soiled.

But perhaps the bitterest literary attack on the military was made by Anna Valtseva in her novelette "Apartment 13", published in *Moskva*. The work deals with a retired colonel who is a coward and an anti-Semite; who lives comfortably with his son and wife in three rooms while others in the apartment are crammed into single rooms; who apparently has had something to do with the Secret Police. In her novelette, Miss Valtseva violates a number of taboos. Her colonel is a scoundrel. Among her other characters is a man who has spent 17 years in prison on trumped-up charges, and whose very appearance sends the colonel into flight. Finally, instead of picturing "the glorious Soviet reality", as the Army's newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* put it, she enclosed the occupants of Apartment 13 "within a circle of petty cares. They are not much interested in the country's bubbling life." What especially incensed the Army critics, however, was the colonel's personality. "Valtseva had an obvious opportunity to disclose truthfully the image of a soldier who, in spite of some negative qualities (dryness, stiffness), has done his duty to the people. The writer did not choose this path. She seems to show no interest at all in Kovalev's past, his military career, his service to the people. She says only that he is a bad man . . . It turns out that the whole story is meant to show the hatred of the people living in the apartment towards the retired colonel . . ." What has made the colonel the shoddy figure he is? Valtseva's own answer, voiced by her civilian hero: "Great opportunity and little responsibility."

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Had the Soviet Union existed in a vacuum, its literary rebels would still have fared badly. What sealed their fate beyond any question, however, was the Hungarian revolution of October, 1956, and the vital rôle played in it by the Hungarian writers. The latter, as I showed in these pages two years ago,<sup>1</sup> paid a cruel price for their ideas. Could the same heresies be forgiven the Soviet authors?

The answer was given by the Spring of 1957, when the entire bureaucratic apparatus which administers Soviet literature — the Soviet Writers' Union, its various branches, its hatchet-tongued newspaper, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and its Communist officers — was mobilized to crush the rebels. At one meeting after another, the Angry Young Men were denounced as enemies and incompetents. The guilty editors who published the offensive work were fired, and at least one of them was even thrown out of the party. The official press joined in the attack with furious broadsides. With time out to liquidate "the anti-Party group" of Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovich (each of whom, incidentally, was accused of encouraging the literary heretics), Khrushchev himself joined in the fray with a series of three face-to-face encounters with the writers. At these, he named names, alluded brutally to the fate of the Hungarian writers as well as to the Russian authors who fell afoul of Stalin, and re-stated the Party's intention to "guide" the arts: "There are among our workers in literature and the arts advocates of 'creative freedom' who desire us to pass by . . . not to criticize works that portray the life of Soviet society in a distorted fashion. It appears to these people that the guidance of literature and the arts by the Party and the State is oppressive. They sometimes oppose this guidance openly; more often, however, they conceal their feelings and desires behind talk of excessive tutelage, the fettering of initiative etc. We assert openly that such views run counter to the Leninist principles of the Party's and the State's attitude to questions of literature and the arts . . . The whole guidance by the Party and the State, their attention to artistic creation and their concern for writers, artists, sculptors and composers, has ensured outstanding successes of literature and the arts, the flowering of the Socialist culture . . . The Party's decisions on ideological questions

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<sup>1</sup> *The Writer as a Rebel*, Queen's Quarterly, LXIV, 1 (1957), 114-121.



. . . retain their force to this day. One of the primary principles is that Soviet literature and art must be indissolubly linked with the policy of the Communist Party . . . Certain liberally inclined people may accuse me of issuing a call to battle. Yes . . ."

A few of the writers still tried to defend their ideas and work, though in a guarded manner. Some others sought refuge in silence, and were promptly denounced for it. But, after Khrushchev's intervention, few could continue to resist. In June, 1957, Miss Aliger offered her first letter of recantation. It was rejected, and the following month, in the third of his meetings with the writers, Khrushchev attacked her by name. (*The Times* of London reported that this brilliant poetess fainted when she heard him). In October, 1957, she appeared before a writers' meeting to deliver this memorable and pathetic plea — surely a document for our time:

"I have had to live through several months of bitter thoughts, deep reflections and merciless debates with myself. It has long become clear to me that I made a number of mistakes in my public work. Fully recognizing this, I have been in a state of inner depression and passivity . . . I, as a Communist, accepting every Party document as something boundlessly my own and unquestionable, am now able, without mincing words, without any false fear of injuring a sense of my own dignity, to say to my comrades that I actually did make the mistakes of which Comrade Khrushchev spoke . . . . I think I have succeeded in understanding the causes of these mistakes and even the fact that some of them are simply bound up with my human nature, which, perhaps, somehow hinders me in my public work. I am sometimes inclined to replace political standards by moral and ethical ones . . . Apparently I must now be much more exacting of myself, rid myself of a certain tendency towards abstraction, more strictly verify my views of life. In short, I must follow what Comrade Khrushchev taught and urged in his speeches . . ."

Who can cast a stone at a weary and desperate woman, who for a year had been the target of a merciless attack and who is seeking to survive by going through the prescribed ritual of self-debasement?

In December, 1957, the last hold-out, Dubintsev himself, gave up too. In one of his speeches, Khrushchev had hinted that the Party had "reformed worse cases," and would help Dubintsev to "take the right

path." Now, chastened at last, the young writer conceded publicly that the criticism of his novel had "on the whole been just and correct." As proof of his reform, he promised to devote himself to a big new work that would deal with Soviet intellectuals and portray "positive" heroes "warmly and attractively."

With the last rebel waving the white (or is it the Red?) flag, Khrushchev seemed to have every reason for jubilant parties at the Kremlin. It is now plain he had reckoned without an aging poet named Boris Pasternak.

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The story of the poet, and of the distinguished novel he had written, is now a part of the cultural history of our time. For twenty years and more, Pasternak had been one of a small band of top-drawer Soviet poets, admittedly brilliant but usually too esoteric for the Party's uses; ready to turn out an infrequent item acceptable to the Party but, on the whole, regarded as suspicious outsiders, "émigrés in their own land." Unable to write as he pleased in Stalin's day, Pasternak turned to translating Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats and Goethe, and there is little doubt that these masters have seldom been served more nobly.

When World War II ended, Pasternak, along with so many Russian intellectuals, began to hope for a relaxation of Party controls. Ahead there still lay some seven years of the Stalinist nightmare, but even before Stalin's death Pasternak was already quietly at work on "Doctor Zhivago". It was completed sometime in 1954, but it was apparently not until the thaw of 1956 that the editors of *Novy Mir* had had a chance to read and appraise it. Chronologically, then, though not in other vital respects, "Doctor Zhivago" was a part of the cultural revolt of 1956-57. What happened once *Novy Mir* rejected the novel is now general knowledge: acquisition of a copy of the manuscript by a Milan publisher; frantic attempts by Soviet emissaries to retrieve it "for revision"; the phenomenal success of "Doctor Zhivago" in every one of the 18 tongues into which it was translated; the award of the Nobel Prize to Pasternak for "important achievements both in contemporary lyrical poetry and in the field of the great Russian epic tradition"; and fury and invective in Moscow.

It was not the literary shortcomings of the book that provoked the Communist leadership. The real reason must be sought in the revolt of 1956-57, and the intellectual ferment it generated throughout the land. When Khrushchev gave his party at the Kremlin early in 1958, he thought the disruptive process had been arrested. "Doctor Zhivago", even though unpublished in the Soviet Union, served as a reminder to him that the ferment was anything but ended, that it was a permanent process, and that the Party could not afford to relax.

Although no Communist leaders would admit it, the revolt of 1956-57 was a by-product of their own handiwork. As they transformed the Soviet Union into a highly industrialized nation, they also created a vast new intellectual class, put by Soviet statisticians themselves at 16,000,000 people. This new class — scientists, engineers, industrial managers, economic planners, educators — was no different from similar groups in the West. It could not be content with the primitive political myths fed to it by the Party, with the tight, and often murderous, controls on its thinking, with the whole nonsensical ritual of latter-day Soviet shamanism. The question since Stalin's death has been not whether the Party could control the minds of its intellectuals, but how soon the ferment would make itself felt. The Angry Young Men — with their obsessive interest in the conflict between scientists and Party bureaucrats — were an expression of this broad and powerful intellectual ferment. With its elaborate machinery of repression, the Party was able to crush the revolt of the young writers. But it was guilty of unbelievable obtuseness when it assumed that its plans, aimed at increasing still further the industrial might of the Soviet Union, would not at the same time sharpen the Party's problems with the growing class of intellectuals. The new Seven-Year Plan will strengthen tremendously the Soviet Union's economy. It will, at the same time, continue to alter the structure of Soviet society, make it even more literate, increase its political, social and cultural demands. The manager of the Magnitogorsk industrial combine must behave more or less like his opposite number in Pittsburgh, Pa.; a nuclear specialist working in the new scientists' town near Novosibirsk cannot behave very differently from his counterpart at Oak Ridge, Tenn. And the demands they must make extend



not only to refrigerators and automobiles and mink coats for their wives, but to the books they read as well. Pasternak may not be exactly their meat, but he, too, is a child of their intellectual and emotional restlessness.

This is one essential facet of the literary picture. The other one has to do with the vital difference between Pasternak and, say, Dudintsev. Both belong to the post-Stalinist thaw. But this is where the resemblance ends. For Pasternak and the rebels of 1956-57 see the Soviet world from different points of the philosophical compass. The rebels wished to eliminate the evil they saw around them, but they never wanted to destroy the system which gave birth to the evil. Pasternak, on the other hand, was not interested in routine evils; his main target was the entire concept of an omnipotent State which told an individual what to do, and how, and which sought to replace the Good Principles of primitive Christianity with its own utilitarian and opportunist faith. The young rebels were, at heart, muckrakers, civil reformers, Communist do-gooders. Pasternak was a philosopher, who yearned for a national moral resurrection, even though he himself could suggest no concrete ways in which this could be brought about. He was a dreamer, a visionary, almost a mystic, and, therefore, a man whose message could conceivably sway sizable segments of Russian society, with its deep vein of mysticism and moral yearning.

Moscow did not know how to face this new and unique challenge, and its fury reflected its confusion. The first reaction was to try to destroy Pasternak as man and writer. Eight hundred members of the Writers' Union denounced "Doctor Zhivago" as both treasonable and mediocre, though very few of them could possibly have read and judged it for themselves. The union also removed Pasternak's name from its rolls, and thus made him an "un-writer", and demanded his expulsion from the Soviet Union. A youth leader called him a pig (*Pravda* thoughtfully censored the word out of its report), *Literaturnaya Gazeta* branded him a traitor and a snake, and a writer in *Pravda* called him a weed that had to be torn out of the soil. But, before long, it had become obvious to the Party that its attack on Pasternak was self-defeating. The harsher the criticism, the greater was the public interest in "Doctor Zhivago". And the crude vulgarity of the campaign could not but affect the international prestige of a

nation that claims to have "the most advanced culture in the world." Thus, one saw brakes being applied. Pasternak was not, by a long measure, free of trouble, but the hysterical campaign against him would end, to be replaced by less obvious, if equally cruel, pressures.

Yet no Communist leader can deceive himself. For whether Pasternak is alive or dead, "Doctor Zhivago" continues to present a grave threat. Just as I was able to read a smuggled-in copy of George Orwell's "1984" in Hungary in the worst days of Stalinist terror, so, beyond any doubt, the Russians will find access to illicit copies of Pasternak's novel. Eventually, the book might very likely become a surreptitious Russian classic, and exert a great and revolutionary influence upon Russian thought. To any Communist who knows the history of the great classics of the pre-Soviet era this must be an alarming notion.

★            ★            ★

The Soviet Union is often pictured as a world apart, a political organism enclosed within an air-tight container. This is a delusion that belongs more properly in the sixteenth century than the twentieth. In his isolation, Pasternak has all along been in intimate touch with the cultural ideas of the West, and has felt the influence of Rilke and Kafka and Proust. In one of the Soviet republics on the Baltic Sea a Communist author who had never heard of Françoise Sagan last year wrote a Saganesque novelette. In the past two years fresh ideas have also flowed into the Soviet Union from Poland and Yugoslavia, and no one who has studied the proceedings of various writers' unions could have failed to note the Soviet authors' extraordinary sensitivity to criticism from these Communist countries. Furthermore, try as they may to jam all Western broadcasts, the Russian cannot prevent at least some of the chapters of "Doctor Zhivago", now being broadcast to the Soviet Union from London and Munich, from reaching curious ears in the Soviet Union. These Western influences are an important addition to the irresistible domestic forces responsible for the intellectual ferment.

There is yet another significant reason why this ferment is important to us. The West knows little of the profound social changes now taking place in the U.S.S.R. Soviet leaders shy away from the subject (the late Academician Pankratova toyed with the subject in

her speech before the XXth Party Congress, but even she revealed little); scholars in the West lack the data necessary for a careful study. Yet, there are at least three areas — the young Organization Man, the school-age youth, and literature — which offer rich soil for any Western analysis. None of the facts in these three areas — and this cannot be stressed vigorously enough — suggest that the Soviet system is in any danger of collapse, or that the Soviet people prefer the Western political system to the one under which they live now. But the facts do suggest that Soviet society is being subjected to powerful strains; that contradictions (whose existence Mao Tse-tung affirmed and Khrushchev denied) do exist between the governors and the governed, between the common man on the one hand and vested interests — the Party, the bureaucrats, the Army — on the other. The scope and violence of the literary revolt alone are evidence of the powerful undercurrents of dissatisfaction and resentment coursing deep within Soviet society. Thus, a Western social scientist could obtain a revealing picture of the Soviet Union by collating the bits and pieces supplied by the rebels of 1956-57 in their works. For the first time the Soviet Union stands naked, and all that is needed is a careful Western portraitist.

No one can know what history will remember of today, and what it will not. Yet, the Soviet literary ferment — as much as the literary ferment which preceded the Hungarian revolution of 1956 — has a good claim to remembrance. It has betrayed the social turmoil within the Soviet Union. It has provided a three-dimensional reflection of Soviet life and thinking. If for no other reasons, Dudintsev, Pasternak and their fellow-writers belong in the company of Rousseau and Voltaire.

## WHITE NIGHT

*by*

R. A. D. FORD

(From the Russian of Boris Pasternak)

Far in the past, dimly it comes back to me,  
A house on the Petersburg side,  
You — a student, from Kursk, daughter  
Of a poor merchant from the steppes.

You were lovely, with so many admirers,  
Both of us were beautiful that white night,  
We found a place on your window-sill  
And looked down on your far sky-scrapers.

The morning touched with the first  
Tremor the street lamps, like  
Butterflies of gas. So, quietly, I talk  
To you, as if you were asleep.

We embrace, we kiss, and I  
Feel shy with the true secret,  
As the panorama of Petersburg, from  
The Neva banks spreads out before us.

There, far off in the misty distance  
Of this night of Spring-like whiteness,  
The nightingales with glorious thunder  
Announce the frontiers of Summer.

With a crazy abandon, traffic roars through  
The streets. The voice of a little bird  
Far away awakens rapture and confusion  
In the depths of a charmed thicket.

Disguised as a barefoot wanderer  
The night slips along the garden fence,  
And leaves on our window-sill the trace  
Of a conversation over-heard.

In the echoes of an over-heard conversation,  
In the garden, in the startled shadows,  
The branches of the apple and cherry trees  
Are decked out in the colour of white-wash.

And the trees, white ghosts, press  
Like a multitude into the street,  
The signs of farewell of the white  
Nights . . . having seen so much.

# CHARLES AVERY DUNNING

by

GEORGE V. FERGUSON

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*The career of the late Honourable C. A. Dunning may serve to illuminate a fascinating phase in the commercial, industrial and political growth of Canada. Mr. Ferguson here draws upon personal acquaintanceship to provide a sensitive portrait of a distinguished Canadian.*

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CHARLES AVERY DUNNING was Chancellor of Queen's University from 1940 until his death in 1958. The roll of the names of the men who have held that post is an illustrious one, equalled by no other university in Canada. It honors the memory of the late Chancellor to say that Mr. Dunning's contribution to his office was by no means the least among them all. He was a servant of Queen's in the truest sense of that word. He served her with devotion, bringing with him the full fruits of an extraordinary career, as well as the name and reputation of a public servant of Canada whose career might well have carried him to the summit of achievement had he not been struck down by illness at the age of 54.

His services to the University will be referred to later. It may be suitable first to discuss what he had done and what reputation he had earned to persuade the Queen's University Council to elect him to the highest post it lay within its capacity to bestow.

He had come to Western Canada as a youth of 17 without means and with indifferent health. His parents in Leicestershire had sent him out to rectify both these defects, and he became a farmhand. The life was a hard one, and it became no easier when the young fellow staked out a homestead in the Yorkton district of Saskatchewan and began the tough business of breaking land to fulfil the homesteader's qualifications for title to a quarter-section of land.

In later years he enjoyed telling about the stubborn qualities of the team of oxen he acquired or borrowed. There was a slough at the end of the field chosen for breaking. When the oxen smelled



and sighted the water, they would keep on going until they were up to their bellies, dragging the plough behind them. Young Dunning equipped himself with a club. When the end of the furrow neared, he would yank out the plough, race around to the head of his team and club the oxen over the nose until they reluctantly gave up hope of the water and turned to their task again. There was in the tale something symbolic about the whole of his career save that he discovered, early in life, that men, unlike oxen, could be cajoled and persuaded, rather than bullied, into meeting his wishes.

It was discovery of this power to persuade, coupled with boundless energy and an ambition, both worthy and powerful, that brought him rapidly into the ambit of public life. In his early 20's he represented his district at a convention of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers and was promptly elected a director. By the time he was 26 he had become Vice-President of that powerful organization, and in the same year of 1911 he became General Manager of the newly-formed Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company.

In retrospect this appointment looms as a significant milestone in Dunning's career. It not only established him as a farm leader. It also gave him a hard course in business experience. The object of the newly-formed company was to buck the private grain trade, itself intensely competitive besides being deeply hostile to the entry of the farmers into the marketing field. The company showed a profit from the beginning, and one of Dunning's last acts before leaving Regina for the field of federal politics was to arrange the sale of the company's very substantial assets to the newly-formed Saskatchewan Wheat Pool.

There was another by-product. It brought about the first meeting between Dunning and C. D. Howe, later to become colleagues in the 1935 King administration. They were both young men when they met and arranged between them that Howe should design and build the first Lakehead terminal of the great Co-operative.

By 1916 Dunning entered the Government of Premier W. M. Martin as Provincial Treasurer. By 1922 he was Premier. In 1926 he entered the Government of Mackenzie King as Minister of Railways and Canals. In 1929 he became Minister of Finance only to

be beaten in the Liberal debacle of 1930 after bringing down a skilful but contentious budget. In 1935 he re-entered public life again as Minister of Finance in Mr. King's greatest administration. In 1939 while seated in the House of Commons, he had a heart attack which he properly regarded as a warning. He resigned his office to spend the rest of his life in the creation of a brilliant and successful career as business man and financier and as Chancellor of Queen's. These are the brief biographical notes, the outward and visible tokens of the great and varied talents of the man.

What mark did this immigrant homesteader leave upon the land of his adoption? What monuments rise to his memory? His contemporaries held sharply differing views. To some he was a sheer opportunist, an ambitious man absorbed in his own advancement, whose principles were, to put it mildly, flexible. These critics satisfied themselves by saying that a man who begins life as a dedicated agrarian and ends it as a tycoon in St. James Street is just one more man on the make, not worth talking about. It is to be noted that those who passed this judgment are, in the main, frustrated politicians and their hangers-on who, like Dunning, sought the heights but did not find them. Envy and jealousy are as much the stuff of politics as many more worthy human traits. Before lending an ear to their outpourings, some examination of the record is in order.

That record displays a remarkable degree of consistency. Dunning, from the beginning of his life in Canada, tied himself and his fortunes to the Liberal party. He was no radical. He was — and the record is clear from the beginning — a middle-of-the-road man, admirably adapted to fit himself into the kind of Laurier Liberalism in which he grew up. From this, he never really departed. Western agrarian Liberals, from 1910 onward, became increasingly restive under the pressures on their party of the industrialized East. Dunning joined the Martin Government in 1916 well aware of this. But he obviously came early to the conclusion that the fate of the prairie farmers rested not upon the creation of a Third Force — in this instance the Progressive party — but upon the influence they could bring to bear electorally upon a national organization.

This perhaps explains the emphasis laid by Martin and by Dunning, during the crucial years when the Progressives were forming

and organizing, on the fact that there should be a sharp division between federal and provincial affairs, and that the voters might move one way in federal affairs and another way in provincial matters. In any event, the Progressives swept the Prairies in the federal election of 1921. They also swept the provincial Liberals out of power in both Alberta and Manitoba (in 1921 and 1922 respectively). They failed utterly to dislodge the Liberals in Saskatchewan.

This, it may be fairly assumed, was due to the fact that the Saskatchewan governments, in which Dunning played an increasingly important rôle, had more nearly met the aspirations and needs of the farmers than had the provinces to the east and to the west. The Martin Government weathered the storm and its success was strikingly confirmed by the results of the provincial election of 1925, after Dunning had been Premier for more than three years. The Progressive eruption of 1921-22 had subsided, and Dunning's majority in Saskatchewan was bigger than that of Martin in 1922. This opened the way for Dunning's transference to the federal field. He had refused overtures from Mackenzie King in 1924. But, having proved his power in Saskatchewan, he was prepared to move on. In February, 1926, he went to Ottawa.

It is wrong to suggest, as certain historians have done, that Dunning, as a member of the federal government, was able to effect marked changes in those national fiscal and tariff policies on which the western agrarians set most store. It did not take Dunning long to recognize that the Liberal party as it then existed could not make the revisions in the tariff which the farmers wanted most of all. If he is to be blamed for this, let it be remembered that no other minister in any other Liberal administration has been able to do so.

But there were other fields of policy in which a genuine agrarian could operate, and in these he was notably successful. There was, first of all, the completion of the long-desired Hudson Bay Railway. Dunning quelled the remnants of a powerful opposition by making the decision to move the road's terminus from Port Nelson, an open roadstead, to Fort Churchill, a safe harbor. If the Hudson Bay Railway has never justified the fond hopes of its original sponsors, it has been by no means an abortive expenditure of the \$50 millions it cost.

It has proved an invaluable development railway, and, at the moment of writing, even the expansion of Churchill's terminal elevator capacity is under serious discussion.

It is also reasonable to attribute to Dunning a major rôle in the transfer, early in 1930, of the natural resources of the three prairie provinces from federal to provincial ownership. This had been a long-standing claim by the prairie provinces, and it is fair to say that Dunning's influence in the federal cabinet at last overcame the determination of the three original members of Confederation to prior rights. From this it flowed naturally that Dunning became the spokesman in cabinet of the claims of the outlying areas of the Dominion against the weight and influence of the central provinces.

The first Maritime Freight Rates Act was passed when he was Minister of Railways, and it is clear that the definitive statement on the equality of rights and opportunities of all areas and provinces of Canada, enunciated in the Rowell-Sirois report of 1940, flows directly from the determined stand of Dunning himself. Credit for the theory belongs to the Rowell-Sirois group. Dunning was never much interested in theory, but he put his finger on the heart of the matter when he was in office. In his later years, long after he had reluctantly put politics behind him, he spoke with genuine bitterness of those who sought special advantage on narrow grounds of "provincial autonomy". The opposite point of view was genuinely ingrained in him.

This makes doubly interesting the question of what he would have done had fate and the Liberal party combined to make him the national leader of his party. There are many stories and rumors that, when he left Regina in 1926, it was because important elements in the party wanted to unseat Mackenzie King and replace him by Dunning. All Dunning would ever say on this point was that it was uncomfortable to occupy in Ottawa the position of crown prince. It is fruitless now to form any judgment, and the fact that Dunning died without leaving any testament or memoir will leave the question in doubt.

It is, at all events, merely fair to say that, when he left public life, he left also a record of consistent achievement: not one of radical reform but one of steady progress toward ends which had been sought

many years before by his companions in the Saskatchewan Grain Growers. If the composition of Mackenzie King's successive cabinets is studied it will be seen that King counted, and counted accurately, upon the strength which Dunning would bring him in resisting the proposals which poured in on him from the vested interests of Eastern Canada.

After his illness in 1939, Dunning abandoned the prospect of a future career in politics. He made this decision with regret — for politics was in his blood — but without reservation. The strains and exigencies of public life, he fully realized, were beyond his physical strength. Yet neither temperament nor resources permitted him to live in leisure as a retired statesman. He was heavily in debt, a not uncommon plight for men who have spent their active lives in politics. His family responsibilities were heavy. He threw himself into the creation of a successful business career in Montreal which, with the exception of his activities on behalf of Queen's, absorbed the rest of his life.

He has been wantonly criticized for this. The critics declare that, when a man has been an agrarian political leader for thirty years it is an immoral thing for him to join hands with the big financial interests. Dunning, however, had never regarded business, either big or small, as immoral. He was conscious of its faults and its abuses and against these he set his face. But he regarded a business career as an honorable one, and the wise conduct of business as essential to the national health.

He had already entered the business field. Beaten at the polls in Regina in 1930, he had taken charge of the Canadian Pacific's tourist resort centre at Lucerne-in-Quebec. These were the grim days of the Great Depression. Apart from Lucerne, Dunning found himself called in as an industrial and financial consultant by various companies which found themselves in difficulties. His business experience with the old Saskatchewan Co-operative was now joined to all he had learned in Ottawa about big business and finance and to these he added his extraordinary powers of persuasion, his deep instinct of what was, in any particular set of circumstances, practical to achieve. Many doors opened to him and, at the time of his death, the list of



his directorships was an impressive one, notably his membership on the boards of the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Pacific Railway. He had forged a new career, again marked with his own personality, and he had achieved financial security and comfort though by no means great wealth.

Successful as his business career was, his heart remained where it had been for half a century — in the realm of public affairs. He was the only financier in Montreal who, in discussion across his desk, could reach into a drawer and find the proof of what he was saying in the big blue book of Public Accounts which he always kept handy. He went seldom to Ottawa, but few men knew more of what was going on and his shrewd judgments of men and events remained unimpaired. He had always enjoyed the exercise of power. In his later years, he contented himself with influencing those who possessed it. He never bet more than a hat on an election result, but he never had to buy a hat the day after the voting.

He remained always a Liberal, and it was his pride that he tactfully overcame a curious local opposition, to become responsible for the erection of a statue to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Montreal's Dominion Square. He remained also, in spite of the natural tendency of increasing years toward caution and conservatism, a man of liberal mind. This displayed itself more than once during his Chancellorship of Queen's when issues of principle arose in council.

As to his Chancellorship, it would be presumptuous to go beyond the carefully considered judgment of the University's distinguished Principal, Dr. W. A. Mackintosh. At the memorial service held in honor of Dunning, he described briefly the history of that high office, and said in part:

"Sir Sandford Fleming, the most notable engineer of his day, brought strength and counsel to his close friends, Principal Grant and Principal Gordon, and broadened the vision of the University as a national institution. James Douglas, a very early graduate of the University, was a great bulwark and generous benefactor in the very difficult days at the end of World War I. James Richardson, born and brought up just across the street from the University grounds, had his own bold vision of her future and strengthened the national



outlook to which Sandford Fleming had helped to contribute. Charles Dunning, not a graduate of the University and with only occasional contacts before his Chancellorship, made from 1940 to 1958 his own distinctive and powerful contribution, not less than these."

Dr. Mackintosh lives in the Queen's tradition. He is a man not given to exaggeration. Charles Dunning therefore finds himself in distinguished company and he would have been proud to know that this had been said of him. Had he become, as perhaps he had sometimes hoped, Prime Minister of Canada, he would still have been honored to know that this was the judgment on him of Queen's University.

# Romantic Identity in the Open Society

— Anguished Self-scrutiny among the Writers —

by

PAUL WEST

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*Between the need for personal realization and the sense of social commitment, the intellectual faces "an agony of choice." Is his "apartness" a betrayal of democratic values?*

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AMERICAN intellectuals proverbially study their predicament, diagnose their complaint with ingenuity, and then complain. What cure, they ask, in the open society? Has not the novel of manners yielded to the novel of economic status? Has not the public yielded to the advertising men and *The Reader's Digest*? A wounded surgeon can ply the steel, but a discredited one cannot. And some recent statements by Mr. Lionel Trilling of Columbia University go a long way towards clarifying even further the complaint, the diagnosis and the complaining.

Writing on Jane Austen, Mr. Trilling said, "She perceived the nature of the deep psychological change which accompanied the inception of democratic society . . . She understood the new necessity of conscious self-definition and self-criticism, of the need to make private judgments of reality. And there is no reality about which the modern person is more uncertain and more anxious than the reality of himself." In a recent essay on Santayana, he suggests that Santayana defined himself in the universe by withdrawing from it. He seems to imply that both Jane Austen and Santayana were self-obsessed; and his interpretation of their search for identities suggests that he shares their problems — the problems, it seems, of a particular group of present-day Americans, and possibly of Canadians too. Such problems of self-obsession appear to fit the old idea of romanticism: self-regard to the possible detriment of almost every-

thing else. For, as William Barrett said some years ago in *Partisan Review*, "The American, so far as he is conscious, is engaged everywhere in asking himself who he is, and one sign of our extraordinary self-consciousness as a nation is that we have produced so many books of literary introspection." One way of establishing national identity is to contrive a national epic, such as the Great American Novel with, as hero, the business man or tough guy. *The Naked and the Dead*, *From Here to Eternity*, *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit* are contrivances of this type. But, of course, it is only the intellectual who worries about this problem of personal or national identity. And he is hardly the archetypal national hero. So there must be another way out. He defines himself in terms of a milieu: the university. Yet it is precisely from the standpoint of that milieu that the novel of epic action looks ingenuous, that the novel of manners looks both desirable and impossible. It is not surprising, then, that the intellectuals of America have enthused over works of specialized socio-philosophy. The works of Kinsey, C. Wright Mills, David Riesman and Susanne K. Langer explain the American *homo sapiens* in terms both subtle and reassuring.

The intellectual — especially the one who writes — feels that he owes it to himself not to conform wholly to society. He separates himself the better to observe. Yet he must not abuse his privilege; his aberration should produce a more rigorous perception, not a parade of eccentricity. The trouble is that the American intellectual finds it hard to detach himself from the middle class: success installs him in its admiration and sucks him into its corpus. Nonentity makes him depend on it. So he tends to deal with his craving for apartness by seeking a scheme which confers not only a sense of belonging but also a rationale of standing apart. This he finds in the writings of the socio-philosophers — the American sophists who, unlike the Egyptian priests, the Brahmins and the Druids, are not rooted in a particular culture as guardians of tradition and authority, but are iconoclasts and innovators. (It is interesting here to note that the Greek sophists flourished at Athens where democracy was so jealous of the idea of unquestionable authority.) These neo-sophists propound a *logos*: they make a subject for study out of the intellectual's

sense of his own marginality. To formulate is to conquer and possess; and the function of these professional formulators is to fill the gap which the novel cannot. After all, a man reads literature to see whether his own feeling of uniqueness has any parallel. And it is because American society, like the Greek, is concerned with what one needs in order to do well as man and citizen that any self-realization in *romantic* terms seems outlandish. Greek ethics entailed the superficiality of classical literature, as well as its clarity and sanity. Similarly, the cult of Success entails a superficiality in American letters and, in the university writers, a vexed and over-ingenious effort to avoid conformity. One envisages professors giving to baffled students courses on "Our Problems, and How You Can Have Them Too". The solipsist as sophist. The sophist in possession of literature and expanding the *logos* of his predicament into a university subject. So culture becomes not an atmosphere but an attainment — something defensive and aloof. The crux of the matter is, in fact, that American intellectuals find themselves in a snobbish position in an unstratified society. Or rather in a society which fosters snobberies very different from theirs and even classes intellectual snobbery as sour grapes.

In his brilliant critique, *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville said that American religious and political thought never quite separated eternal felicity from prosperity in this world. Santayana took up the same point, maintaining that the American was wrong to assume that a divine policy ensured that whatever happened in those new States was spiritually for the best. It was wrong, he said, to condemn dissent as a breach of faith. Spirit was not necessarily coordinate with material progress. That was why secession was the only method of self-definition. Contentment, which is at the base of all arguments, has to be constructed: it doesn't arrive as the product of historic destiny. Men define themselves by constructing a coherent world. That is why they refuse to accept history as an antinomian catalogue. They have to interpret. Hence Spengler and Arnold Toynbee, and, less ambitiously, those who comment on their own society: Santayana in *The Genteel Tradition at Bay*, David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd*, Reinhold Niebuhr in *The Irony of American History*.

In a sense, Santayana, the intellectual, advocated the examined life of Arnold and Plato. But he did so only for those who *cannot* achieve self-definition by belonging to a social or religious group. If a man were happy as a cypher, there was nothing further to add. For most people, the sense of belonging is enough. It is only those who crave a special coherence of their own who must detach themselves from the flux in order to construct an edifice of thought. For, as Santayana always maintained, to reject the material world is to enter another and is not to despise the American Miracle. The world of spirit often informs the other, but is not identical with it. A man with a jealous sense of himself will have to try and escape the stereotype, whether it be that of the go-getter in Chicago or of the Stakhanovite behind the Iron Curtain.

This is where Mr. Trilling, along with other American agnostics like Carlos William, Robert Frost and the late Wallace Stevens, seems to affiliate himself with such a writer as Malraux. All crave a coherence both cosmic and personal. And now Mr. Trilling, anxious like Santayana to make something out of the flux, is troubled by a need to appear faithful to the American dream and its public. Santayana said, "I was a teacher of philosophy in the place where philosophy was most modern, most deeply Protestant, most hopefully new". All that has changed for a later teacher. Increased social mobility, the vast slide into agnosticism, the increased speed of technological development, have pressed Mr. Trilling into the bare predicament, stripped of familiars, of Santayana's dictum, "It is the spirit that asks to be saved". So it is legitimate to ask at this juncture: to what extent can a definition of one's personality save the spirit?

To attempt to answer, we have to clear our minds of the individualities pursued by such men as Rousseau, with his "at least I am different"; D. H. Lawrence, resenting the way love involved the sacrifice of the individual, and Gide, whose Lafcadio is a monster of uniqueness. There is, openly in Santayana and latently in Mr. Trilling, a religious phase of the secular, intellectual pursuit. Santayana came at it by concentrating on what he called 'essences'. The world, he said, is an eloquence could we but hear it. The effort of concentration is an act of sympathy, a rite of the pantheist; and, when all is manifest

divinity, as Santayana claimed, a man must witness as much as he can. In *My Host the World*, a book in which Santayana is at his most approachable and most consistent, he says, "You give up everything in the form of claims; you receive everything back in the form of a divine presence".

There is obviously little point in reviving the old disputes on humanism: how can it, as Jacques Maritain was always asking, ever take the place of an orthodox religion? Certainly humanism has come perilously or magnificently close to doing that for many thinkers. I have in mind Robert Frost, Malraux, Camus as well as Pater and Arnold. And without stretching similarity too far, I think we can explain Mr. Trilling's present attitude in terms of Arnold, whom he has studied and understood very thoroughly, Santayana, to whom he has recently paid belated homage, and possibly Irving Babbitt, to whom every American humanist is necessarily indebted.

The most penetrating critics are those who can *become* their subjects with minimum strain; and those magistral works of Mr. Trilling — *The Liberal Imagination*, *Matthew Arnold* and, more recently, *The Opposing Self*, display by their very titles the preoccupations they tend to explain away: — the preoccupations of a lively, analytical and cultivated mind, rather desperate for spiritual aliment, rather exhilarated by Freud but daunted by the legacy of the early Puritans. Mr. Trilling's novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, is not so well known: its concerns are social. Who *are* we? Why are we the people we are? Can we choose other identities? And recently, in an interview with *The Observer*,\* Mr. Trilling has suggested that "the artist needs to take sides". Of his own case he says, "Ten years ago I was involved in a group of people who felt themselves to be standing together in defence of progressive and idealistic views, in a world that seemed largely in opposition to them. And nowadays, when that situation has become obsolete, I feel rather let down . . ." In other words, one's identity is best defined in terms of commitment. To maintain a judicial, unattached attitude may be praiseworthy, but is really abortive. As we might expect, then, Mr. Trilling has

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\* 29th September 1957.



had to seek other means of fulfilment; and has found it in his vocation as a teacher. Speaking of America, he says:

There's no sophisticated class: none of that interaction of the social and educational systems that produces a *milieu* in which basic problems are never discussed, simply because it's assumed that everyone is too advanced to need to go back over them . . . It's largely because the generations don't carry on from one another. As a teacher, I find that every job has to be done again from scratch. You can be confronted with a generation of students, and inoculate them with certain ideas, and then ten years later the equivalent job has to be done all over again.

But, in the absence of a sophisticated class, there does exist something worth tackling instead:—

. . . the general tendency of American life is producing a very rapidly multiplying class of people accessible to ideas. The fact that so many people are employed in the higher technology, or have jobs which make it necessary for them to undergo long periods of training in colleges of one kind or another, is bringing into being a very numerous class which, while it isn't educated along traditional lines, is nevertheless taught to think of itself as friendly to ideas.

It is possible to borrow against Mr. Trilling his very fine sense of the consistency of his own thought. Thus we might say: too liberal an imagination too easily brings up opposing selves. That is at once the intellectual's strength and limitation. He has to reconcile his greater awareness with his correspondingly greater craving for identification. Highly sensitive to the personal malleability that can be attained in a democracy, he yet inherits something of the old Puritan theory of Providence which has to find every event meaningful in immediate moral terms. So there is an agony of choice in the face of something very much like determinism.

(I once heard a seminar of American Ph.D. students discussing the poet Corbière, who once put a mitre on his head and led a beribboned pig through the streets of Rome. Did he just feel like showing off? No, said the students, it was obviously a response to social pressure.)

From this, I think it is possible to polarize the American mind in terms of opportunity and predestination, and to see how easily

even yet Americans identify choice with providence. Max Weber, in his *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, found good reasons for attributing American diligence, honesty and thrift to what he rather frighteningly called "the intramundane asceticism" of Calvinism. It is not always easy to realize how difficult and how unpleasant it is for Americans to reject the idea that prosperity is the basis of virtue, which is Jeffersonian, or that virtue is the basis of prosperity, which is Puritan. Breadth of opportunity seems to support either principle.

Of course, if we look at de Tocqueville and Spengler, we find that they invoke the same dualism as Santayana: namely, that the life of the spirit is not necessarily integral to the life of the body. Extrovert activities, they said, often indicate a spiritual poverty and do not inevitably embody the spirit. The devotion to technique, to explanation and prescription, suggest a lack of spiritual confidence and a fear of the unexplained. These points have been made often enough, and there is no need to labour them here. Instead, I would like to quote from a radio talk by W. H. Auden called 'Writing Poetry Today'. All the arts, Mr. Auden said, "are primarily concerned with the praise and affirmation of personal being: I am that I am; or of personal becoming: I shall become that which I choose to or ought to become. In a more or less static world, genealogy helps to define a person. But in a technological age such as ours, the modern poet tends to develop an over-personal style for fear of not being truly himself. It is too easy to become a mere member of the public." How very much more difficult, then, for the American, who inherits not only the opportunity to create himself in the open society, but also the craving to interpret what he creates. And because he inherits so much — so many of the folkways of that God's American Israel (as President Stiles of Yale called it), and yet — as Mr. Trilling says — fails to receive the ideas of the previous generation, he feels obligated to the vague concept of the Public. The psychological burden for both teacher and pupil is enormous. To Santayana it looked impossible at first. For he sought a serenity in incongruity, much as Mr. Trilling does now. Such soul-searching is herculean, and must surely prompt in many such thoughts as Niebuhr's — "The concept of 'the value

and dignity of the individual' of which our modern culture has made so much is finally meaningful only in a religious dimension."

We can now pose three questions. First: the special problem of the *arriviste* and the new-rich apart, does freedom of opportunity in the democracies tempt thoughtful people to prize too highly not only personal identity but also the need for personal commitment? Second: if a man seeks contentment, must it lie in a devised coherence rather than in an attentive resignation? And third: is not the anguished self-scrutiny of American intellectuals likely to precipitate either the end of the status 'intellectual' or a resurgence of the American novel of manners? When we try to answer these questions, we should again remember Niebuhr: — "We tried too simply to make sense out of life, striving for harmonies between man and nature and man and society and man and his ultimate destiny, which have provisional but no ultimate validity." There it is, the romantic's Eldorado: ultimate validity. If a man cares as much as that, he is very likely to seek in the body public something to soothe his conscience. One wonders whether the new technology in America is really producing a new audience for the intellectual. One wonders what that putative audience has to do with *The New Yorker*. And one wonders too whether that audience really needs anything more than the Toronto *Saturday Night* of its Canadian counterpart. After all, the sophisticated audience in England — that which reads *The New Statesman*, *Encounter* and *The London Magazine* — is very small. This fact it admits and deplors. But it does not pretend that the new technology is responsible for creating a large new audience "friendly to ideas". Mr. Trilling seems in fact to be a romantic along the lines of my opening definition: — self-obsessed, like Santayana, to the detriment of his ability to interpret the society of his time. Hence Mr. Trilling's extreme concern with identity in the new society. Self-definition is likely to remain an inward exercise, as he realizes; and no amount of attention to the public good or to the democratic conscience is likely to alter the facts. Rather than inventing an illusory new thinking class, the intellectual should consider whether his essential apartness is really the betrayal that it seems.

## The Patient Will Recover

*by*

H. R. W. MORRISON

**D**OCTOR, my memory is excellent. I used to be the Personnel Manager of the Ontario Meter and Motor Co. Ltd., and despite the last five weeks of my life, I may return to my former position. Yes, once again I may assume the rôle of an administrator responsible for the morale and well-being of some twenty-three hundred souls. You do not look impressed. You think that I am a patient who will require months of treatment and then be cautiously slipped into the stream of humanity. I could leave this bed now, don my dark brown business suit, go to my office, sit behind a desk and adequately perform the functions of a personnel manager. And I would impress people. People are always impressed by a man in a suit, sitting in an arm-tilter chair behind an expansive oak desk and making pronouncements in resonant tones. Of course, it is always difficult to impress doctors, particularly when one is sitting on the edge of a bed and wearing pyjamas which don't quite fit. You, in your white shoes, grey flannel trousers and clinical white jacket, are the very symbol of authority. You may prescribe whom I may or may not see, what I may or may not eat, and a hundred-and-one details concerning my private life are now matters on which you pass judgment. As a person who has played an authoritarian rôle for the last few years, I find the situation repugnant. I suppose I can take consolation in the fact that you, as a doctor, are concerned about my well-being and mental adjustment which will propel me happily into the world of normal people.

My problem, of course, is that I can't see the value of recovery, at least not for today. Today, I awoke and smelled the heady odour of lilacs drifting into my room. I looked out the window and thought how pleasant it would be to sit in the garden all day and enjoy the sight and smell of purple and white lilacs. How pleasant it would be to sit in the garden with the sun drenching my body like hot rain and to take sheer animal — or vegetable — joy in being a living

organism that thrives in sunlight. Contrast this with my former existence: if I were living in my split-level home in North York, I would be awakened by the hysterical sound of an alarm clock. I would be literally jolted by Time. I would wash, shave and dress hurriedly; I would snap up toast, gulp coffee and mechanically kiss my wife good-by, then hurriedly go to the garage, open the door, drive out the car, close the door and drive hurriedly to a main street where I would spend some forty minutes in a slow-moving line of traffic. I could get to work twenty-five minutes earlier simply by driving a motor-scooter, but, I wouldn't be keeping caste. Once inside my office, I would be beset by hundreds of problems: employee grievances, employee relationships, welfare and insurance reports, accident reports, wastage reports, time study surveys and reports, unemployment situations . . . agh! It makes me sick to catalogue just what I was responsible for. The point I am trying to make is that in those early morning hours I was merely a thing in the grip of events. I wasn't myself, I was an actor playing a variety of rôles. I was a husband to a half-awakened wife, I was a man of eminence to junior staffers at the office, and I was a tool to the high-level managerial group. I suppose I'm not making much sense to you, doctor. Of course, how could you understand the terrible tedium of my former life since your experience has never paralleled mine? You'll never know how lucky you are to work with mentally-disturbed people; you'll never know what desperation it is to work with normal people. You'll never know the fear of entering a conference room and knowing that you're going to see the same people you've seen for the last few years and that they're going to utter the same opinions. You'll never know with what a sinking heart I have stated that it would be all right for my cohorts to join me at a restaurant table when I wanted to avoid them and their shop talk. Unfortunately, I was much in demand as a dinner companion owing to my position. Never could I talk about my likes: music by Stravinsky and Shostakovich, novels by Huxley and paintings by the French impressionists, or my own attempt at short story writing under an assumed name. Instead, I was subjected to conversation on internal politicking; who was going to be the next president; union problems, who was running around and



the only relief from shop talk was the dirty joke. I didn't mind the occasional dirty joke, I was just bored by the repetition of them.

No, let me spend the rest of my days in a garden. Let me witness the tender shoots of Spring, the blossoming and ripe greenness of Summer, the colour and sweet decay of Autumn and the quiet sleep of Winter.

Obviously my talk of the garden and the seasons bores you. Gardens and the seasons, these are common things. Your concern is for the hidden motive, the forgotten memory, the symbol that conceals and the consciousness that dissembles. You want to find why my wife reminds me of my mother and whether or not I look upon the Plant and Office Superintendent as a father image. Let me assure you that a psychoanalysis of me would be unrewarding. I have a disgustingly normal background. I was born thirty-eight years ago in Toronto, attended public and high schools here and always graduated in the middle of the class. I have one sister, and my parents are still living, and living together, growing gracefully old in a modest bungalow in Scarborough. I joined the army in 1939, got in and out of Dieppe alive with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, was among the first Canadians on the beach at D-day, and was wounded some months later in Holland and finished the war in a hospital in England. The nurse was an extremely attractive woman five years my junior and I married her. Returning to Toronto, I took advantage of veterans' educational opportunities and graduated from university with a B.A. in sociology. I worked for two years with Canadian General Electric, then switched to the Ontario Meter and Motor Co., where my promotions have been fast. I was told that I was the youngest personnel manager in the company's history. I lived in flats, apartments and progressed to my present home in North York where I live with my wife, two boys aged four and six, a girl, aged eight, a dog and my 1957 Plymouth.

As for the office, it was the cause of my despair—or breakdown. Yet, there was no one there I really disliked. My fellow workers were merely greys against the darker grey. As for the working situation, the company enjoyed happy labour relations and there never was a strike. I must confess that during the last contract negotiations between company and union I longed for strife! I longed to hear shouts,



arguments, pounding of fists on tables and the flash of temper that denotes dynamic and alive human beings are debating. Instead, I heard a constant dull monotone from both sides. The union representatives had the fiery manner of speakers at a service club luncheon. They never demanded: they submitted, they proposed, they put forward, they brought to the attention of the company . . . . They lowered their demands, the company increased its wage offer, a contract was signed and King Dullness reigned. I longed for a strike to break the monotony of my administrative work.

I was bored, terribly bored. No one disagreed at management meetings and now no one was disagreeing at labour-management meetings. Even the introduction of a new time-study check didn't cause a ripple of discontent because the union representatives had been contacted first, the workers were advised and everyone was happy. Special union meetings and distribution of union printed matter were agreed to by the company. So happy was our labour relations scene that I was obliged to write two articles on this subject for the Personnel Magazine.

Every day, five days a week, the same people, the same situation and no change! I felt as though I was stuck in a time machine and was doomed to the absurd fate of being caught in a series of moments that were forever repeating themselves. My evenings and weekends were just as dull. There was supper, playtime with the children, bedtime for the children, chatter with my wife, puttering about in the basement, television, coffee and off to bed!

Even social outings had a dreadful sameness and the circle of my acquaintances included people living the same type of life as I. Work in a managerial capacity, live in a suburban capacity and that was one's whole capacity. Yet, how smart those acquaintances were. How they talked about *The Lonely Crowd*, *The Hidden Persuaders*, *The Organization Man* and other lore about outward culture. I was happy that my wife was English, as this broke the monotony of similarity among wives, cars and children. How I tired of cocktails, hi-fi sets, tape recorders, home movies, picture windows and the inevitable consumer magazines. Our social life was a geometrical situation. ABCDEFGH are the sides of a social group at IJ,

CDEFGHIJ are the sides of a social group at AB, EFGHIJAB are the sides of a social group at CD and so on . . . How I longed for a divorce or some indiscretion to shatter our tightly-knit group!

To use a chess term, I was stale-mated at the office and at home. I couldn't capture anything, I couldn't move: all I could do was to occupy an absurd situation in space and time. Then, I took pride in a new knowledge. I was not animal. As you know, doctor, give an animal an adequate amount of food, shelter, a normal sex life and protection of its offspring and you have an extremely happy animal. Really, I should have been a happy biped, but I wasn't. I dared not voice my disenchantment. At work, I was surrounded by bright, positive men who were doing the best of all possible work, in this best of all possible worlds. My wife held status as a good mother, good housekeeper, woman's club official, woman's church club auxiliary member and wife of an Upward Striver. I could not talk seriously to her about the loneliness I felt in my soul.

I began to lose touch with my environment and the people in it. I found that in conferences I only saw mouths move, heard sounds produced but couldn't grasp the significance of what the speakers truly meant. I found that when I wrote reports it seemed as though what was in my mind never really got on to paper. Occasionally, when making a speech, or talking to individuals, I sensed that the words I said, really didn't convey the meaning that I had in my head, do you understand what I mean? After a while, I found that when I got letters, memorandums, or when my fellow workers talked to me, I really didn't understand what they were trying to communicate to me. I felt that people were erecting façades from which they did business. Even when I went to church I felt this strange two-way lack of communication, particularly when I listened to some two hundred adults mumble and chant their way through a variety of hymns and prayers. One day, I told my wife that I didn't believe that we had the understanding which we once had. She laughed lightly, kissed me, ran her fingers through my hair and sought to ease my feeling through amatory gestures. I let her believe that she had succeeded. I didn't tell her that I thought she was a domesticated animal, and that she made me feel like a breadwinner, a father, a

husband, an animal to be fed, made warm and gotten into bed, as contrasted with making me feel like an individual whose validity on this planet was enhanced by his relationship with another. This I thought, but didn't tell her. She referred to me as an "old silly" and asked me to help put the children to bed.

I almost cried as I tucked my six-year-old boy into bed. I thought: sleep young child, sleep your sleep of untroubled dreams and have no fear of tomorrow. Too soon, it will come and make you as mortal as I. I looked at my son and saw myself as I was thirty-three years ago. Then I saw myself as my own son, and visualized myself as my father, cutting the grass of my Scarborough home, waiting for my pensioning-off, puttering about and putting in time between now and the grave.

Did my father live a dull, uneventful life so that I could live an equally dull life and pass the heritage on to my son? I, who had stormed ashore at Dieppe with a Bren gun; I who had survived that bullet-swept beach, then taken part in the Normandy landing two years later, did I survive catastrophe and the grandeur of war only to live a civilian life of quiet desperation? I once read that most men live lives of quiet desperation, but I find no consolation in that saying or any other pertinent epigram.

As it had on so many mornings in the past, the alarm clock rang one morning at seven o'clock. I picked up that alarm clock, made an overhand swinging motion with my arm and hurled the timepiece against the bedroom wall. It shattered and fell to the floor in a hundred pieces. Delightful! My wife was rudely awakened, and though shocked, she expressed no criticism of my action. Perhaps the expression on my face indicated my mood. I am not going to be the slave of a collection of gears and a spring, I said. Had she scolded, I daresay I would have slapped her face.

I went downstairs.

Yes, there was the bread, the coffee, the corn flakes and all the ingredients of a typical breakfast that several million North Americans were eating at precisely this moment. I scorned them. I drank Vodka and orange juice and ate beans on toast. I drove out of the garage and didn't even bother to stop and to lock the garage door. At Wilson

Ave., and Bathurst St., a driver didn't brake quickly enough and slammed into the back of my car. I drove forward about a quarter of a car length, slipped the car into reverse gear, floored the accelerator and gave the driver such a jolt I thought his head would have snapped off.

At work, everyone gave me the usual good morning. When the assistant personnel manager gave me his usual smiling good morning I asked how in the hell he was and why in the hell did he insist on even couching a greeting to me in a deferential tone. Speak up man! I urged him. I asked one of the typists how her love-life was and she blushed, but not in a maidenly way. After a few irresponsible remarks, the entire office was abuzz.

The president's secretary phoned me up and asked if I would like to attend the morning management meeting. I said no, and hung up. She phoned back and said the president would like the pleasure of my company at the meeting. Why didn't you say so? I asked.

The subject of the management meeting was appraisal of the work performance of newly-appointed assistant department heads. How does the new assistant personnel manager look to you? asked the vice-president. Looks fine to me, I said. Flustered, he asked, I mean, what about his work performance? I advised that his administrative work could improve but that his ability to interview job applicants and his ability to handle staff more than compensated for that short-coming. I would like to suggest that my new assistant is doing well, said the purchasing agent. Why don't you suggest it, then? I asked. Eyebrows were being raised and conversations were made behind hands. The idle chatter dropped, though, and the topic of appraisal was being given a more business-like handling than usual. I made a study, said the production manager, and he paused striving for some sort of dramatic effect. Really, out of plywood? I asked.

The meeting was in an uproar.

Are you feeling well? the president asked of me. I replied: I am not feeling well. I am bored by this meeting. I am bored by these men always speaking in clichés, always speaking indirectly, wasting my time and theirs. This meeting has been going on for an hour.

Judging by the old rate, it could go on for another hour and a half. This group of senior officials spends far too much time talking, talking, talking. We love to talk for its own sake, we love to play the officials, to take our time, write long memos and act the rôle of administrators. We don't have to analyze these men: they're good workers or bad, and that's all. Our decisions should be yes, yes, no, no, either, or: always something clear cut.

I ranted on. Then I walked out.

As I strolled along the corridor I observed a shapely typist ahead of me and as I passed her, pinched her on an ungirdled section of her anatomy then whistled merrily as I left the building.

At my bank, I withdrew all of my seven hundred and fifty dollars and seventy-eight cents. Then I went to Malton airport and caught the noon plane to Montreal. I have vague memories of all-night drinking sessions in night clubs, cocktail lounges and beverage rooms. I consorted with a variety of women in whose company I could forget the loneliness of my soul, and possibly my own identity. I sought to annihilate my own identity and to live the life of a gutter animal. Soon, I was out of money. I lined up at soup kitchens, I slept at welfare establishments and I bummed money from pedestrians. Being a beggar was simple: you asked for money, you got it, or you didn't. To my delight, I found that I was able to collect more than twenty dollars a day, tax free! I'd save my money, then clean up my person and go out on well-planned debaucheries and seek to erase that last vestige of identity that I could feel within myself. Though I suffered agonizing illness and headaches, there were always those terrible hours when I more poignantly than ever before was aware of my true self. I returned to begging. It seemed to me that the donors got more than they gave to judge from the look of holy pity that came into their eyes as they pressed a quarter into my hand and suggested that God bless me. Once, on a rainy night, a young prostitute took me to her room to share its warmth. She didn't think I had any money. I left her, asleep, and left twenty-seven dollars on her pillow. As I walked the streets alone, I decided that I must die. It was then that I stepped into the path of the truck.

I know that I was treated in a hospital in Montreal, and that the hospital I'm in now isn't for the treatment of broken bones or physical



injuries. I recall that my wife has visited me several times and the tears on her cheeks indicate a genuine concern for me. Indeed, she advised me that she visited the company and that the president granted her a personal audience. Oh, I know what kind of audience it was. We knew for a long time that your husband was ill. Nevertheless, he has given valuable service to this company and we're ready to take him back on a probationary period. I'm not the first or the last to have a breakdown, doctor. You have given me insulin shock treatment, you have given me drugs and I suppose I've been more analyzed than I shall ever know. I am a veteran, a ten-year man at the company, a father, a husband, a good neighbour and that little world of home and company is waiting for me.

Doctor, you will talk to me several more times. You will give me more insulin and drug treatments and you will observe that my behavior is closer to normal and that increasingly I will take more of an interest in my wife, children and the outside world. In a few days, you will talk to me and find that I am quite normal. Then, I will be released.

Relax, doctor. I have allowed myself a last moment of self-indulgence and what you might call wild talk.

You know by now that I am not a schizophrenic, a manic-depressive, a cyclic type or any other text-book category of a mental patient. My ailment will be written down as severe case of nerves brought about by overwork. I will leave this place, go back to work, and be normal for the sake of my children, my wife, my family and friends.

But, for this afternoon, let me feed my heart with lilacs and my soul with sunshine. Really, this institution is to be complimented for its out-of-the-city location and its garden, its beautiful garden.



# Rosa Garibaldi

— Brief Encounter in Rome —

by

A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

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*The granddaughter of the great Liberator died in April, 1958, at the age of 75. In a charming vignette drawn from personal reminiscence Miss Douglas gives a moving account of a chance meeting with this "restless questing spirit".*

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I saw her standing by the Campidoglio on the Capitoline Hill on a hot morning in early September 1952. Under the archway to the inner courtyard people, speaking wide variety of languages, were passing, pausing to show their cards of admission to a uniformed official. Police were keeping the entrance way open and a uniformed mace bearer awaited the arrival of the Mayor. Some of the dignitaries were already arriving, representatives of government and of the City. In no hurry to make my way into the auditorium, I was lingering in the brilliant sunshine of this beautiful square which Michelangelo designed. Looking about me at everything and everybody, I noticed this lady of perhaps nearly seventy years, of average height, spare, with intense observant eyes. She crossed the entrance way to where I stood and said "I am Rosa Garibaldi, can you tell me what gathering this is?" I replied "This is the opening ceremony of the meetings of the International Astronomical Union . . . and did you say your name was Garibaldi?" "Rosa Garibaldi". "A descendant of the great Liberator?" "I am the granddaughter of Giuseppe Garibaldi".

I put out my hand and grasped hers and said how greatly I had revered her grandfather's name since childhood, when I had read and reread a sermon preached by my grandfather in the 1880's in which a passage ran like this: "Tribulation is the law or condition of all noble achievements . . . When Garibaldi raised the standard of revolt against existing despotism, when multitudes flocked to that

standard and asked 'What shall we have if we follow you?' 'Have?' cried Garibaldi, 'you shall have cold and hunger; you shall have long marches and the terror of night-watches; you shall have battles and wounds, disease and death — but Italy shall be free.' Had these words, perchance years ago, rung in the ears of Mr. Churchill? Often have I wondered if this were so.

This unexpected tribute to her grandfather greatly pleased Miss Garibaldi and seemed to draw us together with a bond forged long years ago. I told her that my ticket admitted two and asked if she would care to accompany me. To my great delight she accepted and together we passed into the court with its many fragments of sculptures of antiquity, and on into the great hall rich with marble and murals. Several dignitaries recognized and greeted my companion; she was quite obviously a citizen of Rome, known and honoured.

When the ceremonies were over and we stood together at the head of Michelangelo's steps which lead down to the level of the Piazza de Venezia, I asked Miss Garibaldi if she would lunch with me at any one of the several small restaurants in the neighbourhood. Thus it came to pass that for two hours and a half as we lunched in a quiet Trattoria, then walked over the Tiber and up the right bank of the river to the Via Pompei Magno, and there in the apartment which she and her sister shared, she poured out to me her memories of her grandfather; the heroic story of his campaigns, his defeats, retreats and victories; the pathetic story of the death of her grandmother — the brave, once beautiful Anita; the romance and wanderings of her own parents; the military careers of her brothers; her own ideals, prejudices and philosophy of life.

Rosa Garibaldi was the oldest of ten children. Her father, the second son of Giuseppe Garibaldi and Anita, had gone as a young man to England, where he fell in love with an English lady who married him in spite of her parents' disapproval and went with him to Australia where their family were born. This explained Rosa's excellent English. All her brothers, except the youngest, were dead. With pride she told how Giuseppe's sons, and their sons and grandsons had fought for the ideals of liberty in Italy, in Greece, in Mexico,

in France. Wherever a struggle for freedom was taking place, there a Garibaldi wanted to be.

The apartment was a veritable museum. Both Rosa and her mother were artistic, and paintings of historic scenes and portraits filled the walls, busts stood on mantles, tables and on the floor, cases of medals, coats, caps, weapons, letters, maps, documents were everywhere. Record books of two charities started by her mother, Costanza, filled shelves. Objects of special concern to Rosa were these hospitals at Caprera near Sardinia and in the Sabine hills. Her grandfather had purchased a small estate at Caprera and from this his beloved island he had embarked on his military campaigns from 1854 to 1870. There it was that he died and there he is buried. Rosa felt deeply the family responsibility for this hospital as a memorial. The other hospital was situated near her family home in the mountains where she and her brothers and sisters spent much of their childhood. In the grounds of their house was a swimming place where the children would gather and Rosa clearly remembered a few occasions when her grandfather — old, worn and crippled with rheumatism in his last years of life — was helped down to the pool where he would sit in his wheel chair and happily watch his grandchildren at play.

So Rosa Garibaldi was 75 years of age! A little mental arithmetic told me that — but it was hard to believe it of this vigorous woman so proud of her family heritage, passionately devoted to the cause of freedom, interested in everything in the current world, strong in her likes and her hatreds — a word which hardly seems too forceful, for her opinions were definite and vehemently expressed. She was that striking combination of an avowed atheist and a champion of the ideals of truth, honesty and courage, courage to speak out against hypocrisy in whatever form it appeared. Though tolerant of those who believed in religion as a purely spiritual experience, she was bitterly opposed to any ecclesiastical activity in the realm of politics. For this reason she fulminated against Mussolini's compromise with the Pope in creating the Vatican City; she deeply resented and deplored the growing political power of certain religious orders in Italy; and she bitterly criticised a younger Garibaldi whom she felt to be an unworthy bearer of a great name, first because he had

associated himself with a church-sponsored political party in Rome and secondly because, in his choice of a wife, he had been false to the memory of the many Garibaldis who had died fighting against German tyranny in the wars of 1914 and 1939. Her own father at the age of 23 had fought under his father against the Prussians at Châtillon and at the defense of Dijon in 1870, and in 1914 when he was 67 he enlisted in the French army — and two of his sons, her brothers Bruno and Constante, had given their lives fighting for France, the one in 1914, the other in the Argonne in 1915.

Her pride in the family name was tremendously deep and episodes of the family history over more than a hundred years were poured out to me with all the vivid detail of an eye witness. She relived episodes of her grandfather's early exploits in South America — fighting for the freedom of Montevideo — when he first met and loved at sight the dark Brazilian girl of Portuguese ancestry, Anita. She told me of his indomitable spirit, his resourcefulness and daring in eluding capture when surprised and surrounded by enemies, his passion for justice and for consistency in policy; his tender solicitude for mothers whose sons had died in his campaigns; his pride that his own son, Menotti was fighting with him for the freedom of Italy in 1859-60 and both his sons in 1866 and the following year in the victorious expedition against Rome. She spoke of his fine tenor voice appealing whether in speech or in song, never quickened with excitement, but on occasion charged with the intensity of controlled emotion.

Of Mussolini Rosa had only two good things to say — he revered the memory of her grandfather and respected her father, and he conceived and carried out the idea of bringing the ashes of the devoted Anita from Nice to an honoured grave on the Janicula Hill where stand the monuments to her husband and his generals. Poor Anita, in life she knew little of peace and nothing of tranquility and even in death she was not left undisturbed. Anxious about her husband in 1848 she unwisely left their home in Nizza (still at that time an Italian city, birthplace of Giuseppe), and joined him in Rome. When his bid for victory failed Garibaldi with Anita and the faithful remnant of his followers retreated eastward, eventually making the coast

and boarding a fleet of small ships for Venice. Intercepted by the Austrian fleet, he beached his little ship and on foot he and Anita fled inland and northward. But she was stricken with the fever of the coastal swamps and in a farmhouse a dozen miles south of Ravenna she died. Garibaldi was overwhelmed with grief, but the Austrian pursuers were so close on his heels that he could only beg careful burial and speed off northward a hunted lonely man. Her body was given crude burial under a heap of sand, was found later by the local authorities, identified, cremated and the ashes were buried in a wayside church near Ravenna. In 1859 Garibaldi himself brought Anita's ashes from Ravenna to Nizza, little dreaming how soon his natal city would be known to the world as the French city of Nice. But even there near the grave of Giuseppe's gentle, devout mother (the Rosa after whom Anita's first granddaughter was called) the ashes found no lasting repose. Perhaps on the Janicula Hill they will be left in peace to mingle ultimately with the Italian soil.

But it was to her grandfather that Miss Garibaldi kept returning, attempting to analyse that elusive quality of the man which might explain the amazing confidence which he inspired in his followers. That his name is still one to conjure with in Italy today was obvious to anyone who was in Italy in 1948 just before the first free general election after the downfall of the Mussolini régime. I told Miss Garibaldi of the many striking posters which I had seen that spring in Milan, Bologna and Florence and how obvious it was that both the pro-communist and the anti-communist parties strove to claim the great Garibaldi as their own symbol of leadership. The noble head of Giuseppe, complete with velvet cap above the broad shoulders and loose red shirt, appeared on many a poster. He gazed down from walls plastered with communist posters. Adjacent would be rival posters displaying the same noble face but in the form of a mask covering the hard sinister features of Stalin, with a reminder that a vote for the Communist party was a vote for enslavement, not for a free Italy.

I did not leave Miss Garibaldi's apartment that memorable afternoon until she had promised to come with me to the evening reception which the City of Rome was giving for astronomers a few days later.

Thus I saw her once again, but the occasion permitted less connected talk, since it offered so many opportunities to introduce to this distinguished Italian citizen astronomers who I knew would appreciate the privilege of meeting her, astronomers from Canada, from the United States, from Japan and from Great Britain. We strolled on the Campidoglio terrace, we ate ices and sipped vermouth, we listened to the orchestra, we walked and talked with various scientists in the gardens below the marble terrace where fountains and flowering shrubs and graceful trees were softly floodlit; and then we walked through the rich rooms, galleries, and corridors, through the courtyard and out onto Michelangelo's square, where many a time her grandfather had come to address the Assembly. A Scottish astronomer and I put her on the tram which would take her almost to her door and then we boarded one going to our hotel on the opposite side of the city.

Our paths never crossed again and a letter and a card brought no reply. But when I read in the spring of her death in a Rome hospital, my thoughts took wing as I followed her spirit to the edge of the unknown, and the words of Walt Whitman alone seemed appropriate to her restless questing spirit:

Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only,  
Reckless, O soul, exploring . . . .  
O daring joy, but safe: are they not all the seas of God?  
O farther, farther, farther sail.



# Speaking Across The Barriers

— Humane Studies in a Scientific Environment —

by

WATSON THOMSON

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*The divided condition of modern knowledge, whether due to growth or "fragmentation", poses the urgent challenge of communication. In this new look at an old problem Professor Thomson denies any ultimate conflict between man as scientist and man as man.*

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THE subtitle of this paper has a deliberate ambiguity. It can refer to the plight of some people like myself, who spend most of their time teaching to students of Applied Science that miscellaneous bundle of skills and appreciations we call "English". Or it can refer to the predicament of all of us together at a time when the great magic emanates not from incantations but from formulae, when patronage and subsidies come not to the poet but to the research laboratory, when the public clamour is not for seers and prophets but for more scientists and engineers by the thousand. The ambiguity is intentional, because these two situations are clearly related and I find it necessary to speak of both.

The intention, then, is to discuss some of the problems of those concerned with humanistic studies in the context of a predominantly science-dominated curriculum such as that of engineering, and to place these problems in the larger setting of the contemporary university as it exists characteristically in Western cultures.

I have to begin, naturally, with the larger situation and to sketch briefly what seems to me our present condition in the world of knowledge with special reference (in a moment) to the dichotomy, significant or insignificant as we may find it, between the sciences and the humanities.

When the Universities first made their appearance on the Western scene in the Europe that was also the Christendom of the late Middle

Ages, the structure, as we all know, had an enviable simplicity. Christian cosmology and dogma gave to the University, as to the larger society, a center and focus and it is from Theology that all other disciplines derived their function and significance. The University was indeed a community of scholars, because, if they argued among themselves, they could afford to, standing as they did upon such immense foundations of common assumption, both explicit and implicit.

This picture — abbreviated and idealized as it is — may nevertheless serve to accentuate our very different modern condition. *We* have no focal centre either of common faith or of common unchallenged assumption. *We* have no over-riding dogmatic system to discipline the disciplines. *We* are not a community of scholars — or at least the communal elements hardly extend beyond the occasional Presidential cup of tea and the Faculty Association's sedulous devotion to wages and working conditions. Subjects proliferate in geometric progression, each with its own vocabulary and methodology. Between many of them there is simply no common medium of discourse at all.

Now this situation has been variously interpreted. Many of those who have been most thoughtfully concerned about the matter tend to speak regretfully of our condition. They are reminded of the Tower of Babel and they use phrases like "the fragmentation of knowledge". But this phrase, it seems to me, is suspect, being one of those whose analogical character makes it something of a snare and a delusion. Fragmentation implies a previous wholeness which in this case never existed. The knowledge of yesterday has not been broken apart; it has been *added* to. Exotic branches of learning like geobio-chemistry aren't something which once belonged within some larger discipline and broke away; they are quite simply *new*.

In short, the divided condition of modern knowledge is not indicative of a fall from grace, with some devil in the modern mind persuading it to prefer disunity to unity. It is, on the contrary, a tribute to the immense creative energy that in recent times has gone into the business of accumulating knowledge. A man retired from medical research remarked recently that when he was a student

at Oxford about 40 years ago he could learn in a single year all that was then known in bio-chemistry, whereas today a whole lifetime would not suffice.

In this situation, it is not hard to understand why the encyclopaedic view has been almost wholly abandoned. Yet (perhaps because of temperament) some of us cannot accommodate ourselves happily to its abandonment — nor are we convinced of the necessity. What is impossible for the single isolated mind may not be impossible for a carefully selected group. I myself would like to see another kind of President's Report from each university, one which would tell the world, in language understandable by any intelligent citizen, what new findings of general human significance had emerged in that year from each of the multifarious branches of knowledge.

Whether this is absurdly romantic or not, the fact remains that there are obvious dangers in permitting the centrifugal force of academic differentiation and specialization to outdo the centripetal force of reference to common human concern. There are, of course, some who work on the comfortable assumption that whatever coordinations and integrations of specific branches of knowledge are necessary or useful for specific practical purposes will occur spontaneously, so why worry? Some, of an optimistic temper, say that we are already moving out of the age of analysis into a happier period of synthesis. They point to synthesizing processes at work in all areas of knowledge, from the inter-disciplinary research involved in the production of an ICBM to the integration of the social sciences taking place in the fascinating teamwork of psychologists, anthropologists, and sociologists around Clyde Kluckhohn at Harvard. Another instance may be found amusing, or even shocking, but not, I think, insignificant. Last year, a certain new manufacturing corporation in Texas began its operation by hiring 140 Ph.D.'s! Their function? To solve problems — problems in production, machine-tooling, merchandising, public relations, etc. No doubt, though I cannot vouch for this, they included a Freudian psychologist so that the unconscious as well as the conscious wishes of the consumers would be exploited. Anyway, the Ph.D.'s were tossed problems and were expected to sort themselves out into teams representing every discipline that could possibly make a pertinent contribution.

To some, luring 140 Ph.D's into a single Texas enterprise may signify that laissez-faire and the cash-nexus are sufficient principles to bring about the desirable ends of co-ordination and synthesis between the various branches of knowledge. But most of us are not so easily assured.

It seems apparent that the divided condition of our world of knowledge is a reflection of the general pattern in Western liberal-capitalist societies and is, at least in part, derived from the assumptions which underlie the social pattern as a whole. The main assumption is that no political, economic, intellectual or religious élite has the right to impose its will on the whole, and that the most desirable results ensue when society, in all its aspects, remains open, competitive, and empirically disposed. The economic premise is that central planning is to be categorically eschewed; the academic axiom is that there must be no central dogmas (such as those of Christian theology for the late-Medieval university or those of Marxism-Leninism for the Soviet) to act as a central point of intellectual reference or as an integrative nucleus.

In these days when we are all being reminded of (not to say intimidated by) the successes of Soviet education, this notion deserves a slow, hard look. There are some today, and I suspect there will be even more tomorrow, who, seeing in the Sputniks our own need to become a more disciplined society, will long for the restoration of an old dogmatic system or the emergence of a new one. But it seems to me that we are not only deeply committed to the free, the open and pluralistic society, but have not by any means exhausted its potentialities. To abjure dogma is merely to abjure goals and principles of an *absolute character*; it is not necessarily to abandon goals and principles altogether (to abandon *ends* in favor of an endless proliferation of *means*), though that is a fairly accurate description of what our society is doing. Indeed the way through this dilemma is fairly plain to see: it is surely to give up all lingering traces of dogmatism within our liberal-democratic system, including the hope of finding some Grand Principle or Categorical Imperative which will take the place of Christian theology or Marxism-Leninism as a unifying and disciplinary force; but at the same time to transfer the

allegiance once given to *dogma* wholeheartedly to *process*, — to the processes, intrinsically appropriate to the liberal society, of interchange and cross-fertilization, especially between those kinds of knowledge which are most widely separated either by inherent difference or traditional prejudice.

Apart from such mysterious realms as Law and Theology, the most significant schism in our academic community today is between the physical sciences on the one hand and the humanities on the other. A rapprochement between those two, and between their respective exponents, would represent a real achievement.

Of course it is true that for the very greatest minds, scientific or humanist, and for lesser minds in their better moments, the dichotomy dwindles to insignificance. There are the Einsteins, Whiteheads, Schrödingers of our own day as well as the da Vincis and Goethes of the past, who see clearly that the sciences and the arts are alternative activities of the same single spirit eternally creating symbolic worlds through which to conquer and transcend its own experience and its own environment. This indeed we must constantly remember, especially at times like the present when circumstances conspire to push us into separate intellectual worlds. Yet the dichotomy is as real in practice as it is ridiculous in the grand perspective. Having taught engineering students for some seven or eight years, I can count on the fingers of one hand the occasions when I spoke with my colleagues of Applied Science in some earnestness about the objectives of my work and heard from them correspondingly. This is nobody's fault; it is bound to happen in the contemporary situation unless we follow some other line than the line of least resistance.

It helps to have some reasonably clear notion of how and why the split began, and how it grew into the dangerous gulf that now confronts us. Those who cherish romantic illusions about the organic wholeness of the Catholic medieval society should remember that it was the wholeness of any prescientific culture, that of an essentially unchallenged anthropomorphism. All primitive religions are animistic, or anthropomorphic or both; which means that when they speak of the anger of the gods, the gods may be remote but the emotional category is cosily familiar. The pre-scientific cosmology of



Christendom had the same anthropomorphism, and modern science began with the repudiation of this cosmology by Copernicus and Galileo, and their heroic claim to a little territory for science and empiricism, from which dogma and the *a priori* were excluded.

The story from there on is well known. The absolutists of various kinds, mostly ecclesiastical, reluctantly conceded all those peripheral fields like astronomy and chemistry which seemed to have little relation to the business of man and his 'immortal soul'. Within these areas the new thing, science, was able to determine its own distinctive method, through which it achieved such palpable results as to bring it great popular prestige. That prestige made possible new claims, at each step moving farther in from the periphery toward the centre — man and his 'immortal soul'. But resistance also strengthened, so that the jump from the biological science to the social sciences, for instance — even to one that had 'psyche' in its very name — could be taken only in very recent times. Meanwhile, as the universe around and even within man is thus "scientificized", the human soul, pathetically hopeful, becomes conscious of a desperate alienation. In that sense at least, the humanities appear to be isolated and pushed to the wall by science.

But the absolutists are still with us, and the struggle between dogmatism and empiricism continues to be waged. Consider an area vital to a working understanding between scientists and humanists — the area of ethics. This area is crucial because it is the ethical problems they encounter, and sometimes by their work create — problems not amenable to mathematical reduction or scientific empiricism — that scientists are most conscious of needing insights of the kind associated with the humanities.

What then is the state of ethics as a subject of rational enquiry? One professor of Ethics opined, when consulted on this point, that there has been modest but real progress, within the span of the past generation, in the academic discipline that bears that name, but that relatively few are working in the field, and their work has little impact on the public consciousness. Out of a total enrolment of 8800, only 15 students at the University of British Columbia are registered in the course entitled Ethics. If it be thought that this



indifference to a field vital to human affairs, and perhaps to human survival, characterizes only the academic scene, and that there is widespread interest in ethical problems in a popular way, consider the outcry in Britain over the BBC series entitled "Morals without Religion" by Margaret Knight. The evidence suggests that both academic and popular discussions of ethics are still inhibited by the survival of dogmatic and absolutist notions and by the pressure of large organized bodies in our society for whom rational enquiry into ethical issues is neither necessary nor appropriate, answers being already known through divine revelation or priestly edict.

This undiscussability of ethical questions raises another issue extremely pertinent to the matter of the status of the humanities *vis-à-vis* the physical sciences. I am thinking of the movement, culminating in the work of the Logical Positivists, which emphasized a distinction between fact and value. Questions of fact were susceptible of verification, questions of value could be decided only by private preference. The two kinds of statement were absolutely different, the one not reducible to the terms of the other. Since the humanities were precisely those branches of learning whose be-all and end-all rested squarely on values — aesthetic and ethical — they were most vulnerable to the positivistic accusation of bandying about mere verbalism, mere tautologies, mere meaningless (because unverifiable) opinion. And so ethics, at least — aesthetics is a somewhat different case — has had to withstand, and has not well withstood, a double assault from the old absolutism of the Churches and from the new nihilism of the positivists, — and this at a time when, beginning with Hume perhaps, it was just beginning to establish itself on a liberal-rational basis.

There are two main points here. The first is that the physical sciences have gone from triumph to triumph partly at least because they have been longest and most thoroughly liberated from dogma and from metaphysical *a priori*s. The second is that the humanities not only have failed to achieve an equal liberation but also, even if they had succeeded, are confronted with a far subtler task. They have first of all to find the ways of establishing as valid the different kind of knowledge and experience which relates to *values* and, secondly,

to find the way of coping with issues and problems derived from the actual world of man and society — which are never *merely* questions of value but always questions of value immersed in contexts of fact. This, indeed, is why ethical problems *are* discussable, even though the argument may end with a recognition of differences of basic assumption which are *pure* questions of value and therefore not themselves discussable. For example, the positivists' insistence on the distinction between fact and value has probably had salutary effects on the teaching of poetry. It has enabled us to see far more clearly than our counterparts of a generation ago that the *experience* of poetry is not to be confused with talk *about* poetry or with the critical analysis of a poem; but it has not helped us at all to find ways of holding these two modes of knowledge together in a body of learning endowed with the cumulative and progressive quality of the sciences.

Perhaps it would be wise to sum up at this point, and to aim the discussion towards the practical matter of academic juxtaposition between the sciences and the humanities. Those of us who will not surrender the encyclopaedic dream have an obligation to consider ways and means of furthering the broad ends of intellectual co-ordination and unification. Within that immense task there is particular urgency in the promotion of a rapprochement between those dedicated to the exciting quests of the physical sciences and those devoted to the enlargement and refinement of the sympathies, to the extension of personal and social awareness. To that end, the most natural occasions are related to practical issues, in the social, intellectual or pedagogic scene, which are the concern of both groups. One of these issues is the rôle of the humanities, specifically English, in the scientific-mathematical environment of the Faculty of Applied Science; and so we confront inevitably the problems of these two interacting worlds as they work themselves out — or might in the future work themselves out — in curriculum, faculty relations, and administration.

It should perhaps be noted at the outset that if it is considered desirable to expose prospective engineers and scientists to those disciplines best calculated to complete their general liberal education, there seems to be no obvious reason why English exclusively should be thrust upon them. A case can be made for history, or philosophy,

or sociology, or any one of a considerable number of subjects. English has the prior advantage merely because it was the first (and usually is the only) humane discipline to be invited to give its services to the engineers. Originally it was invited for reasons that had nothing to do with liberal or humanistic education. It was invited because certain professionally necessary skills in "communication" were notably lacking: "The boys can't spell, or can't punctuate, or can't write a coherent report."

Things might well have stayed there, had it not been for certain developments within the engineering profession itself. Two factors conspired to change the situation. First, engineers came to be increasingly in demand in executive or managerial rôles, with consequent need to deal with problems of labour relations, public relations and so on; in short, to exercise a great many skills not included in their professional training. Secondly, many of the technical subjects became superfluous as the tempo of technological change accelerated to the point where anything taught at University was likely to be out of date before the student found his way into the industrial plant. The latter consideration opened up a few holes in the engineer's time-table; the former indicated the kind of material with which these gaps *might* be filled.

There is really a third factor working in the same direction, at least in the United States: that is, the stirring of the academic conscience brought about by Hutchins in Chicago, the Harvard Report on General Education and the writings of Walter Lippman and others. Cumulatively, these amount to a pretty powerful campaign for *general* as distinct from specialist and professional education, a campaign to acquaint every undergraduate with the main intellectual and aesthetic experiences of the Great Tradition. Whatever the suspicion with which we view this campaign,<sup>1</sup> it did influence those who were responsible for the revision of the engineers' curriculum and it did

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<sup>1</sup>In fairness, this comment needs amplification. There is both internal and external evidence that the concern with 'general education' expressed by these people is in fact a concern with the reinstatement of dogma-centred ethical systems. (The Thomist influence at Chicago is common knowledge.) And in the last analysis, I consider any such attempt academically illegitimate and intrinsically illiberal. It is clearly no accident that a devotion to the humanities which has this origin emphasized the classics and carries a distinctly anti-scientific flavor.

add impetus to the movement toward what came to be called, in rather unattractive jargon, 'humanistic-social studies'.

At the end of World War II, this whole issue was the subject of study by a committee of the American Society for Engineering Education (ASEE) who in 1946 issued what came to be called the Hammond Report. This Report discussed the philosophy, objectives and desirable course-content for programs of humanistic-social studies in engineering schools, and laid down the norm of 20% of students' time to be devoted to studies of this sort. Three years ago the ASEE set up another committee to restudy the matter. Their report, the Gullette Report issued in 1956, reaffirmed the general principles of the Hammond Report, announced that most engineering schools had attained or exceeded the 20% norm, and gave examples of particular programs in specific universities or institutes of technology.

For understandable reasons, among them our less sophisticated industry, Canadian universities have travelled only a little way along this road. Only English, in most of our engineering schools, and Economics, in a few, disturb the mathematical-scientific homogeneity of Canadian curricula. Some engineering schools, indeed, still resist even these modest inroads. But the trend is present and will doubtless develop, not because of any mere wish to keep up with the American Joneses but because of a demand from within the engineering profession itself, where there is a keen sense of the expanding social function of the engineer.

As to the content of these courses, there are two distinguishable schools of thought, one which might be called the professionally oriented and a second which might be called the liberally oriented. The one clamours for courses in Economics, Labour Relations, Industrial Psychology; the other presses for those disciplines which enlarge and refine appreciations and intensify awareness of things personal and human — courses in the Fine Arts, imaginative Literature, Music. Confronted with a choice between these two, the humanist will of course choose the latter, for to him the deepest concern of liberal education is with ethics and with aesthetic experience. The fact that from the point of view of scientific and positivistic philosophy neither of these fields belong to the area of verifiable knowledge does not

absolve us from the responsibility of dealing with them. Rather, it leaves us free to deal with each in its own distinctive terms. In any case, the prior need is for full and frank discussion between humanists and their engineering colleagues concerning the basic objectives of such studies. Without mutual understanding and agreement on that score, nothing fruitful is likely to be accomplished.

One fruitful solution to the problem of courses and course-content has made its appearance in the United States, where science and engineering specialists are being offered fascinating courses in which several social humanistic disciplines have been fused — courses entitled *History of Western Culture* or *Contemporary Problems* or the like. Here such varied disciplines as economics, history, sociology, philosophy, literature and music have co-operated to build the completest possible picture of a particular culture in a particular epoch — the Athens of Pericles, Italy of the Renaissance, France of the Enlightenment, and so on. It is an interesting reflection on the theoretical issues of academic integration that the really successful interdisciplinary courses have been those involving the thought and most courageous kind of confrontation and interaction between worthy exponents of very different disciplines. In short, inert and amorphous compromise is easy; genuine synthesis is as creative as it is difficult. The optimum program, I have come to believe, is an integrated interdisciplinary course extending over two years, followed by two years in which the student, having been introduced to the content and methodology of various humanities subjects and social sciences, is allowed to follow his temperamental preferences. He would have a choice between a group of electives which might extend from fine arts, through sociology, to the philosophy of science.

To grant even some of these assumptions is to raise some bewildering problems of academic administration. What, for instance, do you do with sociology — and the teaching of sociology — when the intention is not to make sociologists but to make liberally educated engineers? By the same token, what happens to English when the objective is not to create literary scholars or creative writers?

Here we touch a sensitive and controversial area. Sociology, or English, or philosophy, transferred from Arts to Applied Science,



suffers a sea change. In the main Arts courses are designed to preach to the converted. That is to say, they are conditioned, even at the lower levels, largely by the demands of the upper levels where specialists in language or literature, for instance, lecture to people who would themselves like to become specialists in language or literature. All such teachers are inclined to see over the portal of the Engineering Building a sign reading "Abandon hope all ye who enter here".

Yet preaching to the *unconverted* is a challenge as well as an honourable duty. You have to think hard about the timeliness and relevance of your subject-matter; you have to be very careful to separate the essential from the unessential; and there had better be a ring of earnestness about your words. In this particular case, the stakes are pretty high for I think it at least arguable that the social pattern of tomorrow will be to so great an extent the creation of the scientists and engineers that those elements of the great liberal-humanist tradition that are effectively conveyed to them will survive into the next phase of human culture; and those that are not, may not.

Some of the other tricky questions that arise can be no more than mentioned here. What does one do about English Composition — if one makes this clear distinction between English as a skill and English as a medium of humanistic learning? And how is English as a "general education" subject to be distinguished from English as a specialized study when it comes to appointments, promotion, and criteria of teaching merit? What makes a good "general studies" man? Where does one look for him? And so on. The problems are subtle and manifold.

A new and urgent issue arises from recent dramatic demonstrations of Soviet superiority in science and technology. We are faced with a rising demand that we regain the competitive advantage by finding a quick way of producing more scientists and technologists. And in that grim determination not a few may be counted on to object to these humanities "frills" in the Applied Science curriculum. What is our answer to be, and is there one which our own Applied Science colleagues will support with the necessary vigour?

The answer of the humanist must be that there is a way of meeting this competitive challenge which will reduce us to as low a level



of illiberalism, of entanglement in the fatal illusions of power, as our rival, *or even lower*; and there is another way of meeting it which involves a renewal of the liberal-humanist faith. The liberal aspect of it is not merely the repudiation of imposed dogma but also the affirmation of the virtue of endless, universal, and rational discussion and enquiry about the worth of alternative ends and aims, both social and academic. The humanist aspect of that faith is in the recognition that the great and redeeming ends are always related to the deeper yearnings of the human heart, however, technically complex and fascinating may be the means.

Take this crazy, escapist business (as it seems to many humanists) of space flight. Nothing looks more inhuman, even anti-human, than this latest preoccupation of a large group of scientists. Yet it may be related, no doubt subconsciously, to something very centrally human: to the leap beyond that abyss of nothingness which, as the existentialists enjoy reminding us, lies ahead for our species as the laws of entropy have their way with this little planet and its little sun. Perhaps we are even now laying the foundations for the first great assault upon the intolerable mortality of the species. Perhaps — and again perhaps not. I mention such desperate speculations only as a reminder that man's scientific activity is inescapably humanistic in its implications and its motivations, even when (sometimes it seems *especially* when) its method and its field of investigation are farthest removed from the workaday concerns of ordinary folk.

But if scientists have to grant us the centrality of humanistic concerns, we in turn must concede that science has a place of the greatest significance in our lives, not merely as a specialized activity, but still more as a part of our general culture, in our time and into the distant future. No half-truth is more dangerous today than the glib saying that science is concerned only with means and not with ends, with Facts and not with Values. I am persuaded that science creates its own values and in its consequences affects the very texture and quality of human faith, human hope and even human charity. All significant teaching of the humanities must be, at least residually, a speaking to man's condition from the place where man now lives — and today there is no way of knowing that spiritual location except

through an acquaintance not only with the Great Tradition but also with the practice and the general findings of science — in physics and bio-chemistry, radio-astronomy, cybernetics, and neurology, to name only a few that have obvious human significance.

There are some who would state the case much more strongly. Not only George Orwell but even a very sane humanistic scientist like Bronowski would say that scientists — with whom is the power and the glory these days, and a disproportionate share of the funds — will create the culture of tomorrow, with the humanists or without, and without us 1984 will indeed have all the horrors of a Brave New World. It is too soon to say how permanently effective the dehumanizing devices now known may be, but one can guess that the choice can only lie between a temporary loss of the humane and humanistic, followed by an extremely painful reassertion and, on the other hand, an effective fusion *now* of the scientists' concerns with those of the humanist. Both have a mutual interest in steering the latter course. Formidable barriers exist, but recognition of an urgent common need can transcend them. In our time there can be no more proper exercise of either the humane or the scientific intelligence than to speak across these barriers.

# Poland's Rough Road To Socialism

— Mr. Gomulka's Dilemma —

by

ADAM BROMKE

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*History has made the Poles jealous of their sovereignty. In this informed analysis a specialist in East European politics assesses their chances of maintaining an independent national policy.*

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THE so-called Polish October Revolution of 1956 ended in a compromise in which the Soviets conceded their control over the Polish administration, while the Poles resigned themselves to the maintenance of the communist government. It was the only feasible settlement under the existing circumstances, yet its terms satisfied neither side. Though an open conflict had been averted, the conflicting interests remained. On the one hand, the Soviet leaders were eager to bring Poland back into the fold of 'socialist unity', and on the other, the Poles still craved to extend the scope of their freedoms.

The spectrum of the conflict was the Polish Communist United Workers' Party. The Soviets and the Poles alike had accepted the compromise in the hope of ultimately securing their goals through gaining control over the Party. Both sides had at their disposal significant means of exerting pressure upon the Party leaders. The Soviets retained powerful levers of political pressure exercised in the name of the solidarity of the 'socialist camp'. The Poles left little doubt that they were prepared to support the government only as long as their hard-won liberties were upheld.

The new Politbureau of the Polish United Workers' Party, headed by Gomulka, had, however, no intention of yielding to either of these demands. On the contrary, they had some interest in preserving the *status quo*. As communists they wanted to retain their ideological ties with Moscow; as Poles they were determined to maintain their country's internal independence. Paradoxically, it was only because

of conflicting pressures that they were able to achieve these aims. By skilfully playing opposing forces one against another, they managed to solicit important concessions from both sides. In October 1956 Gomulka opposed the delegation of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union by threatening to appeal to the people. In January 1957 he won the elections after warning the Poles that Poland would be "deleted from the map of Europe", should they fail to vote for the communists. Through these tactics the prestige of the Polish United Workers' Party has been greatly enhanced. Not only did they rise to the rank of indispensable partner to the agreement; they made every effort to mould it to their own purposes.

The Polish Politbureau had virtually no alternative to the course they chose. Having assumed the rôle of a mediator between the Soviets and the Poles, they also accepted full responsibility should settlement fail to work. They were well aware that in the long run preserving the delicate balance of power by merely checking the opposing forces would not be possible. The only way to secure their position was to introduce into the picture some new elements which they could use to counteract the pressures from either side. This they attempted to do by restoring the Party's authority among the Poles while simultaneously seeking external alliances designed to strengthen their position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union.

## II.

The 'centrist' position of the Politbureau of the Polish United Workers' Party appears to be well in line with the views held by its First Secretary Gomulka. The term 'Polish road to socialism' corresponds closely to what, prior to 1956, was branded by Moscow as the 'Gomulkist deviation'. 'Gomulkism' has never been enunciated as a coherent doctrine for it is primarily a pragmatic political programme. The speeches of Gomulka, however, delivered in the years 1945-48 — when he was the First Secretary of the Polish Workers' Party — as well as his public statements made after 1956, disclose a good deal of theoretical congruity.

The basic tenet of 'Gomulkism' is the acceptance of the obscure Leninist thesis of the 'separate roads to socialism in various countries'.

In the speech at the Ninth Plenum of the Central Committee in May 1957, which is certainly the major theoretical contribution since his return to power, Gomulka strongly stressed this principle:

"Practice has proved that there does not exist nor can there exist, any universal pattern of building socialism. Inasmuch as socialism is universal, the pattern of its building is determined by the concrete conditions existing in a given place and at a given time."<sup>1</sup>

In this respect, but in this respect only, 'Gomulkism' shows a strong affinity with Titoism. The recognition of the thesis of various roads to socialism ipso facto excludes any possibility of copying the Yugoslav example. In any case this would be altogether impractical in the specific Polish conditions. On the one hand Poland's geopolitical position debars her from seeking the same degree of independence from the Soviet Union which has been secured by Yugoslavia; on the other hand the Poles seem to attach more importance to individual freedoms than do the Yugoslavs. Consequently, when Gomulka once again assumed the leadership of the Communist Party in Poland, he profited from the Yugoslav experience only in some minor respects. In basic internal policy he simply reverted to his own programme prior to 1948.

The essence of 'Gomulkism', as revealed throughout all these years, seems to lie in a peculiar union of Gomulka's concept of the Polish *raison d'état* with his own image of the communist government. No clear distinction can be drawn between these two elements, for they are both integral and inseparable components of his political creed. Indeed, they could be fully achieved only in such exceptional circumstances as those which existed during the October Revolution; and, today, they still stand or fall together.

Gomulka's concept of the Polish *raison d'état* is the maintenance of friendly bonds with the Soviet Union, without impairing Poland's internal independence. It is impossible to tell how far this view springs from true national sentiment, and to what extent it is motivated by purely tactical considerations. In his article in "*Pravda*", November 6, 1957, Gomulka claimed that the Poles, because of their historical

<sup>1</sup>W. Gomulka "The Crucial Problems of the Party Policy" — "*Nowsa Droga*", p. 5. June 1957. Translation by the author.

experience, are especially sensitive where their sovereignty is concerned and, therefore, that "the communist ideology must be organically connected with respect for patriotic feelings". In any case it was exactly this stand which led to Gomulka's condemnation by Stalin in the late forties, but subsequently gained him considerable prestige among the Poles.

In following this course Gomulka is basically supported by his nation. In this respect, the situation is entirely different from that which existed in the years 1945-48. At that stage the Poles would willingly accept no solution short of complete independence. It was only after a prolonged and often violent struggle, against both the official opposition and the formidable underground, that the authority of the communist government was eventually asserted. Today the attitude of the Poles is much more realistic. The tragic experience of Hungary seems finally to have dispersed any illusion as to the active participation of Western powers on their behalf. They are well aware that, left on their own, they cannot afford openly to oppose their mighty neighbour, and their only hope is to bargain for as many concessions as possible without provoking Soviet military intervention. This attitude was well illustrated in a sermon delivered by Cardinal Wyszyński in October 1957 when, after the closing down of the popular weekly "*Po Prostu*", the student riots took place in Warsaw. "You should remember" — said the Primate of Poland — "that the country is in a difficult position. Respect what you have. Only by persevering work can you build a better future."

The situation is further complicated by the presence of the bitter Polish-German dispute over Poland's western provinces. As a result of the Second World War Poland lost nearly half her territory in the east to the Soviet Union, but was compensated with a large area in the west acquired from Germany. At that time the Poles were not altogether happy with this arrangement, but now they want to stay where they are, and are determined to keep what they consider as the 'recovered lands'. The Polish-German border along the Oder-Neisse rivers, however, is recognized as final only by the members of the Soviet bloc, not by the leading Western democracies. Thus the Poles have some quite genuine political reasons for remaining



within the Warsaw Treaty. On this issue Gomulka and his compatriots seem to be in a complete accord.

The major conflict between Gomulka and the Poles is in the delimitation of their freedoms. Gomulka is a sincere communist who professes the doctrine of Marxism-Leninism. Thus he believes in the tenet of the dictatorship of the proletariat. In practical terms this means the maintenance of political control by the communist party over all spheres of national life. In this respect 'Gomulkaism' is essentially in agreement with the official Soviet theory. Granted recognition of the separate roads to socialism, it still falls within the framework of the so-called 'people's democracy'.

Though an ardent communist, however, Gomulka is not blindly doctrinaire. He is well aware of what he has described as the 'highly developed individualism' of his compatriots, and he seems to think he knows how to handle it. When necessary, he does not hesitate — as proved by his policies in the years 1945-48 — to resort to force. Yet, coercion is not an indispensable feature of 'Gomulkaism'. On the contrary, quite an elaborate system has been devised to secure the voluntary co-operation of the people. The essence of this system is by no means democratic, for it is a government by one party; but it does provide the Poles with some outlets to express their political sentiments. It rests on the principle of a fairly broad participation in the administrative process, and upon the decentralization of the governmental machinery. It also recognizes the existence of an ideological opposition which, though restricted, is none the less real.

Since his return to power Gomulka has carried out numerous reforms along these lines. Individual liberties in Poland have been recognized to a degree unprecedented in a communist state. Not only has terror been curbed, but also freedom of opinion — at least to say, if not to write, what one thinks — has been basically upheld. Freedom of religion has been greatly extended. Religious instruction in the schools has been restored, and the publication of a few authentic Catholic periodicals has been permitted. In the economic sphere the pressures from the administration have been considerably reduced. Collectivization of agriculture has been abandoned; indeed, almost 85 per cent of the collectives which existed in 1956 have been dis-

solved. Workers' councils have been established in many factories and state farms. Last, but not least, even a small degree of political freedom has been allowed. The proportion of non-communist representatives has been increased both in the parliament and in the local national councils. In the *Sejm* a handful of the true Catholic deputies have criticized and on some occasions actually opposed the government bills.

These reforms represent important concessions, but they are still regarded as half-measures by the Poles. There exists a very definite limit beyond which Gomulka is not prepared to go in accommodating the people. The boundary lies somewhere between individual and political liberties. The one thing that he is not willing to compromise — for he cannot — is the power of the Polish United Workers' Party.

"The Party", says Gomulka, "represents the most important instrument for the solution of all problems of our life . . . Everyone who wants our democratic freedoms to be affirmed and extended must strengthen the position of the Party, support its activities, contribute to the development of its power."<sup>2</sup>

### III.

When Gomulka assumed its leadership, the Polish United Workers' Party was, in his own words — "weak as a convalescent after a serious illness". He was confident, however, that its strength would soon be restored. Indeed, it appears that he expected to complete this task before December 1957, when the Party Congress had been originally scheduled. Gomulka attributed the decline of the Party to the errors of the Stalinists, but did not admit the existence of any basic flaws in the communist doctrine. He believed that in order to restore the authority of the Party, it would suffice to overcome its isolation from the people, and, above all, to heal its internal disunity. Neither of these objectives has so far been fully achieved.

The split within the Party was essentially a reflection of the conflict between the Soviets and the Poles. The two major factions opposing the Gomulka policies identified themselves to a considerable extent with the respective objectives of the Soviet Union and

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<sup>2</sup> W. Gomulka, *op. cit.*

the Polish people. On the one hand the 'dogmatists' attacked the Party leadership for taking a stand independent of Moscow, and demanded restriction of individual liberties; on the other hand, the 'revisionists' criticized the Politbureau for rigidly following the Soviet pattern, and advocated extension of political freedoms. Trapped between these two wings, Gomulka's 'centrist' group fought both of them, but its major assault was directed against the 'revisionists'.

There were several reasons for choosing this course. The Politbureau seemed to be convinced that after the October Revolution the strength of the 'dogmatists' had so much been undermined that, in the words of Morawski, Secretary of the Central Committee, "it would not be easy to return to the old methods". To a large degree this was true. The so-called 'Natolin faction' certainly suffered a severe defeat at the Eighth Plenum of the Central Committee in October 1956. They forfeited almost all their seats in the Politbureau, and their leader Mazur has subsequently been removed from the country by being despatched as ambassador to Prague. Yet, all was not lost. A considerable number of outstanding representatives of the 'Natolin' remained well entrenched in the Party. Zawadzki was re-elected as a member of the Politbureau and Chairman of the State Council. Nowak retained his position as a Deputy Premier. Several stayed in the Central Committee and other high Party and government posts. From these positions they are not only able to harass the Gomulka policies, but can await the opportunity for the frontal attack which they still believe is to come. The 'dogmatists' never entertained any illusions about gaining support among the Poles. Their hopes lie in direct Soviet intervention in Poland. The presence of these Kadar-like communists within the Party, undoubtedly constitutes a grave potential danger to Gomulka.

The so-called 'revisionists' supported Gomulka in his fight against the 'Natolin' faction at the Eighth Plenum, and thus to a large extent were instrumental in bringing him back to power. But they did not share Gomulka's view that the decline of the Party had been solely caused by the errors of the Stalinists, believing its roots to be inherent in the communist doctrine. Consequently, the 'revisionists' regarded the October Revolution not as an end in itself, but merely as a step

leading towards further reforms. This attitude soon brought them into an open conflict with Gomulka.

The 'revisionists', unlike the 'dogmatists', did not constitute a uniform political group within the Polish United Workers' Party. They were chiefly Party intellectuals who expressed similar (though not necessarily identical) views, and only in a very loose sense did they act together. Their position in the higher Party echelon was weak: in fact, they represented only a small minority in the Central Committee, but they commanded great respect among the people. The core of passionate dissenters gathered around the two Party weeklies: the students' paper "*Po Prostu*" and the more sophisticated periodical "*Nowa Kultura*". In these two publications the so-called 'enragés' not only criticized the various aspects of life in Poland, but attacked, what they described as 'institutional Marxism'. It was in "*Nowa Kultura*" that an outstanding young philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, bitterly denounced the very essence of historical materialism:

"You analyze history" — exclaimed Kolakowski — "approaching it with a ready-made scheme, and at the end of the study you announce triumphantly that the same scheme emerged from your analysis — forgetting to add that you yourself put it there first . . . Maintaining that you, for the first time in history, are free from limitations which are imposed on man's perspective by his eyes, you fall victim to the same mystification which you rightly notice about your predecessors." \*

The peril of 'revisionism' for Gomulka was of a double nature. On the one hand the sharp criticism of his policies aggravated pressures from the Poles; on the other hand, the penetrating inquiry into the fundamental problems of Marxism-Leninism — expressed in the official Party publications — increased the tensions with Moscow. Gomulka could not fail to notice the tightening of control over the Soviet writers, clearly announced by Khrushchev at the meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in August 1957. Nor could he ignore the mounting wave of condemnation of 'Polish revisionism' in the press of nearly all countries of the 'socialist camp'. It seems, however, that Gomulka was prompted

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\*L. Kolakowski "Responsibility and History" — "*Nowa Kultura*". September 1, 1957. Translation by *East Europe*, December, 1957.

to undertake drastic measures against the 'revisionists' by the highest authority on Marxism-Leninism, the Soviet quarterly *Problems of Philosophy*. In its September 1957 issue, the Soviet writers Mikhailov and Komarov launched a direct attack upon Kolakowski. The article sounded like a warning:

"The aim (of Kolakowski)," said the writers, "is ideologically to disarm the liberation movement of the workers, to bring ideological differences among the builders of a new communist society — which can only play into the hands of the enemies of socialism . . . What may be the consequences of the tolerating of thoughtless treatment of ideological problems, is clearly illustrated by the events which took place in the autumn of last year in Hungary."<sup>4</sup>

Then Gomulka acted swiftly. The 'revisionists' were denounced as 'liquidators' and 'carriers of social democracy', who could not be tolerated in the ranks of the Polish United Workers' Party. In October 1957 "*Po Prostu*" was closed down, and almost all members of its staff were expelled from the Party. The students' demonstrations in Warsaw were broken up by the police. Drastic personnel changes were also carried out among the editors of other periodicals. In January 1958 the entire editorial board of "*Nowa Kultura*" was dismissed. Several outstanding writers, including the author of the celebrated "Poem for Adults" Adam Wazyk, resigned from the Party in protest, but the purge continued. The censorship was tightened, and the ban on works of some writers imposed. In April 1958, Kuryluk, the Minister of Culture, was removed from his post for letting the talented young writer Marek Hlasko go abroad, where his novels — depicting the grim reality of life in Poland — had been published.

It could be that in view of the pressure from Moscow, to silence the 'revisionists' was a necessity. Yet, their defeat is a Pyrric victory for Gomulka. He formally restored the Party unity, but impaired even further its authority. By resorting to force he only affirmed the Poles in their conviction that freedom and communism are indeed incompatible.

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<sup>4</sup>S. I. Mikhailov & E. A. Komarov "The old Mistakes In a New Fashion". "*Voprosy Filosofii*", September 1957, p. 112. Translation by the author.



## IV.

The Soviet pressure on Poland is exercised through two different channels: ideological ties between the communist parties, and relations between the states. In practice, of course, it is the latter aspect which is significant. The strength of the Soviet ideological arguments lies in the fact that they are backed with the might of the Soviet state. The weakness of the Gomulka régime, on the other side, is in the vulnerability of Poland's geopolitical position.

Poland's strategical position is deplorable. She is squeezed in the ironclad fist of the Soviet Army, deployed along her borders in the Soviet Union and in East Germany. In addition a Soviet force estimated at 25,000 is maintained on Polish territory. Thus, virtually the entire country is within one-day range of the Soviet armoured units. In the economic sphere Poland's situation is not much better. The major branches of Polish industry were developed according to the Soviet plans in the post-war years, and are to a large extent integrated within the Soviet economy. For instance, the gigantic steel foundry in Nowa Huta is completely dependent on a supply of Soviet ore. Consequently any disruption of economic relations with the Soviet Union would have disastrous effects for the Poles.

Under these circumstances the further extension of Poland's internal independence was exceedingly difficult, though certainly not an impossible task. Gomulka, it seems, hoped to secure this end by simultaneously seeking extensive economic assistance from the West and promoting some form of international agreement restricting the use of force in the entire area of Central Europe. Once again, though this time not through faults of his own, these attempts proved futile.

A few weeks after the October Revolution, Poland appealed for economic aid from the United States. The Poles asked for \$300 millions, but they hoped to receive \$500 millions, which they estimated as necessary to reorientate their economy. After prolonged negotiations they received \$95 millions in June 1957, and another \$97 millions in February 1958. This procedure was not only — as the American Secretary of State admitted — 'awkward and cumbersome', but it served no political purpose. The American loans helped the Poles



to meet some immediate needs, but by no means sufficed to free their economy from the Soviet bonds.

Indeed, it is doubtful if the acceptance of such aid from the United States was worth the risks inherent in it. Khrushchev had already criticised Poland for undertaking this step in April 1957. A year later, however, the Soviets revived the old theme that the countries receiving assistance from 'the American imperialists' betray the cause of socialism. The charges were actually brought up against Yugoslavia, but they were phrased in such manner as to provide also an explicit warning to Poland. The article published in "*Pravda*" on May 9, 1958, clearly dealt with a universal principle:

"The imperialists do not give anything to anybody for nothing . . . Everybody knows that American aid to any country is by no means disinterested and that it leads in one form or another to economic and political dependence."<sup>5</sup>

The independent stand of Gomulka in the field of international politics was not only manifested in seeking economic aid from the United States, but also in a determined effort to extend Poland's relations with the non-communist countries. It was evident above all in the promotion of the regional agreement of the Central European states, along the lines of 'disengagement'. Poland's proposals, of course, formally remained within the framework of the policies of the 'socialist camp'. This does not mean, however, that the Polish and Soviet objectives were necessarily identical. There are strong reasons to believe that Gomulka's interest in 'disengagement' was quite genuine. Indeed, it was the only feasible way of breaking up Poland's isolation from the outside world without openly withdrawing from the Warsaw Treaty. By entering into agreement with the non-communist countries, Poland's sovereignty could be protected by some international authority. For instance, acceptance of the Rapacki Plan — which, incidentally, was regarded by Rapacki himself only as a very modest solution — would certainly have strengthened Poland's position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union. The Plan not only called

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<sup>5</sup>"Unity and Solidarity of Marxist-Leninist Parties — Guarantee of Further Victories of World Socialist System". "*Pravda*", May 8, 1958. Translation by *The Current Digest of the Soviet Press*. June 18, 1958.

for introduction of an atom-free zone to include Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia; but also provided for a system of international inspection of all military establishments in this area, and, thus, would have restricted the freedom of movement of Soviet forces as well.

Gomulka's foreign policy was closely in accord with the Titoist concept of the so-called 'active co-existence'. It is quite probable that his moves were actually co-ordinated with Tito. The Polish diplomatic move to effect co-operation among the countries of the Baltic area, and promotion of the Rapacki Plan, ran parallel to the Yugoslav initiative to bring about an alliance of the Balkan countries. It appears that the Yugoslav-Polish objective was to push through a settlement in Europe from the Balkans to Scandinavia. The ultimate objective of 'active co-existence' was even broader. The Poles by no means concealed their hope that the extension of connections with the West would lessen international tension:

"The removal of artificial barriers between the countries of various blocs — within a certain area or with respect to specific economic or political issues — can undoubtedly improve the entire political atmosphere . . . It is especially important that such direct contacts establish the channels through which . . . broader agreements may be successfully worked out."<sup>6</sup>

All Poland's attempts to achieve gradually a status basically similar to that of a neutral country were, however, of no avail. Economic assistance from the West fell short of expectations; all plans to effect 'disengagement' in Central Europe failed; moreover, Yugoslavia was ostracized from the 'socialist camp'. Consequently, Poland's position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union is by no means better than it was in 1956. In fact it is worse, for Gomulka lost a great deal of support which he enjoyed in 1956 in some communist countries.

## V.

In October 1956 when Gomulka resisted the Soviet pressure, he could rely on support from the various quarters of the communist movement. He was, of course, backed up by Tito, whose voice was still treated with respect in Moscow. He was also supported by the

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<sup>6</sup>W. Barcz "Chances of the Polish Activity" — *"Świat i Polska"*, October 3, 1957. Translation by the author.

Chinese communists, who at that time professed the Mao Tse-tung doctrine "let a hundred flowers blossom". Moreover, serious ferment existed in some communist parties in East Europe. The Hungarian Workers' Party was on the verge of collapse. Signs of unrest were also visible in the German Socialist Unity Party. Last but not least, the Soviet leaders themselves — as indicated by their declaration on relations among the 'socialist countries' of October 30, 1956 — seemed uncertain as to which course to follow.

The abrupt reversal of de-stalinization, which came with the second Soviet intervention in Hungary was a heavy blow for Gomulka. His sympathy with the objectives sought by Nagy was manifested in an appeal of the Central Committee "to our brothers the Hungarians", made on October 29, 1956. It was maintained even after the revolution was suppressed, by a significant abstention of Poland in the United Nations vote of November 21, 1956 on the admission of U.N. observers to Hungary. The fall of Nagy not only prevented emergence of another independent communist government in East Europe, but, in consequence, led to the tightening of Soviet control over all the communist parties in this area.

After crushing Hungary it was only logical that the Soviet leaders should try to bring Poland back to the fold of 'socialist unity'. They were well aware that the Polish example had greatly affected the Hungarians, and feared its impact upon the other Eastern European nations. In order to restrict the scope of the "Polish road to socialism" the Soviets adopted a two-stage policy. First of all they made a determined effort to stamp out any Polish influence in the other communist parties. Secondly, when Poland's isolation was almost complete, they intensified pressure upon the Polish United Workers' Party to fall in line with the course followed by the 'socialist camp'.

The first of the Soviet objectives was easily accomplished. After the terrifying experience of Hungary, sentiments towards 'democratization' in East Europe promptly cooled off. The only continued ferment of some consequence was reported in the German Socialist Unity Party. In November 1956 a group of the Party intellectuals, led by a young Marxist theoretician, Wolfgang Harich, put forward a programme of reforms along the Polish lines. They were arrested

and tried in March 1957 for 'conspiring with the Poles'. In February 1958 three members of the Central Committee were ousted from that body, again for allegedly fostering 'the Polish course'. These, however, were relatively minor incidents. In general, the leaders of all communist parties in East Europe meekly followed the Soviet lead. Indeed, in their vicious attacks on the 'Polish deviationist' — in which the German and Czech communists excelled — they often proved themselves to be 'plus catholique que le pape'.

Re-stalinization in the Soviet Union ran parallel with the abandonment of the 'hundred flowers' course in China. Thus a serious rift gradually developed between the Polish and the Chinese communists. In fact, a considerable difference of views had already been revealed during the visit of Chou En-lai to Poland in January 1957. The Chinese Premier apparently cautioned the Poles against excessive liberalization, and urged them to support the Kadar régime. The visit of Mao Tse-tung, announced early in 1957, has, so far, not taken place. Supposedly, Gomulka clashed with Mao at the meeting of the communist leaders in Moscow in November 1957.

The second phase of the Soviet policy seemed to be initiated at this very meeting in Moscow on the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. The Soviets, of course, obtained important concessions from Gomulka prior to that date. They won above all Poland's recognition of the Kadar régime. The one thing, however, that Gomulka stubbornly refused to concede was co-operation in restoring the Communist International. He was not only conspicuously absent from the meeting of the communist leaders in Budapest in January 1957; it appears too that he strongly opposed re-establishment of the Comintern at the meeting of November 1957. Certainly he emphatically reiterated his objections in a speech to the Party activists immediately after his return from Moscow:

"The Communist International no longer exists and there is no need to recreate it . . . The questions of the internal policy of each Party cannot be determined by inter-Party conferences. We must hold to the principle that each Party should decide the best line of policy for itself and its country."

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<sup>1</sup>"*Trybuna Ludu*", November 29, 1957. Translation by *East Europe*, January, 1958.

At that time, however, Gomulka enjoyed support of at least one communist party. Though the gap between the Soviet and the Yugoslav communists was already greatly widened, Kardelj still attended the meeting in Moscow. Yugoslav opposition to the signing of the joint declaration undoubtedly helped to sustain the milder Polish objections. The eruption of a new crisis in Soviet-Yugoslav relations in April 1958 — the worst since Tito's condemnation by the Cominform ten years earlier — toppled even this last source of support for Gomulka.

The Polish communists made every effort to stay outside the Moscow-Belgrade feud. They did not join in the campaign of vituperation against Tito conducted by all the other communist countries. The Polish newspapers reprinted the Soviet and Chinese attacks, along with the Yugoslav counterattacks. They mildly criticized the Yugoslav stand, but at the same time disagreed with the Chinese reversion to the Cominform arguments from 1948. Tito's visit to Poland — scheduled for May 1958 — was postponed, but the flow of various Yugoslav delegations continued. When the execution of Nagy was announced, the Poles once again assumed their detached stand. In his speech in Gdansk on June 28, 1958, Gomulka acknowledged the event, but did not express any comments:

"It is not up to us", he said, "to appraise the scope of guilt and the justice of punishment of the defendants in the trial of Nagy. This is an internal affair of Hungary." \*

Thus, in spite of the increasing pressure, the Soviets have not as yet succeeded in bringing Poland into conformity with their line. Gomulka has made several significant concessions, but still clings to his basic principle that the Polish United Workers' Party should determine its own policies. His ability to oppose the Soviet demands, however, is now greatly undermined. In terms of political realities, all the trumps are in the hands of his opponents. He is restricted to a small area of manoeuvre between the Soviets and the Poles. Unless the trend of international events should soon be reversed, he might even be compelled to choose between one of the two.

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\*"Trybuna Ludu", June 29, 1958. Translation by the author.

This would pose quite a dilemma for Gomulka. For if he agrees to the restoration of the Communist International — and thus lets Moscow control the policies of the Polish United Workers' Party — he would surely be caught in a vicious descending spiral. Every concession offered to the Soviets would reduce his authority among the Poles; yet the less prestige he has among the Poles, the smaller is his chance to withstand the Soviet demands. If he decides, however, to carry out his lonely struggle against the re-establishment of the Comintern, the entire might of the Soviet Union could be turned against him. Indeed, it would be an irony if the end of a political career of this life-long Marxist, were to follow Marx's dictum: "We, who possess nothing, can only be bound by the law, as we are too weak to set it at naught".



## Anomal of Dan Chaucer

*by*

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

Ye manne who worthie poesie wolde wryte,  
Fain borrowes, begges, or mayhap, even steles,  
So maye he parfit, lovelie things indyte,  
And thus, in other words, his soule reveles.

Fulle wel I wis ye olde barde oftymes noddas,  
So when I chance upon him quyte aslepe,  
I litel reck, as natheless, conscience proddas,  
And gette ye nedeful thought from him ryte chepe.

Minde notte, fayre frende when arrant filchers mayke  
Fulle free with grapes that grewe upon thy vyne,  
But, ruthless then, thou shalt from others tayke,  
Whilst trustie quille eke inkhorne still be thyne.

# The Dead Sea Skeptics

— Second Thoughts on the Scrolls —

by

G. GERALD HARROP

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*The dramatic nature of the Qumran discoveries has tended to deafen the public ear to dubious voices of some competent antiquarians. Professor Harrop presents and appraises the case of the persistent skeptics.*

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FROM the publication of Edmund Wilson's article in the *New Yorker* of May 14, 1955, to the cover story of the April 15, 1957 issue of *Time*, we have all been more than amply edified on the subject of the Dead Sea Scrolls. The pronouncements of antiquarians and archeologists have attracted almost as much attention as those of sputnik specialists, politicians and Madison Square Garden evangelists. Even those of us who stand on the subterranean rungs of the scrollman ladder have never had it so good. Interest in the scrolls extends, it seems, far beyond egghead circles, to Sunday schools, churches, synagogues, and even service clubs. It is surely some kind of tribute to human endurance and curiosity that men will listen to an exposition of the doctrines of the Qumran community after Kiwanian ritual and Lions' food.

The only possible justification for yet another piece on the scrolls is my opinion that some word has been left unsaid. The fact is that the general public has had almost no opportunity to learn that some antiquarians of unquestioned competence still doubt the antiquity of the scrolls. It is true that they are in a decided minority. But, as one of their number puts it, "scholarship is not counted by noses".

Chief among the Dead Sea skeptics is Dr. Solomon Zeitlin of Philadelphia's Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning. Professors E. R. Lacheman, of Wellesley College, and P. R. Weis, of the University of Manchester, have associated themselves with Zeitlin.

Dr. Morton S. Enslin, of St. Lawrence University, numbers himself among the unconvinced and G. R. Driver, of Oxford, has maintained a somewhat skeptical attitude, although recently he seems to have moved toward an earlier date for the scrolls than the 200-500 A.D. advocated by him in 1950. Dr. Driver, it would appear, now considers the scrolls to be somewhat earlier than this, but he does not move the non-Biblical, sectarian scrolls back into the crucial pre-Christian period. Driver's movement toward an earlier date, however, would seem to indicate a possible defection from the slim ranks of the skeptics. Dr. Enslin is content to say that "the age of the manuscripts, not only the sectarian scrolls but the famous Isaiah manuscript, appears to me far from proved" and that he does not find counter-arguments to Zeitlin's Karaite theory "compelling".

The Karaites were an early medieval Jewish sect of a fundamentalist type, interested in the revival of primitive Judaism. They insisted upon the letter of Scripture which they feared was being supplanted by the oral law and its modernistic rabbinical advocates. For Zeitlin, the Dead Sea documents reflect the rise of the Karaite-rabbinical controversy, which did not take place until the early Middle Ages. That the Qumran material is akin to the Karaitic literature seems to be conceded on all sides. The orthodox scrollman accounts for this, however, by saying that the Karaites are descendants of the Qumran covenanters and he sees evidence for this in a Karaite reference to an earlier group called "cave-sect".

From the dramatic announcement of the first discovery in 1948 to this day, Professor Zeitlin has attacked the scrollmen, arguing that the scrolls are comparatively worthless medieval documents composed by the Karaites "sometime between the seventh and twelfth centuries". Zeitlin has fought his war on the pages of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*; he himself is the editor of this journal. With great fairness he has opened its pages to his most vehement critics. Dropsie College has recently collected some of his many articles and issued them as a monograph entitled *The Dead Sea Scrolls and Modern Scholarship*. Here we have the heart of the skeptics' case. To be able to feel the full force of Zeitlin's argument from internal evidence, it is necessary to be able to read unpointed post-Biblical Hebrew.

The *goy*, however, has no trouble at all in following the main drift and is often rewarded by the writer's charming, if somewhat "un-scholarly" polemical outbursts. Typical of these is the following comment on the archeological report of a visit to one of the caves:

"It was stated before that archeologists found a cooking pot and a Roman lamp in the Ain Feshka cave and also cigarette stubs and modern cloth in the debris. It is therefore held that some Romans visited the cave. Professor Sellers said, 'Who the Roman visitor was we cannot tell, but a natural suggestion is Origen'. 'It is a plausible conjecture,' says Professor Albright. To my mind there can be no doubt that Origen never visited the cave. If he had, he would have taken the Hebrew scrolls with him and not have left them to be discovered later by Bedouin. Origen was a great student and lover of the Bible. The scholars who conjecture he visited the cave never made a study of the Hexapla to note if there has been any influence of the Isaiah scroll upon it. Did Origen incorporate in it some of the gross errors of the Isaiah scroll? It would be interesting to learn who left the cigarette stubs. Are they of the Hellenistic or of the Roman period?"

Zeitlin's indignation and scorn for his opponents, which appears on almost every page, may have been acerbated by the cavalier way in which he is introduced and dismissed on the early pages of many of the popular scroll stories which have appeared. He resents what appears to him to be the premature promulgation of unproven scholarly hypotheses by means of the mass communications media. And, above all, he is sure the scrolls are late, and that both the scholarly world and the public have been taken for a kind of Piltown-man ride.

Paleography, archeology, carbon-14, orthography and internal literary evidence are the dating criteria which have been used in this discussion. The scrollmen major in the first three and the skeptics in the last two. Zeitlin's argument is essentially an attack on the validity of the paleographical and archeological evidence adduced by the scrollmen and a defence of his own thesis on the basis of orthography and internal literary evidence. The carbon-14 test is dismissed by him as unreliable. As a matter of fact, even as enthusiastic a scrollman as Professor H. H. Rowley of Manchester puts little faith in it. It seems that a series of similar tests on a piece of wood

yielded the dates 746 B.C., 698 B.C. and 289 B.C., with a margin of error in each case of 270 years. This would date the stick somewhere between 1016 and 19 B.C. In any case it was not last year's slightly used Christmas tree.

Paleography is the study of the shape of the letters in ancient writing; orthography investigates the way words are spelled and the punctuation that is used. Paleography is a useful tool when there are many manuscripts to compare. The New Testament textual critic is both aided and confused by the abundance of manuscripts at his disposal. But we have very few examples of ancient Hebrew writing from Palestine. There is the Gezer calendar which dates from around 900 B.C., the Moabite stone from the ninth century, the Samaritan ostraca from the eighth century, the inscription on the Siloam water tunnel, about 700 B.C., and the Lachish ostraca, from about 590 B.C. These are all inscriptions. The letters are formed by a kind of chiseling process. Therefore they are of limited value for comparing with the form of letters written on parchment or papyrus with ink and pen (or stylus). It would seem that the initial decision in favour of the antiquity of the scrolls was taken by the American scholar temporarily in charge at the American Schools for Oriental Research in Jerusalem, Dr. J. C. Trever, and confirmed by the great American archeologist W. F. Albright, after comparing the letters of the Isaiah manuscript with those of the Nash papyrus.

This writing on papyrus consists of the Ten Commandments, a connecting sentence, and the first few lines of Deuteronomy 6:10: "Hear, O Israel . . . .". This fragment has been dated anywhere from about 200 B.C. to 200 A.D. The contention of the skeptics is that the date of the Nash papyrus is itself uncertain, and that the paucity of material generally makes the paleographical test useless. It is also to be remembered that an archaizing tendency may be exhibited, especially in a religious document, and therefore the paleographer must be careful to use the later, rather than the earlier forms, for dating purposes. Zeitlin gives us the plate of a tenth century A.D. document whose writing, he says, is fully as archaic as that of the Nash papyrus or the Dead Sea material.

The key words in archeological dating are "stratigraphy" and "typology". In the ancient Near East people tended to return to old sites after their cities were destroyed by natural or man-made catastrophes. A mound or *tell* thus contains the remains of a succession of towns or cities. If, in a single stratum of one of these *tells* there is a datable object, then it is likely that other objects found in the stratum are from the same period. As pottery is by long odds the most common artifact found on a *tell*, archeologists have worked out a kind of ceramic chronology. We know, for example, that jars with handles shaped like wishbones belong to the Late Bronze period. Other objects found in the same stratum, or close by such jars, are likely also to be Late Bronze.

The Dead Sea materials, however, were not found in stratified mounds, but in caves. A jar and a scroll found buried together five strata from the top of a mound are likely to be from the same period. But is this necessarily true of a jar and a scroll found in a cave? If the scroll is in the jar, the presumption would be in favour of both objects coming from approximately the same period. It is quite possible, however, to put a new scroll in an old jar or an old scroll in a new jar. The same is true of linen wrappings. A new scroll may be wrapped in old linen or an old scroll in new linen.

Zeitlin contends, however, that there is no proof that the crucial eleven scrolls (the two Isaiah manuscripts, the Habakkuk commentary, the Manual of Discipline — found in two parts — the Genesis midrash, the "war scroll", and the Thanksgiving Hymns — found in four parts) were found in the caves, let alone in the jars, or wrapped in the linen cloth! It is indeed true that we have several recensions of the story of the adventures of the scrolls between their alleged discovery by Bedouin and their examination by qualified experts. The scholars of the American Schools of Oriental Research first saw the scrolls on February 19, 1948. The most popular and romantic of the discovery stories is that the lad Muhammad adh-Dhib ("the wolf") found them in February or March, 1947, while engaged in his pastoral pursuits. The boy himself was not identified and questioned until a couple of years later. The time of discovery coincided with the partition of Palestine and the institution of Israel. This added cloak-



and-dagger elements to the story of the pre-publication days of the scrolls. Zeitlin maintains that archeological dating criteria are of no use, as archeologists did not see the scrolls in the caves. Even the famous 1952 cave 4 material was apparently discovered by Bedouin, and the cave only subsequently visited by archeologists. It must be conceded, I think, that we do not have here the controlled conditions necessary for accurate archeological dating.

Into this confused picture Zeitlin throws such complicating factors as the assertion by a Jerusalem cantor, Mr. T. Wechsler, that Archbishop Samuel had shown him, among his scrolls, a *haftorah* scroll. (This would contain the *Book of the Prophets* from the Hebrew Bible arranged in a kind of lectionary for synagogue purposes. It would be much later than the alleged date of the scrolls.) Zeitlin mentions also the Archbishop's assertion in 1949 that he had five scrolls for sale, whereas he brought only four to the United States. Where, asks Dr. Zeitlin, is the fifth scroll? Where is the missing *haftorah*? He suggests that the scrolls came from a pogrom and synagogue looting in Hebron in 1929.

Disposing thus of the arguments from paleography and archeology, and dismissing the carbon-14 testing of the linen wrapping as unreliable (if indeed the scrolls were ever wrapped in the linen), the skeptics claim that the best methods for dating these scrolls are orthography and internal literary evidence.

The Hebrew alphabet contains only consonants. When the language ceased to be spoken but continued to be used liturgically, it became necessary to indicate the vowel sounds. The first device for this was to use certain consonants (*h*, *w*, and *y*) to indicate these sounds. These so-called *matres lectionis* were not introduced into the Biblical text until the second century of our era, under the aegis of the famous Rabbi Akiba. The scrolls contain these readings. Other late orthographical devices used in the scrolls are parentheses (to indicate erasures) and connecting-lines or hyphens. The misspelling of words, the use of the final forms for the letters *k*, *m*, *n*, *p*, and *s*, and the type of pronominal suffixes attached to nouns are all, according to Zeitlin and Driver, indications of a later date. The final forms, for instance, do not appear to have been used when the prophetic books were translated into Greek about the first century B.C.

The internal literary evidence, the actual content of the sectarian scrolls, appears to Zeitlin to point to their medieval origin. He claims that the field of rabbinical scholarship is a *terra incognita* to the scrollmen, which perhaps expiates their guilt a bit, and that rabbinical scholars must see that the scrolls are full of *halakoth*. (A *halakah*, plural *halakoth*, from the Hebrew verb *hlkh* —to walk— is a rabbinical teaching which makes a command of the Law of Moses contemporary, specific and relevant.) The term *the head priest* used in the scrolls is medieval; in the Biblical and Roman periods the term is *the great priest*. Many expressions, including the much-debated one usually translated *teacher of righteousness*, are typically Karaite.

The letter supposed to have been signed by Bar Kochba, the pretender-Messiah who led a futile revolt against the Romans in 132 A.D. cannot be genuine as letters of the Roman period do not begin with *from*, and are not signed. Such New Testament letters as I Thessalonians and Colossians show the usual form of letters of this period.

The second part of the Hebrew Bible, the *Book of the Prophets*, was not canonized before 200 B.C. Commentaries do not appear until long after a book is an authoritative part of a canon of Holy Scripture. The Habakkuk commentary, if early, is indeed a surprising literary form.

If the caves held the literary treasures of a religious sect fleeing before the advancing Syrians under Antiochus Epiphanes in 168 B.C., or the Romans under Pompey in 63 B.C., how is it that we find among these treasures such trivial material as the bill of sale for a cow?

The foregoing is an attempt to summarize, as fairly as possible, the main outlines of the skeptics' case. It is only right to add that, in my judgment, the balance of probability still lies with the scrollmen. The excavation of the datable Qumran "monastery" with its scriptorium, together with the fact that competent observers have seen some scroll fragments in near-by caves (not the important scrolls and fragments) seems to me to make sense of the story that the Bedouin found the scrolls in caves. Dr. Enslin says that to associate the scrolls with the Qumran ruin is to "put two and two together and (get) at least twenty-two". I cannot feel that the association is

that far-fetched. Moreover, apart from Zeitlin's somewhat hesitant suggestion of the Hebron synagogue, the skeptics have not come up with a more reasonable story to account for the scrolls, be they medieval or ancient, than the Bedouin-and-caves story. And while "scholarship is not counted by noses" the layman and neophyte cannot help but be impressed by the weight of authority on the side of the scrollmen. It is possible, *vide* Piltown man, that great scholars and universities can be misled. If Zeitlin and the skeptics prove to be correct, Israel's Hebrew University and Jordan's Director of Antiquities, the great Catholic archeological schools in Palestine, the American Schools of Oriental Research, such pre-eminent authorities as W. F. Albright, and Millar Burrows of Yale, and the Universities and seminaries of Europe and America who now consider Qumran lore among the disciplines to be mastered in the Biblical field, and probably the majority of Jewish scholars, have all been deceived. It is indeed a brave and stubborn man who dares stand against this weight of authority. Dr. Zeitlin and his fellow skeptics must be given full marks for their courageous and stubborn refusal to be awed; they stand in the great tradition of non-conformist scholarship and they deserve a better hearing than they have had.

For while the skeptics' case may not be completely convincing, neither is it utterly inconsequential. The dogmatic identification of the scroll-sect with the Essene party of the Roman period is still premature. Yet many of the new books on the scrolls assume this identification and go on to discuss the relationship of the scroll-sect with nascent Christianity. The usual line of Catholic and conservative Protestant commentators is that the scrolls throw some light on the environment of early Christianity but do not modify in any significant way our understanding of its faith and order. Liberal and rationalist scholars like A. Powell Davies, J. M. Allegro, Duncan Howlett and A. Dupont-Sommer have a much freer and gayer time. Says Zeitlin: "It is indeed Socratic irony that scrolls written in the middle ages by semiliterate Jews have deluded modern Christian scholars and might have an effect on Christianity."

Two factors which have fanned the fires of this hot debate have been the publicity given to the scrollmen's discoveries and opinions,

and the dollar value of Archbishop Samuel's scrolls. If the scrolls are medieval they may, according to Zeitlin, be worth little more than \$5000.00. If they are pre-Christian the Archbishop may have been sold short in receiving \$250,000.00 for them. Professor Albright thinks that Zeitlin's "incredible propaganda" drove the price down. The ballyhoo and marketplace atmosphere surrounding the scrolls have not been conducive to calm objectivity in debate.

Most recent of the Dead Sea skeptics is H. E. Del Medico, whose 1957 work *L'Enigme des Manuscrits de la Mer Morte* has recently been translated into English. *The Riddle of the Scrolls* will undoubtedly revive *la guerre des savants*. Del Medico's deviation from scrollman orthodoxy is not on the question of dating. What he disputes is the now nearly settled conviction that the scrolls are the remains of a library of an Essene or quasi-Essene sect. Del Medico's most startling conclusion is that the Essenes never existed, but were the figments of the imagination of Philo, Pliny, Dio Chrysostom and some of Josephus' interpolators and glossators.

This radical conjecture, which will win few adherents, may turn attention from Del Medico's serious arguments for the opinion that the Qumran caves are not the remains of a library, but are in fact a *geniza*. A *geniza* was a book cemetery. Biblical manuscripts which showed too many textual deviations, had more than five corrections a page, or had become worn out, had to be placed in *genizoth*. Non-Biblical manuscripts were similarly disposed of when, in the opinion of the rabbis, they were heretical or subversive.

The highly heterogeneous scroll collection has only this in common — for one reason or another all the scrolls would have been rejected and sent to a *geniza*. These are the documents of deviate forms of Judaism. Even within single scrolls — such as the Manual of Discipline and the "War scroll" — we have documents from many hands, testifying to varying forms of heresy, from different times. Del Medico seems to think that most of the scrolls were placed in *geniza* in the second century A.D.

Each scroll must be subjected to careful literary and historical critical analysis. The *sitz-in-leben* of each of its component parts must be determined, before it can be used as an historical text. Del Medico,

of course, rejects the opinions of all who have used the Essene identification theory to relate the scrolls to primitive Christianity.

In this day of the scientist's spectacular apotheosis, and no less spectacular damnation, the antiquarian, whose field of labour is very far from the limelight ordinarily, must be forgiven if he enjoys his day of attention. But it is an open question whether or not sound scholarship is advanced by early, perhaps premature, announcement by press, radio, television and popular journalism. Second thoughts never seem to catch up to first thoughts so promiscuously broadcast. We still have a lot to learn about the scrolls, and the skeptics, especially Solomon Zeitlin, have asked some questions which have yet to be answered.

# The Essay: An Art In Eclipse

by

H. R. PERCY

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*The Essay, unlike the Article, reflects the individuality of its author, for "partiality is its life-blood." Is its decline a symptom of our conformity?*

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MOST worthwhile art forms have it in common that attempts at their definition are futile. These attempts approach truth only in proportion to their retreat from lucidity, becoming infallible only when they become inane. One is forced either into the whimsical, shoulder-shrugging extravagance of Lamb, who debated whether 'literature' should include "draught boards bound and lettered on the back"; or into the militant metaphor of Sean O'Faolin, who distilled from the short story its essence of 'poetry and punch', only to find that he had begotten two mysteries where before there had been but one. For a definition in undefined terms is invalid in logic, and is comprehensible as a definition only to those who need none.

The best the resourceful Doctor Johnson could do for the essay was "a loose, undigested piece": a definition more profound than would appear, and of value if only because it refutes the false notion of the essay as propounded in our schools today. A modern dictionary of unchallenged authority, with no poetry and far less punch than Dr. Johnson's, says that an essay is "a literary composition on any subject". What could be less fallible, or more inane?

We are to lament, then, the obsolescence (or, as I maintain, the temporary eclipse) of a form of art which we cannot even begin to define. There are more loose, undigested pieces being published today than Johnson in his lowest depths of melancholy could dream of, yet not one in ten thousand of these comes near to being an essay; for, broad as the medium is, it does not embrace the ephemeral. It aims, often unconsciously, at permanence; differing from the magazine article chiefly in this, and in this justifying its title as an art.



If we discount the merely topical, an article written today, tomorrow or next week, will be in all but the trivia of execution very much the same. The words may differ, the devices may vary, but the impact will be almost identical. Despite all the research (perhaps, indeed, because of it), all the polishing of phrase, all the originality of insight, all the wisdom of wordly experience and the orderly progression of ideas, the article will ruffle the minds of men like a wind and be gone. It will pass because it is the work of a craftsman, not of an artist. Into it has gone perhaps much of a man's diligence, much of his love, much, even, of his life; but nothing of his soul. It is a job of work, not a work of art.

The essay, paradoxically, attains its permanence by being a thing of the moment. It is written from the impassioned standpoint of here and now. Into its creation goes the whole perceptive man, with all his moods and frailties and inspirations. Written an hour earlier or later, it would be a different thing. Hugh MacLennan recognized this when, faced with the work of editing a volume of his own essays, he said: "To think these thoughts through again would mean that I must rewrite them one by one". He wisely left the editing to his wife.

The difference, then, is a difference of artistic essence: and what we are acknowledging when we acknowledge the decline of the essay is a decline in the appreciation of literary art. In our writing, as in our automobiles, we tend to accept transience, superficiality and sham, so long as the pomp and the power are there.

The essayist brings to his subject the equipment that he has. He does not, generally speaking, seek to enlarge that equipment for the express purpose of the work in hand. He does little, if any, special research: his whole life until the moment of writing has been a preparation for that moment. He makes no attempt at completeness, no claim of relationship to the vast body of knowledge comprising the subject. The essay is, indeed, an essay simply because the writer matches his fund of experience and his artistic perceptions against the implications of his theme. His work is a birth out of that experience. It cannot be produced by dogged and dispassionate research, any more than a human body may be produced by synthesis.

The essay is 'loose', to return for a moment to Dr. Johnson, because the process of its creation is untrammelled by any preconceived limitations of form or scope. This is not to say that it has no form, no balance, that it may not be constructed in accordance with some rough 'plan'; but that its form is dictated by what the writer knows and feels, rather than by some arbitrary totality of what should be known and felt. Asked to write on 'Nuclear Physics', an article writer may well feel apprehensive and inadequate, fearing the criticism of experts: but the essayist will attack the subject with supreme confidence, and no physicist in the world will find fault with his work; for on nuclear physics as it affects his life and thought, he is the only expert. His essay will be the body of thought evoked in him by the words 'Nuclear Physics'. It may not perhaps, to a casual reader, seem to bear very closely on the matters suggested by the title. Yet in any good essay the title will be found to define the soul of the work, even when apparently remote from it: just as, in mechanics, it may often be demonstrated that the centre of gravity of a body lies at a point external to, even remote from, the body itself.

The foreword to the volume 'Essays Today', published in the United States, says: "The art of the essay, like that of conversation, has declined in the last century because there are too few people who know enough about matters to afford an audience for the attractive discussion which is expert without being specialized". I do not agree with this. The likening of the essay to conversation, if intended as direct comparison rather than analogy, is remarkably apt. In conversation we have access only to the knowledge we ourselves have accumulated, and our listener is charmed more by our interpretation than by our knowledge. An essay might be thought of as one side of a conversation, the participants in which are exceedingly fluent both in thought and in word. It has, of course, the added cogency and charm that can only come of solitude. But it is surely unrealistic to impute the decline of the essay to people's lack of knowledge of 'matters'. One does not need to be very well informed to enjoy Goldsmith's 'Citizen of The World', or even Hugh MacLennan's 'Thirty and Three'. These are 'expert' only in the sense I have indicated, and their comprehension demands far less of the reader, in the way of factual knowledge, than does the average newspaper article.

What is lacking, however, in readers and in far too many writers, is literary taste. I mean that aesthetic sensibility which comes only from long, deepening acquaintance with what is best in literature; that 'feeling' for literary excellence which is at once the touchstone and the despair of the 'scientific' critic. It is knowledge in this sense, rather than in the factual sense, which enables the reader to respond to the magic of the essay, to detect the timeless spirit of it. The reader of articles enjoys nothing of this, too often suspects nothing of this, for an article imparts knowledge of a subject, yet somehow loses its essence. I would even say that, in proportion, people know too much about 'matters', and all too little about their ultimate significance. Events and discoveries multiply so rapidly in this age that we have no time to assess them in spiritual terms, no time to consider what end is being served by such cleverness and complexity of means, and in consequence science and technology have become our masters. We are the slaves of an illusory progress. We plunge bedevilled down the Gadarene slope of technological advance, and those men are furiously scribbling articles reporting and 'explaining' each step of our progress, who should be writing essays inquiring, circumspectly perhaps, piecemeal perhaps and not altogether rationally, but not ineffectually, where we are going and why.

In common with many other evils, this lamentable decline of the essay stems from the gradual effacement of the individual in modern society, for the first prerequisite to the writing of a good essay is a bold originality of mind, an incontrovertible belief in the validity of the personal view. This sort of self-reliance is not over-abundant in a society which makes a virtue of conformity.

The personal view is, after all, the only true view. What other view, indeed, can any man truthfully give? He can never be in more than one situation, in space, time or mood, with respect to his subject, at any given instant. It is, moreover, the only worthwhile view. The essay results from the impact of the subject upon the consciousness of the writer. If that impact does not differ in nature or degree from the common experience, what is there to write about?

It was once the custom of Eastern artists to represent three dimensions, not by perceptive depth, but by projecting several views in one plane, in a manner somewhat similar to that employed by

engineers. While it must be conceded that this is not 'natural', there is much to commend it. It acknowledges, for example, that one's view of one side of an object (a church, say) is conditioned by what one knows or does not know of its other aspects. Literature excels the visual arts in its ability to present such a perceptive view without too blatantly violating, as did those earnest pictures, the physical principles of the universe. The essay is supremely suited to this. I do not mean that an essay should conscientiously present all points of view, but that it is capable of implying arguments to which it does not subscribe, of arguing profundities to which it does not allude, and of achieving sublimities to which it does not aspire.

In these matters our schools are sadly at fault. They are so insistent upon form, upon the orderly marshalling of facts and the logical progression of paragraphs — trying, as pedants will, to reduce art to a formula — that they oppress the imagination. Still more serious, as I have suggested, is the belief of many teachers that an essay on a controversial subject should impartially examine and discuss all possible points of view. Nothing could be more disastrous, no teaching more damaging. No teacher requiring an essay of his pupil has a right to say in criticism "you have not mentioned this aspect of the subject", or "you have not included that fact". Partiality is the life-blood of the essay. Let there be no temporizing, no truck with logic or compromise. Countenance your adversary's opinion only to demolish it, as does Chesterton in 'The Defendant'. Otherwise, make hay in the sunshine of your cherished prejudice. If there is anything to be said to the contrary, it will find voice soon enough.

This stultifying obsession on the part of teachers is illustrated by the paradox of their attitude to Charles Lamb. They acknowledge his mastery of the essay form. They read him with rapture. Yet they shun him as an example, condemning as weaknesses those violations of their beloved formulae which are the source of his strength. The most valuable exercise I ever undertook, at the suggestion of a tutor more discerning than most, was the writing of an essay on 'The Cinema' in the manner of Lamb. I would wholeheartedly urge the adoption of such an imitative method in our schools today. Imitation of this sort is not a bad thing. Any possible ill effects are soon outgrown, or are counteracted by exercises of opposed tendency, while

the benefits are permanent and salutary: the benefits, I mean, of attempting to rekindle the fires of a great mind, and by its light assess the worth of a contemporary institution. For the object of the assignment, so far as I was concerned, was not to reproduce my model's turn of phrase, but to exercise my awareness that Lamb's approach would have been original and definite. Thus, under a pretense of imitating another, I was led to think for myself. And in the last resort, if the resulting work is valueless, at least its composition will have led the student to a deeper study and appreciation of a master.

I am not suggesting that an essay should always be the conscious expression of an opinion. Often the opinion is evolved, perhaps only fleetingly glimpsed, during the act of composition. Language not only expresses thought, but helps to shape its course. But the author's beliefs will come through, and his yearnings and his regrets. His object, broadly speaking, is to set forth for anyone who may care to know, what he is getting out of life; what his pleasures are, and what his aversions. And from his ramblings, meandering yet compellingly coherent, we glimpse, in the aggregate, something of the meaning of life for us all.

People having become, in the jargon of modern psychology, 'other directed', many of them read merely to avoid appearing ignorant in society. This is no new tendency. It was ever an asset to be able to boast an acquaintance with the 'best' books. But now the emphasis has changed. It is no longer the best, but the latest books that haunt the conscience with their exigency, and the motive is still less admirable. For whereas the snob of yesterday stood every chance of being seduced by what he read into a genuine love of literature, his modern counterpart, hag-ridden by the need to 'keep abreast of the times', is host to an endless succession of facts which light fleetingly like birds of passage upon his mind. He learns — and forgets — a great deal about 'matters'; but what it is to be fully and glowingly alive; what it is, amid so much that is fleeting and chaotic, to glimpse eternal truth; this he never learns.

Many of the periodicals which should print essays labour likewise under this imagined necessity. Nothing that is not 'useful' or 'informative' finds its way into their pages, except in the form of fiction. And fiction, too, is in decline: another symptom of the malady.



The number of widely known periodicals which would publish an essay for sheer literary merit, in defiance of all other considerations—and by literary merit I mean the joyful discovery, by creative ardour, of something in perfect harmony with itself—could be numbered upon the fingers, allowing perhaps one hand for each side of the Atlantic.

Many articles are published under the name of essays, and a few essays under the name of articles. 'Essay' is a word almost as much misused as 'literature', and is held, by our shamefacedly phillistine generation, in the same sort of mistrust. Anything called an essay is eyed askance. A supposedly intelligent person, seeing me reading a volume of essays, remarked: "That's pretty dry, isn't it?" This is the attitude of many people; and some editors, knowing better, encourage it by refusing to attach the name to anything they publish, lest their pampered readers turn away in disgust from the thought of a little intellectual effort.

Why? Is it that they have sickened of the form in their school-days? Can it be that the word, as the name of a distinct form of art, has been allowed to become archaic; and that readers, remembering it only by association with homework and examinations, are incapable of recognizing its promise of profit and enjoyment? Doubtless this is one reason. Another is that to be fashionable among the rising generation, one must make a pretense of despising anything smacking of intellectualism, anything that could conceivably be called 'square'. Both these possibilities are suggested by the fact that a good essay, if it is not specifically so called, will often be acclaimed "a damn fine article".

How, in face of all this, is it possible to display optimism? How justify the belief that the essay is in eclipse, and not in oblivion?

One hopeful sign is that volumes of essays, often pseudo-articles appearing at last under their true colours, continue to be published. More encouraging still, they continue to be read: or this seems a reasonable assumption, from the fact that they are drawn from public libraries in small but steady, and lately in slightly increased, numbers. It is probable also that the wane in popularity of the short story, regrettable as it is, will produce conditions favouring the resurgence of the essay. Unless this is so, all fact and no fancy will make Jack



a very dull boy indeed. Another ground for hope of the essay's survival is that it is a form very agreeable to the writer.

But it goes deeper; far deeper than a mere fluctuation of popular taste. Every tendency must generate a reaction. Every tyranny begets a revolt. And what shall bring back the essay, along with many half-forgotten values and many good things fallen this long time into desuetude, will be the tide of revolt against materialism returning to the flood. There is evidence, for the anxiously watchful, of the probable emergence of a generation less preoccupied with its politics, its science and its material progress: a generation accessible to the conviction that scientific advance is valid only so long as it fosters the growth of wisdom and culture among men.

Only in such a climate can there flourish essayists with the penetration of Bacon, the deep humanity of Addison and Lamb, the grace and urbanity of Goldsmith, the critical assurance of Hazlitt, the wisdom of Emerson and the humour of Chesterton.

We have reached a nadir, from which we must soar to new heights or, ignoring all warnings and portents, sink into inanity and perish.

# Pilgrim at Glastonbury

—History in Stones—

by

F. G. ROE

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*Archetype of those famous religious memorials — the Abbeys of England — the ruins of Glastonbury must inevitably rouse all manner of speculation in the mind of the visitor. What induced men to cause such colossal structures to be built? What were the relationships between the Abbeys and the surrounding populace? Why, and in what manner, did the mighty fall? Mr. Roe, a most perceptive 'pilgrim' and specialist in mediaeval lore takes us back with imaginative insight into the life of the old monastic orders.*

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IF it were possible — which of course it is not — to sum up the religious memorials of the England of the past in one word, perhaps that word would have to be Glastonbury. I know of no other place which quite so comprehensively and fittingly expresses and illustrates the broad sweep of English Christianity. And whether we like it or not, Christianity bore an important share in making England and the English what they are; and its influence is still much greater than some would have us think.

Glastonbury reaches back to the very roots of things English; much farther, indeed, if one were to subscribe to the fanciful legend of Joseph of Arimathea as its original founder. Its historical foundation is dated in 601 A.D., only four years later than the introduction of Christianity into Saxon England. These eras are not mere dates to one actually looking upon such a place as Glastonbury. They carry a significance. It is worth while to look at this for a moment.

The places, or rather the edifices, whose ruins we see to-day, are not the original buildings of the Abbey. An inscription which marks the limits of the earlier "wattle" church tells us that the first monastic erections were destroyed by the great fire of May 25, 1184. In other words, what we are looking at are mere modern affairs of

not more than some 773 years of age! But previous to their inception the Abbey had already a life-record of 584 years. That is to say that an institution or a building which was of that age now would date back to 1374; when Geoffrey Chaucer had probably not yet written a poem, John Wycliffe had just gone to Lutterworth Rectory, and Richard II and Bolingbroke were small boys at home.

The mention of the "wattled" church is really a revelation of the humble beginnings of those great monastic houses whose very remains as we see them now seem to tell so striking a tale of vanished splendours and ancient glories. "Wattle" is the term that was given to the coarse willow or hazel plaiting which was woven basket-fashion on ribs of the same or stronger material as a foundation. When they were first built, those ancient timbered houses which are such a picturesque feature of rural England were filled in between the oak framing with wattle-work, which was then coated over with mud; precisely on the same principle as our modern cement stucco is laid on over wooden or steel or "woven" lath. This constituted "wattle-and-daub". The brickwork which is now seen as the filling of the ancient cottages — old as it generally is in itself — is much more modern. This serves to bring home to us the fact that at the beginning there was nothing luxurious about the homes of the early monks. We may be perfectly certain that if their church buildings were only of wattle their living quarters would be no better. In all reasonable probability they would be even poorer.

We sometimes find people (who ought to know better) who can scarcely mention the English monks of yore without some reference to "fat, idle, luxurious hypocrites". The present-day loveliness that surrounds many old monastic remains is too frequently taken as proof that "those cunning rascals knew enough to pick the beauty-spots . . ." Actually, very few monastic sites bore any resemblance to beauty-spots until the monks themselves made them such.

The monastic rule, which forbade the eating of meat on Fridays, made it necessary to be near some stream for their supply of fish, and most monastic ruins are in such situation. In mediaeval times, when drainage was the exception rather than the rule, the lower lands along the river valleys were oozy swamps. Any observer with

the least imagination can readily conceive what some of the "beauty-spots" would be like under such conditions; with the great trees and impassable thickets (always growing more heavily in just such places) shutting out the sun. Plenty of abbey ruins can be seen to-day in what actually were such surroundings — and which can readily be recognized for such when first the monks came there.

These opinions do not rest solely upon historical inference or conjecture, however reasonable or probable one might think it to be; and certainly not upon mere wishful thinking, desirous to make out a plausible case for the monks. The charter is still in existence by which a Norman baron bestowed the present site of Selby Abbey (near York; on a river whose very name of Ouse indicates the terrain) upon the monks. The ground is described as being approximately so much in extent, in the angle of the junction of the Ouse and the Aire — "low waterlogged lands . . ." Four hundred years before this, Bede, the Monk of Jarrow-on-Tyne — himself a northerner and doubtless not too exacting in his standards of living — described the abode of the monks of Lastingham, near Whitby, as "fitter for wild beasts than for Christian men". Considering these things, it seems not unlikely that many of the "pious founders" of monastic houses were out to make the best of both worlds. They gave land to the monks which nobody else would occupy.

Many historians have ascribed the introduction of drainage into England to the monks. Very few, however, seem to have connected the two circumstances together. It was not a mere "progressive spirit" in agricultural methods; it was in many cases a stern necessity. The monks introduced many things into England besides drainage. These include baths, glass, many varieties of fruit and vegetables, and many important improvements in sheep-farming. It was principally the wool of the Cistercians that paid the ransom of Richard Coeur de Lion when a prisoner in Germany.

We need not let ourselves be turned aside from these conclusions by the names which the monks gave to many of their homes. It has been argued that such descriptions as "Mirabilis vallis" ("wonderful valley", now Merevale, Warwickshire), "beau desert" ("fair solitude", now Beaudesert, Warwickshire), or "bellus locus" ("fair spot", now

Beaulieu, Hampshire), testify to scenic attractions. It is much more probable, in the opinion of other scholars, that they record the joy of the fraternity at gaining a home where they could pursue their ideals in peace. "Valle Crucis" or "Grace Dieu" are perfectly intelligible in this latter sense; as scenery they are meaningless. We may remember that the Cistercians took their (Latinized) name from the parent house of Cîteaux in Burgundy; and the term *Cîteaux* signifies "a swamp"! We have in our own English Authorized Version of the Bible a record of these changed conditions. We read in the Psalms (LXVI, 12). "... thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place . . ." whereas the marginal note reads—"Heb. *moist*." The translator knew well enough that a *moist* place in the swampy, undrained, contemporary England would evoke little thanks to the Almighty; whatever it might do in the parched East, where "the rebellious dwell in a dry land" (Psalms, LXVIII.6).

It is needless to suppose that the feudal barons who gave to the monasteries were in all cases themselves mere superstitious hypocrites, whether they gave of their good lands or poor ones. If, with our modern views on war, men can still be soldiers and also Christians, it could also be possible then. Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Conan Doyle's *White Company* have familiarized us with the picture of the "fat fields" that had been filched from the repentant sinner on his deathbed and in terror of his doom by the "scheming shavelings"; and so forth. This conception requires a little careful thinking.

It is quite conceivable that Front-de-Boeuf's father — a blasphemer like his son — might make such a bequest on his uneasy deathbed. But the payment of the legacy would devolve upon the heir; a man in his prime, not on his deathbed, but hale and hearty. Can anyone imagine the baron of *Ivanhoe* meekly "handing over" on demand? And what (present) terrors would the thunders of the Church possess for such a man! It is certain that the legacy should wait until he was himself *in extremis*, when the fulfilment of *his* wishes would most probably devolve upon another procrastinating heir; and so on *ad infinitum* by a perpetual series of "deferred payments". This is not purely hypothetical reasoning. The Bishops' Registers record men like Sir Alan Plucknet, who in 1315 refused to carry out a much

less "injurious" legacy from his mother to Sherborne Church (Dorset); and when summoned before the Bishop's court for his contumacy, made the unfortunate summoner eat seal, writ, and parchment!

We may safely take it that some at least among those ancient benefactors were men who could recognize and appreciate high character and religious living when they met it; and also that they beheld it in many of those early monks. In the presence of such vast and long-enduring works one is reluctant to believe that the donors were all fools, the builders all hirelings, and the recipients all knaves.

The enormous dimensions of the Abbey church point rather to a high veneration for a great masterpiece that was shared both by the successive generations of those whose benefactions helped to rear it and of those who served it. It is now as a ruin what it was as a living entity: immeasurably and unapproachably the dominant feature of the Abbey scene as a whole. The outlined dimensions of the various and numerous adjuncts which have been revealed by excavation exhibit nothing that can even be said to stand second. "Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere!"

From the western end of St. Mary's Chapel (i.e. the earliest 'Norman' building to follow after the destruction of 1184) to the end of the Edgar Chapel at the extreme east, is not less than 590 feet; only 70 feet short of a furlong, one eighth of a mile! The width of the nave — which in a cruciform structure represents the upright portion of the cross, the narrowest — is 87 feet. Within these limits (which do not include several huge transepts), there is of course, more than one period of architecture; but one thing is common to them all — the endless profusion of ornamentation. High and low, right and left, in hidden nooks as in prominent artistry and patient, meticulously skilful toil. One could well imagine it being said of a host of such English temples by those who dwelt among them in the days of their glory and before the vision began to fade, as was said by the Greeks in the great days of the Parthenon: that to live and die without having seen it was the worst of personal misfortunes.

As the word itself indicates, large size must hold an important share in our conceptions of grandeur. The mere mass of material — one might almost say the mass yet remaining erect in this vast building



— is positively stunning to the mind in its colossal aggregate. A "load", even of the largest modern dimensions, not to say those of mediaeval times, is less than a drop in a bucket! When one adds to this the infinite manipulations of exact skill and ungrudging artistry — each of them manifestly never called upon in vain — and finally the unaccountable, incomputable multiplication of human effort with no mechanical auxiliaries beyond rope and windlass, pulley and lever, wherewith to consummate their ideals in physical fact, the mind almost reels. And if this be incomparably the largest and grandest, it is only one of what were clearly great and numerous erections within the Abbey precincts, of which the outlines yet remain — cloisters, chapter-house, refectories, dormitories, and their appurtenances. Of these only one now remains intact, the fourteenth-century Abbot's Kitchen; a building said to be matched only at Fontevrault (France), where legend has it that the corpse of Henry II broke out bleeding afresh when his unruly son Richard Coeur de Lion entered the chamber where it lay.

There was a certain practice common to many or most of the English monastic houses, to which Glastonbury was evidently no exception. There was no reason why it should be, for it was a perfectly logical and commonsense procedure. It is revealed in the history of Glastonbury's greatest son, Dunstan, who became Abbot in 945, and was later Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, before his death in 988. Dunstan was a local lad, born at Baltonsborough, no great distance away. Among the roll-call of Glastonbury's Abbots are found such Somerset or West-country names as Bere, Selwood, Frome, Taunton, and others. Similarly, we find Roger *Ledes* among the Abbots of Kirkstall (which is now actually in the city of Leeds). Adam *Sedbar* was the last Abbot of Jervaulx (Prior Aymer's home in *Ivanhoe*: Sedbergh being but a few miles away). The brothers of Beauchief Abbey (founded 1176; and now within the city of Sheffield) bear names of every village, including *Sheffield* itself, within a radius of a dozen miles. It was clearly as common as it was natural for those with monastic leanings to turn toward their local house.

In another very important respect, however, Glastonbury seems to have been an exception to a very wide-spread rule. It seems even

possible that this circumstance may have had some bearing on its downfall and present-day ruinous condition.

In the earlier Benedictine foundations in England, of which Glastonbury was one, the professed brothers of the house were almost exclusively of what are now termed the "intelligentsia" or "intellectuals". Apart from the rituals of worship, their worldly avocations were those of scribes and illuminators, artists, musicians, teachers, healers, and the like. For the heavy manual tasks, whether on the land or in what are commonly termed "skilled trades", they engaged outside labour. As a result, a community of labourers and craftsmen gradually grew up around the Abbey, doing its necessary handiwork and living under the Abbot's protection as his vassals. This in time became a town of which the Abbey was the "cultural" and economic nucleus and geographical centre. This has been very much the origin of such towns as Coventry, Reading, Bath, Gloucester, St. Albans, (which is a mile distant from Verulamium), Burton-on-Trent, Bury St. Edmunds, and others. The era and the local situation suggest it as the history of the little town of Glastonbury also.

In complete contrast with this practice, the later modified Benedictine orders were the outcome of the Monastic Revival, the vital object of which was to cast off what they regarded as later unworthy corruptions and worldly luxuries, and to return to the purer practice of their founders. As a feature of this reformation, the later orders that appeared in England after the Norman Conquest, and above all the Cistercians, made it an article in their Monastic Rule that all their work, however coarse, rough, or uncongenial, was to be done by the "professed" brothers of the house. The Cistercians also, as a further exercise of austerity and self-sacrifice, addressed themselves particularly to the North of England and over the Border into Scotland, which were then the least Christianized and civilized parts of the island.

As self-contained, integral communities, doing their own work, there was no occasion to gather any aggregation of lay craftsmen about their walls. Even if a big building project brought a temporary influx of "free" (i.e. wandering; bound to no lord) masons, these disappeared in search of similar employment when the task was finished

or when the funds were exhausted. By virtue of these factors, many of the great Cistercian ruins of the North may still be seen in something very like the solitude in which their founders always preferred to build them. This includes such places as Whalley and Furness in Lancashire; Bolton, Rievaulx, Kirkham, Coverham, Jervaulx, and Fountains in Yorkshire; Easby, Lanercost, Holme Cultram, in Durham and Cumberland; and Melrose and Dryburgh in the Scottish Lowlands. The most notable and characteristic example in southern England is the well-known ruin of Tintern, in the Wye Valley in Monmouthshire.

Such instances as Kirkstall Abbey now in Leeds, Beauchief Abbey now in Sheffield, or Roche Abbey now in or close to Rotherham (Yorkshire), of which the first and last are ruins and the second a mere fragment remaining in use, are no exceptions to this condition, though at first sight they might appear to be so. Within my own boyhood recollection they stood apart in the fields, some miles from the great cities which now surround them.

The real significance of these variations in monastic practice lies in the respective fates which (speaking generally) befell the two types when the Dissolution of the Monasteries came to pass. Long before that epoch, the earlier foundations to which I have referred, Coventry and the like, had gradually assumed from their situation in town centres more and more of the character, associations, and "atmosphere" of parish churches, rather than purely monastic establishments. This change is revealed in such names of town churches (or the towns themselves) as Beverley Minster, Wimborne Minster, or York Minster; or Axminster, Bedminster, Kidderminster, Warminster, or Westminster. *Minster* in these cases represents a painful English effort at *monasterium*. The abbot or — as at Coventry — the prior, was the manorial lord of an ecclesiastical-manorial city. Down the centuries, as various concessions were wrung or purchased from their lord, the church (like the city) became less and less the right of the "proprietor" and more and more that of the citizens; far too much so for even the hungriest of Tudor profiteers to dare dream of asking such a gift at the King's hand. That is why Bath Abbey, Selby Abbey, Sherborne Abbey, St. Albans Abbey, Gloucester Abbey (now

its cathedral) and others, still rear their heads as existing ecclesiastical edifices. Although the greedy chief of the Russells clutched its kitchen-garden (now "Co(n)vent Garden" with its famous Seven Acres), even he was unable to grab Westminster Abbey! It is doubtful whether its "associations" saved it; they were unable to save Glastonbury, whose associations are as old as English Christianity itself.

When the cataclysm of the Dissolution came upon them, those foundations which had never been anything more than purely monastic houses with no "vested interests" of a civic community to stand forth in its own defence and theirs, were left utterly deprived of any protection. The warmth, dryness, and attention that mark an inhabited home were theirs no longer. Their roofs fell in or were torn off for the lead and the oak rafters. No modern gazer need marvel that their roofless courtyards and cloisters — as at Glastonbury — are as clear of their masses of fallen stones as are *now* the blitzed thoroughfares of London or of Coventry! They were carted away to make the "new lord's" great mansion or farmhouses for his bailiffs or tenants, "stane dyke" for their field fences, or paving for their streets. Old John Leland saw them doing it in Henry Tudor's own time.

★ ★ ★

As one muses in the grass-grown precincts of Glastonbury, the question arises inevitably — why did this place, not merely with its peculiarly venerable past, but standing as it does in close juxtaposition to an ancient township, fall to ruin as it did, in apparent contradiction to the causes which governed elsewhere?

This question is not easy to answer satisfactorily. Certain indications, however, seem to suggest that while the Abbey was close in to the town it was never a part of it. There is a very handsome parish church of Saint Cuthbert's whose general style suggests a thirteenth or fourteenth century edifice; or at any rate an era long before Dissolution became any serious possibility. This points toward an atmosphere of estrangement between Abbey and Town.

Other factors tend in the same direction. There can be little doubt that the great mediaeval *local* hero of the house would be Dunstan. He is acclaimed by a profound local scholar, Dr. Armitage

Robinson, sometime Dean of Wells, as being virtually its second founder, and he is the only one of its Abbots who attained to the Primacy of England. Historically, Dunstan was the strong protagonist and main driving force of the tenth-century monastic revival in England. Himself a monk (as mediaeval bishops were far from being universally: "monk-hater" was no uncommon nickname among them), he strove powerfully and not too mildly, not merely in the direction of monastic reform *per se*, but also to bring the secular (i.e. parish) clergy into closer obedience to the authority of the Roman see, and into alignment with the more rigid demands of the monastic rule of the "regular" orders. Prominent among other "abuses" was the marriage of priests. Among the English secular clergy of that day, a married priesthood was almost a philosophical concept; and despite its "formal" defeat in Council after Council, marriage of priests was connived at beneath the surface (or scarcely so) down to the Reformation era, when it became legal. The last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, Warham, had a wife, who entertained his guests; as the greatest of them, Erasmus, tells us.

I am unaware just what was Dunstan's own attitude toward the question of the self-contained monastic community doing all its own work in more extreme isolation from the world. We do know, however, that this was considered an important feature in the estimation of many of the reformed orders. It is furthermore very improbable that the familiar legend of Dunstan seizing the devil by the nose with his blacksmith's pincers would grow up around the name of one who was averse to his brethren working with their hands as he did. Mediaeval saint-worship being what it was, so high an example conjoined with the precepts of whole and much-favoured monastic orders would most probably tend to consecrate manual labour among the saint's successors in his own monastic abode. All this of course is conjecture however reasonable it may seem. What we do know is that for some sufficient reason destruction came upon Glastonbury in a manner totally at variance with the common experience of the more fortunate southern communities in general, and much more suggestive of their usual fate in the northern wilds.

With every wish to give credit where credit is due, the merest glance at Glastonbury's history when coupled with some survey of



the scene, renders it difficult to resist certain rather definite impressions. In somewhat other senses than those usually attaching to this conclusion, one is driven to think the house brought its fate upon itself. A chief cause of this, in my own opinion, was what an observer of to-day might very probably classify as its most dignified and worthwhile occupation: the positive passion for building.

In the earlier ages of the Abbey such an impulse was perfectly natural and intelligible. It requires no defence. But the passion persisted down to the very last days of all. The two last Abbots, Richard Bere (1493-1524) and Richard Whiting (1524-1539) appear to have been as inveterate builders as any in the long roll. Building, as "the tradition of the house" may possess a justification of sorts; building, upon any conceivable plea of necessity, could claim none after about 1400, in the judgment of the Dean of Wells. Building "in honour of the saints" was carried so far by Abbot Bere that a crypt chapel constructed by him beneath St. Mary's (Norman) Chapel so endangered the upper work, that an "inverted arch" like the doubtless efficient but hideous monstrosity in Wells Cathedral, had to be built in to avert disaster.

As one gazes along the enormous length and breadth of this colossal church with its appurtenant chapels, and realizes that any one of these could easily accommodate the (estimated) total monastic population of forty-seven brothers and perhaps three dozen lay *attachés* in 1524, any suggestion of "necessity" for this huge fabric *for worship alone* seems laughable. Taken as a whole, the church alone could doubtless have housed the entire population of Glastonbury and some distance around, many times over. And these had a large church of their own. One cannot help wondering if such mundane motives as a desire to outshine the glories of some noted or neighbouring shrine may not have played a part in such vast projects. The money may even have burnt in an Abbot's pocket! The revenues of these great abbeys were enormous. Those of Glastonbury itself reached some £3,500 per annum, which could mean in present (post-war) valuation almost anything up to £60,000.

The circumstance that the house got heavily into debt may easily give rise to misconceptions. We need not assume that the plea was



false, nor that the abbots were necessarily bad men of business. There were constant appeals to the Court of Rome, and even there the proverbial "exactions" of the Papal Curia were not altogether hypocrisy and corruption. As Bishop Creighton has told us, Rome was the centre of an inevitably and increasingly large Papal "civil service", for whose maintenance no other provision existed beyond the fees charged upon the suitors. And when did any such suitors ever fail to complain!

There is another angle to this question of debt. It was an excellent reason for ceasing to build, but none for continuing to do so. Moreover, by 1400 or so the times were gone for those "debts" for which the creditors would never ask repayment; debts of that era would be strictly business transactions. And who lends to individuals or corporations unless there is a pretty firm belief in their ability to pay? The Abbey's revenues would be virtually as well known to potential creditors as to its head. Indeed, the *actual* state of monastic finances would be of small "psychological" importance in the attitude of that era. The debts might be unknown or contemptuously disbelieved, but the *apparent* wealth would feather the barbed shafts of hostile criticism quite as effectively, whether it possessed any reality or not.

It cannot justly be charged against any that they knew not the day of their visitation, if that day actually comes upon them without warning. But the English monastic fraternities could advance no such plea in their defense. From about 1400 complaints of their overgrown wealth (popularly believed to amount to a third of the land of England) and threatening proposals of confiscation were commonly recurring topics of discussion. It may have staved off the greater disaster for a generation or two that the astute deviser of "Morton's Fork" — which "broadened the basis of taxation" at the expense of the laity with an adroit rapacity that either rich or poor seldom eluded — was himself an ex-monk, of Cerne, in Dorset. The fact that Wolsey himself suppressed a number of smaller monasteries for the purposes of his own scholastic foundations should have warned them that there might be foes even in their own household. Yet at Glastonbury the ostentatious display of wealth inseparable from a building programme in such times and on such a scale, still went on.

But however logical and inescapable one may deem the final outcome to have been, there can be nothing but condemnation for the manner in which it was brought about. The earlier proposals of 1407 included among them measures for the defense of the realm, one phase of which was the establishment and the accompanying endowment of fifteen earldoms. It is of course true that in 1537 this was no longer quite so legitimate as it might have been a century and a third earlier. The increasing development of war as a science and the consequent rise of the professional soldier — frequently a simple commoner — had reduced earldoms to what they now are: mere "titles of honour". But that was no reason why funds originally intended for the defense of the realm in a form which change had made obsolete should not be applied to the same purpose along more modern lines. So also with the proposed appropriations for religious, educational, or philanthropic purposes. In these fields the necessity still existed — even if it had not increased, and in education particularly, Dean Colet's foundation of St. Paul's School and the newer Colleges furnished abundance of sound models for methods of grappling with it.

All this availed nothing with the greedy *nouveaux riches* who fawned and clutched around the throne of Henry the Eighth. The proposed twenty-one bishoprics dwindled to six; the national defense plan shrank to a few forts along the southern coast; education and philanthropy had to wait for Edward the Sixth's dubious re-modellings and the private benefactions of Elizabeth's merchant-princes and some of her clergy. Where the vast bulk of the monastic wealth went to is revealed for the student in the rise of those houses which now term themselves England's "oldest" or "best" families, although it may be noted that the pre-Tudor Herberts and Talbots (some themselves Catholics) were just as grasping of the abbey lands as the Russells, Cecils, and Cavendishes. In the ultra-Catholic county of Cornwall, where most of the Commissioners were Catholic, the foremost modern authority says they were the worst. The case is revealed even more clearly for all and sundry to see in the names of so many of the "stately homes of England": the "Abbeys" of Battle and Beaulieu, Welbeck and Woburn, Combe and Stoneleigh, Rufford, Ramsey, and Ford, to name only a few; all of which are now country mansions.

That it should be "treason" for the last Abbot of Glastonbury to refuse compliance in these proceedings is a verdict that few modern scholars will endorse. He seems to have been almost the only higher ecclesiastic (as a mitred abbot he was a peer of the realm) who was executed in the centre of his own domain. It would scarcely have been safe in the wilder North: most or all of the northern abbots who entangled themselves in the Pilgrimage of Grace were put to death either in London or in some strong centre like York, or Lancaster Castle. At Glastonbury there was apparently no danger of any rising in his defense. This rather tends to strengthen the suggestion of an estrangement from the town, which contributed to the Abbey's physical ruin.

One final word must be said concerning Abbot Richard Whiting, which applies also to the others among Thomas Cromwell's monastic victims. In the broad light of historical perspective, it can hardly be disputed that Tudor monasticism had fallen from its high ideals. Nobody but a fool now believes that all the abbeys were dens of immorality; some may have been. But they had become places of ease and mere routine, where their ritual — as all rituals eventually do — had lost its original vitality and degenerated into dead, barren observance.

Be it so. Yet this old man — and other old men like him — had that within him from some source which rendered him able to die when life could have been his for a word. If a martyr be one who is free to choose and who makes *that* choice (to which class alone John Calvin accorded the title) then Abbot Whiting was a martyr. Froude has described the "infirm old man on that bleak November day (Nov. 15, 1539), dying for what he could not comprehend as treason . . . One shudders at the needless cruelty . . ." He was executed on the summit of Glastonbury Tor. There was a searching wind atop of Glastonbury Tor on a bright midsummer morning in June: one could visualize November . . .

Froude's noble words on the Carthusians of 1534 are applicable here. "It is not necessary to pity these poor men. Nobody needs the pity of any man, who can die rather than declare that thing false which he believes to be true, or acknowledge that as true which he believes to be false . . ."

If Glastonbury could breed such men, perhaps it was not reared in vain.

## TWO POEMS

by

MICHAEL COLLIE

### I

We give no credit to the flesh that stirs,  
nor ponder on its feigned inconsequence.  
Across the hearth steeled eyes detect the glance  
as though that intimate stranger merely rose  
to eat, or search some text, or dance  
his formal acquiescence to our law.  
But eyes had marked that strategy before  
where blood rose to its antique rage:  
we therefore watch him amble to the door  
and feign indifference to his genteel lust.

We give no credit to the mind, nor trust  
its unrelenting arrogance and wit.  
By ember light impassively we watch  
the elegant figure deftly cracking nuts  
and, to annoy us, re-assembling shells,  
just like an archaeologist, and then  
brush to the fire his casual specimen.  
His words make sense and manufacture joy.  
And therefore when he leaves no looks condemn  
the vain flamboyance of his self-deceit.

We give no credit to the ember light  
that seems to give our apprehension depth.  
The room is empty, and we do not speak:  
between us only is a fragrant night  
when once a child woke up amongst the stars,  
and, while we slept, was framed, and caught  
within the windowed terror of a thought  
that was himself. But here no tentative glance  
betrays our mutual knowledge, for we sought  
to probe beyond the comforts of mere chance.

## II

Suppose two minds should accidentally meet,  
— as though one heard slow footsteps on the stair  
in some high house, and waited there  
merely to know who else might come  
to search this town with quaint deliberate care:

suppose one heard the stiffly muttered words  
while room by room was rummaged, as by death,  
and listened to the toiling heavy breath —  
then saw the man, like Durer's father, hard,  
with eyes that pierced: suppose that each confessed

no practical aim to kill or loot or lust,  
but turned and through the garret window saw  
the town, and where no meaning was before  
shared truth: would not such minds find sense  
which might transcend all mere conformity to law?

## Drink Your Dram, Lad

by

RUSSELL KIRK

HUNTLY, in the highlands of northern Aberdeenshire, is a snug little Scottish burgh of some four thousand people. The great ruin of Huntly Castle broods over the town, and round about are some fine estates, with good cattle and good fishing. One of them, according to an advertisement in *Country Life* recently, is being broken up to pay death-duties: the estate of the late Major Troop, some thousands of acres, with the big house, several farms, woodland, fishing rights, pedigreed cattle, etc., etc. That advertisement brought me up with a start, for about three years ago I spent an evening, by chance, in the company of Major Troop and certain other worthies of Huntly.

We had walked forty miles that day through the hills, Dave Ruddy and I, all the way from Dinnet in Deeside to a dot on the Ordnance Survey map called Gartly Station, away north in Strathbogie. The late C. E. M. Joad gave as his best example of an absolute truth, to which any rational man will assent, the statement, "Thirty miles in one day is a long walk." Aye, lad, it is; especially through driving snow, as much of this walk had been, for it still was early March, and Strathbogie is anciently infamous for its late snow. As the sun went down, we two Americans made our way past an old kirk on a hill, set about with older gravestones, and through what now was becoming a blizzard, to the hamlet called Gartly Station. All we knew of Gartly Station was that the map indicated an inn at that point; and if we could not get lodging at the inn, at least we might be able to catch a train to Huntly and spend the night there.

Gartly Station, as we stumbled into it, turned out to be a dull little row of cottages by the railway line; we saw no sign of a hotel; the blinds were drawn at every window in the village, making the place dark as the pit, and we huddled in a doorway, perplexed, cold, hungry, and tired. But presently, happening to look up, Dave and



I saw just above our heads a dingy sign: "Gartly Station Hotel. Seven Day License." We opened the door and went in.

This was an old-fashioned Scottish public house. The representative Scottish pub, old style, is very unlike its English counterpart. The Scottish bar is a place where two farmers come to seal a bargain; no women ever pass the portals; and the amenities are sufficiently austere to satisfy the most exacting iconoclast. Well, we plodded directly into the bar of the Gartly Station Hotel, which was a very narrow little room, with backless wooden benches on either side and a counter at the far end. A single naked light-bulb burned overhead, revealing to us four men, mugs in hand, seated on the benches; and behind the bar itself, an ancient female being who resembled most remarkably Azucena in the opera.

Diffidently drawing near to this formidable proprietress, while the four men stared silently at us from their hard benches, I said — in what I hoped was a conciliatory tone — "We'd like a room for the night."

"Room?" cried Azucena, in a moan compounded of incredulity and scorn, "Room? Na, na." She turned away. That was that.

Of course we ought to have known, from that fatal term "Seven Day License", that Gartly Station Hotel was no hotel at all. "Seven Day License", in Scotland, means that an inn has permission to sell strong drink on Sunday—but only to *bona fide* travellers who make their godless way from place to place on the Sabbath. In return for this indulgence, the inn with a seven-day license is supposed to have rooms ready for the accommodation of those "bona fides" (in Scots, "bonny fydie"). But the whiskey brings in the money, not the beds; so the bona fide who seeks lodging often must be strong-willed indeed to extract accommodation from such a proprietress as now stared us down; and we, after all, were mere feckless Americans. "Na, na," said Azucena. Footsore and heavy-laden, we turned back toward the door. There *might* be a train to Huntly.

But before I could touch the doorknob, one of the silent drinkers—a tall, lean man with a hat on his head, reasonably well dressed and somewhat arrogant in manner—stayed us with a gesture. "Stay, lad," said he, "and have a dram."

These four men did not appear to me to be bona fides, though they were drinking ale and whiskey without stint, and seemed to have been doing just that for some time. I took them, rather, for natives of Huntly; and such they turned out to be, true Hielan'men, with a vengeance. The tall man who had spoken was Donald. Then there was a very short and very tubby person called Angus, who sang. He never ceased to sing, and his companions were proud of him. "Aye, Angus would hae had a fine voice," said they, "had he been trained." Possibly so. There was also an elderly farm-labourer in a thick cap and corduroys. And the fourth stalwart of Strathbogie was the most impressive of all: Dugald, a giant by nature and a tailor by trade. Dugald sat immense and brooding by the door, seeming seven feet tall and extremely muscular in proportion. "Stay, lads," said the lordly Donald again, "and have a dram."

"No, thank you, sir," I replied, "but we've walked forty miles today, and we'll have to find beds in Huntly while there's time." I reached for the doorknob.

But Dugald had stretched his arm across the door. Dugald's arm was greater in girth than my thigh, though I am stocky. Dugald's frown was more forbidding than that of Ozymandias: "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Dugald spoke, rumbly: "Have a dram, lads."

"Of course," said I. "Thank you very much." And we scuttled back to the bar, where Azucena poured out our drams of whiskey, for which Donald paid. "This is Strathbogie, in the north of Scotland," said Donald to us and all the world. "There's no hospitality like Scottish hospitality. And the further north in Scotland ye go, the warmer the hospitality gets." Aye, we drank those drams. And yet other drams. And others. We sat upon those hard benches, under the brooding eye of Azucena, and fell into converse with our hosts. And the hour grew later.

"Dinna fash, lads," the Farm Laborer whispered to me, at a juncture when Donald's attention was elsewhere. "Yon's Donald MacDonald. He'll find beds for ye. It's a joke, ye ken. Ha ha, ha ha! It's a joke, lads. For Donald MacDonald's no common man, mind. Donald's master o' the Huntly Arms Hotel, Family and Commercial, in Huntly toon. An' in the fu'ness o' time, Donald'll take ye to the

Huntly Arms and gie ye lodging. It's a joke, ye ken. Ye needna fash: Donald'll no fail ye. Ha ha, ha ha!"

Donald had overheard part of this colloquy. "Aye, lads," he put in, "ye'll be wanting to sup. And ye shall sup! Up, Angus! Up, Dugald! We're awa' to Huntly!"

"Ane dram mair," said the laconic Dugald.

"Aye, another dram!" cried Donald, with the wave of an emperor. So our Scottish Azucena gave us each his stirrup-cup, and we drank our drams, and then we strode out into that bitter Highland night, crowding all six of us into Angus' little automobile, and careered off through the blizzard along the hill-road to Huntly, five miles distant.

Dugald, who drove, was full of drams; he also was an admirable driver. The road was sheathed with ice, and the snow seemed to be poured out of bags. We scooted round those hair-pin hill bends as if Cutty Sark and her sister witches (very like Azucena, no doubt) had been hard on our tail-light. Angus the Singer was sitting on my lap, singing his favorite song, which went thus:

"I'm no awa' to bide awa';  
I'm no awa' to leave ye;  
I'm no awa' to bide awa,  
For I'll gang back an' see ye!"

At the conclusion of each such chorus, The Singer punctuated his refrain with three great cries of "Boom, boom, boom!" And he emphasized the booms by striking his clenched fist, with all his force, upon the head of Dugald, who sat directly in front of him. A lesser man would have been stunned by the first blow; but Dugald only shook his great skull under the shocks, as if a fly were bothering him slightly, and drove intrepidly on through the blizzard. Those five miles to Huntly town elapsed as distance slips away in nightmares, and we roared through the High Street, and put on our brakes with a shriek at the Queen, the chief public house of that sturdy stone-built town.

It was after hours. Drink may not be sold in most Scottish towns after half-past nine — or, at the latest, ten of the evening. But Donald was nothing daunted. Bidding us follow, he burst into the back door

of the Queen, and we found ourselves in a cold, bare little back room. A few tardy customers were lingering in the Victorian splendours of the public bar, which we could see through a door left ajar. There hurried out to us a matron called Jeanie, all smiles and remonstrances: "Na, na, gentlemen, but it's lang past time!"

"No matter, Jeanie, lass," said Donald MacDonald. "We've American friends wi' us, ye see. Scottish hospitality is the warmest hospitality in all the world, an' the further north in Scotland ye gang, the warmer the hospitality gets. Fetch us drams, Jeanie."

Jeanie fetched us drams, and we drank; she fetched us still more drams, and them too we drank. And now the back door opened again, to admit a man in somewhat shabby tweeds, rather apologetic of countenance, with a long jaw and nose and moustache. "Major Troop!" Donald exclaimed. "Ye'll tak a dram, Major Troop!" Major Troop did, and we were presented to him. While Angus engaged this gentleman in talk, the Farm Labourer drew Dave and me aside. "D'ye ken, lads, wha's yon?" he asked. He doffed his cap in veneration. "Yon's Himself. Yon's Major Troop, the laird. Aye, Major Troop's a muckle man in Strathbogie. I worked for his father before him, lads."

Dave had been mixing the whiskey with water for all of us, and for some time now had been giving himself pure water; but at this moment, perceiving Dave's duplicity, Dugald seized bottle and glasses. "Noo I'll mix the drinks, lad," said Dugald, grimly. "Drink your drams, lads." We drank our drams. "Lad," Angus said to me, "sing us a song." All the Strathbogie faces turned immediately upon me. "Sing us a song, lad," Angus repeated, and would not be denied. I burst hurriedly into Stephen Collins Foster:

"Way down upon the Sewanee River,  
Far, far away . . ."

There was civil applause for this wretched effort. "Noo, lad," said Donald to The Singer, "do ye sing us a song, and we'll all dance." "I'm no awa' to bide awa'," The Singer began. Dugald, seizing upon me like a bear gripping a terrier, whirled me round and round in a Highland fling. "I'm no awa' to bide awa'," sang Donald MacDonald, taking the Major for his partner. "This is Huntly toon; Huntly's awa' in the north o' Scotland; Scottish hospitality's the warmest in the

world; and the further north ye gang in Scotland, the warmer the hospitality gets!"

Fling succeeded fling, song ran into song, dram into dram, until at length I drew Donald aside, pleading that we had not eaten since early morning, and then but little. "Ye needna fear, lads," Donald said, "we'll no desert ye. Come, Angus, we're awa' to the Huntly Arms. We're no awa' to bide awa', Jeanie. Up, Major Troop; we're all awa' to the auld Huntly Arms, Family and Commercial."

"And it's high time, gentlemen," said Jeanie, "for the constable's thunderin' at the street door." Out we all went into the lane, and got once more into Angus' car, Major Troop among us, and sped through nocturnal Huntly to the Huntly Arms, Family and Commercial, an old-fashioned inn with a courtyard.

The yett, or gate, to that courtyard was blocked by the automobile of some unfortunate wretch who was drinking after hours in the public bar of the Huntly Arms. Donald cried aloud unto his God, and his manservants, and two or three menials ran into the bar, and dragged out the miscreant, and thrust him into his misbegotten car, Donald cursing him the while and ordering him never again to darken the door of the Huntly Arms. The offending automobile removed, we wheeled into the courtyard, and poured out of the car and into the kitchen, where Donald sent a pink-cheeked scullery maid scuttling to find us refreshment. "Supper for two American guests!" was Donald's cry. "And beds for the twa! And noo, lads, while ye wait for the supper and the beds, we'll into the bar for a dram or two."

The public bar of the Huntly Arms, somewhat more commodious than that of the Gartly Station Hotel, still was crowded with patrons, though it was long past lawful closing time. There are two diversions in Scottish pubs: dominoes and darts. A knot of old men huddled round the domino-table in one corner, but most of the patrons were intent upon a game of darts. Dave and I were seated upon a bench, and provided with drams, and the darts whizzed narrowly past our noses toward the target. Now we were joined by newcomers, also boon companions to Donald: the manager of the Scottish Co-operative shop at Elgin, and the Co-operative's van-driver. The Manager, a lugubrious person who would take only sherry, set himself to badger



Major Troop. He was naming no names, but he was dead against these decadent old families, the Manager was. Major Troop, for his part, volunteered some rather diffident strictures upon the Socialist Party. (The Scottish Co-operative movement is political as well as commercial, and closely allied with Labour.) Meanwhile the van-driver poured out to me the *Illiad* of his woes. "Wha' time hae ye the noo, sir?" he inquired. When I told him it was close onto midnight, he sighed heavily. The Manager had come to his door just after high tea, he said, and had cried, "Come, Jock, we're awa' on official business." And the Driver had told his wife he would be home very early. But it had not been official business; it had been only pub-crawling, compulsory for the Driver; and his wife would have her temper up, though it was not his fault, but the Manager's. The Driver would have liked to emigrate to Australia; but they wanted only craftsmen in Australia, and the Driver had no proper trade.

A woman's face appeared in the doorway at the back of the bar: a worn, disapproving face. "That lady," said Major Troop in a confidential tone, "is Donald's wife, Mrs. MacDonald: a long-suffering woman." Mrs. MacDonald intimated that supper was ready for the late-comers. Dave and I made our way up the back stairs toward the residents' parlour, where a table was laid for us; and as we ascended, Donald's wife murmured grimly, "There'll be no beds for ye here, gentlemen. Ye'd best look elsewhere the night. There are guests in every room." Possibly so, but we suspected that Mrs. MacDonald did not fancy Donald's friends, old or new.

We ate ham and eggs in the residents' parlour, crowded with commercial travellers who sat writing out their orders, reading the evening papers, and staring speechless at the exotics in their midst. In this enormous silence we gobbled down our food, and then went quietly back down the stairs, hoping to depart by a side door and seek other lodging. But Donald, espying us, hailed Dave and me back into the bar, where things were merry as ever that Saturday night, and gave us drams. Of a sudden there was a pounding at the street door. Major Troop, with a presence of mind I had not expected, took Dave and me each by an arm and hurried us into the bar-parlour, separated by a door from the public bar and reserved for more sedate guests. He closed the door carefully, and put a chair against



it, and proceeded to make polite conversation. He learned, presently, that we were from St. Andrews University.

"What a pity, gentlemen," said Major Troop," that we had not met in other circumstances. Had I known you were scholars, I should have shown you the Castle, and many historical curiosities. This is a very ancient town; and the fishing is excellent. A pity." He drank his dram sadly.

"Who is in the bar just now?" Dave inquired.

"The police constable," said Major Troop, with solemnity.

"Is he investigating drinking after hours?" I asked.

"That is not his chief interest," Major Troop replied. "Ostensibly, he has come to inquire after a man who died in the bar yesterday."

"Died at the bar?"

"Yes, gentlemen: of drink, I believe. But the constable is not really interested in that death. His real purpose here is to find whether I am in the bar. You see, I am to be a character-witness at a trial tomorrow; and if the constable can swear that he found me drinking after hours at the Huntly Arms tonight, he may be able to bring my fitness as a character-witness into question. I am a witness for the defendant, you understand: a criminal case. So please do not open the door, nor go near, nor speak above a whisper; I shall be much obliged to you, gentlemen."

Major Troop, lapsing into silence, stared intently at the closed door. Dave and I took this for a propitious moment to take French leave; so we crept out of the further door of the bar-parlour into a corridor, where we encountered Mrs. MacDonald. "I tell ye again, gentlemen," said that worthy woman, "ye'd best seek lodging elsewhere. Ye'll find another hotel up the brae." And she thrust us out into the snow.

In a wind fiercer even than before, driving before it snow wetter and more dense, if that be conceivable, we blundered under a railroad viaduct and upward toward the brae. Brae? It was a blasted heath, but the night was too inclement for the wierd sisters. Retracing our steps, we got back into the town, tried another street, and presently found ourselves at the gates of a massive Edwardian villa of ashlar, standing upon a hillock in its own grounds. A sign nailed

to one gatepost proclaimed this to be the Royal British Hotel, Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, Weekly Terms. It was utterly dark. Ascending to the porch, we deliberated as to whether we should dare the wrath of the proprietor by knocking.

Just then a little automobile puffed in at the gates and fought its way up the sweeping drive; it halted at the porch, and out poured our Comus' rout of Strathbogie men: Donald, Major Troop, Dugald, The Singer, The Farm Laborer, The Manager, The Driver. "Lads, whatever were ye thinking of?" demanded Donald MacDonald. "Why did ye tak a powder?"

We protested humbly that we had feared we were inconveniencing him at the Huntly Arms. "No matter, lads," said Donald, magnanimously. "We'll rouse Vera and have a dram. Go round to the back, Major Troop, and try that door; and I'll pound at this one." They thumped and kicked and halloed. Presently a heavy curtain at a bay window was drawn back, and a youngish and well-got-up woman in a kimono appeared against the light. "You can't come in, gentlemen," Vera said through the window. "It's after hours."

"But ye've bona fide guests," roared Donald, "and ye'll have a gude gangin' law-plea, Vera, if ye dinna let them in."

"I'll lei them in, Donald," said Vera, relenting, "but not you." She began to unbar the door.

"Vera's a gude girl," the Manager whispered to me, "but Donald's corrupting her."

Once the door was open, the whole crew jostled in, defying Vera's entreaties. "Noo, Vera," said Donald, "fetch us all drams and sandwiches." Despairing, she retired to the kitchen, and we thronged into the great parlour and ranged ourselves round a big mahogany table. "Sing us a song," they cried as one man to The Singer. He obliged. "I'm no awa' to bide awa' . . ."

Bearing a platter of ham sandwiches and drams, Vera reappeared. "If you've any pity in your hearts, gentlemen," she said, "you'll not sing so loud, for I've an old, old couple in the room just above, and they sleep badly."

"Weel, then, bring them down to have a dram, Vera!" Donald shouted. "Bring them down! I'm the man who'll pay for drams for all." He seemed to have been doing just that all evening.

Drams, after all, are two-and-six; and Vera began to enter into the fun of the thing; and presently we all had joined hands and were dancing round and round the table, Vera now and then clutching her kimono to her. Major Troop embraced her affectionately. "Dear Major Troop!" murmured Vera, prudently disengaging herself. Dave and I ate the sandwiches; and I drank the drams. Fortune having conspired against me, I now found myself compelled to drink three drams each round. For Dave (who for a time had succeeded in pouring his drams into the earth round a convenient aspidistra, until Dugald detected this ungrateful maneuver) had a way of shoving his dram in front of me and pretending that he had already drunk it; while the Manager had told Vera that he could take only sherry; but she, misapprehending, regularly brought him both whiskey and sherry, so that his dram stood undrained every round. Thus, at regular intervals, after I had downed my own just ration, two glasses stood undiminished on the table before me. Then the whole company would stare reproachfully at me, and chorus, "Drink your dram, lad! Drink your dram!" Dugald was particularly solicitous. I drank my drams. The Manager proclaimed that Dave and I were very different: Dave seemed quite like a Scot, but I was thoroughly American. "No offense meant, ye understand," said the Manager, with something like a sneer. I did not believe him.

As we were whirling once more round the table, like the crew in the Auld Kirk o' Alloway, an official knock sounded at the back door. Vera and Donald hastily made for that region, and the rest of us grew still. The Driver reconnoitred. "Aye, the constable," he reported, *sotto voce*.

"Gentlemen, he *must* not find me here," whispered Major Troop. "It is imperative that I appear at tomorrow's trial. Goodnight. Goodnight. We must meet again, and have a dram together. What a pity I did not know you before! Under other circumstances . . ." He closed the front door behind him, and we saw him no more.

Now Vera and Donald returned, with the constable in tow. By a happy coincidence, the constable had gone off duty now, and so could join us in a dram. "But where is Major Troop gone?" said he, upon entering. The laird's precautions had availed him nothing. We all had a dram with the constable, and soon we were singing — the

constable had a good voice — and Angus was leading the dance round the table. It was well past the witching hour — long past. Donald and the Manager fell into a disputation on the merits of the welfare state. Mr. MacDonald was all for giving up Cabinet and Parliament in disgust, and turning over the administration of Britain to the Americans, who should rule the land as they do Alaska and Hawaii, making it the Territory of Britain. He offered to make me viceroy or governor. The Manager dissented, however: he was a Bevan man.

Taking Vera aside at last, Dave and I entreated her mercy; we had walked forty miles that day — or, rather, the previous day — we reminded her. Turning quite business-like, she led us down the corridor to a bedchamber and bade us goodnight. In the parlour the wassail went on, its noises drifting joyously down to us as we undressed. That bedroom was as cold a place as ever I have known in my life; without the drams, I might have been uncomfortable. We crept into bed and were at once asleep. As I drifted off, I heard Donald's refrain from the parlour: "... and the further north ye go into Scotland, the warmer the hospitality gets." Someone was playing the piano now.

In the morning, we found that the room was cold because all the windows had stood open and the snow lay upon the floor. Rising, we went down to breakfast; a neat maid served us; Vera had gone shopping, and of our hosts there was no sign. With expedition, we got our packs on our backs and walked briskly but quietly down the High Street of Huntly. In a few minutes we came to the Huntly Arms, Family and Commercial. Though no one seemed to be stirring there, we tiptoed past. Safely got by, we lengthened our strides, and in a quarter of an hour were well out upon the hill road. But we did not tramp north: Huntly hospitality was quite warm enough.

## Review Article

### The Arts In Canada: Saturday's Children or Sunday's?

by HUGO McPHERSON

In the years since 1945 there have been two widely recognized and accepted developments in Canada's artistic life. First, we have seen an increase of assurance and vigour in our well-established arts and a positive reaching-out into new fields that is unprecedented in the nation's history; and second, our critics have learned to avoid the kind of maple-leaf bacchanals which use our modest achievements in the arts as the occasion for tipsy dreams of international glory. This new awareness of our *real* place in the international forum of the arts is an indication of new sanity; its danger is that it might lead us towards the opposite extreme of deprecating our achievements altogether. If our arts, like Saturday's children, "have far to go," we should not forget that the character of a Sabbath-day child is "brave and bonny, and good and gay," and that Sunday, in the normal course of events, follows Saturday.

At this point, certainly, a sober critical mood is preferable to brash overconfidence, but the kind of negativism which led one critic, just four years ago to tell a writers' conference at Kingston that "there is *no* literature in Canada" is as absurd as the earlier excesses of over-praise. For this reason I find Malcolm Ross's new anthology, *The Arts In Canada*,\* a timely and valuable "stock-taking at mid-century"; it offers us, instead of a patriotic orgy or a keening wake, a superior "Saturday night" party — a full dress occasion for talk and appraisal by a varied and authoritative company. Everybody invited is an expert in one or more of the arts; the setting, moreover, is lavish — an atmosphere to which we "would like to become accustomed"; the *décor* of type, plates, and luxurious white spaces sets a tone of alertness and gaiety. We cannot resist the invitation to mingle with the guests and hear the talk.

Roaming about in this distinguished assemblage, however, I realize that some readers may think it too polite, too personal in accent, or too thin — too apt to gloss over in general diagnosis the local abrasions and the deepest aches of our arts. If we expect an encyclopaedia or an almanac of the arts rather than a survey, these objections are sound, for the anthology does not explore the deepest reaches of the specialist's art; it does not examine the subtlest shades of the creator's technique; and it does not concentrate on the individual

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\*THE ARTS IN CANADA. Edited by Malcolm Ross. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. 1958. Pp. vii + 167, with 113 plates. \$10.00.



triumphs of performing artists. But it *does*, I believe, accomplish its original intention: each critic has been "given his head", and he tells us in as much detail as space permits exactly where we are now. In this sense the survey is doubly valuable, for it will at once give positive direction to those who agree with its findings, and (by the same token) provoke dissenters to further rear-guard or *avant garde* action.

As Malcolm Ross considers editorially the essays in assessment which he has collected, he sees that Canada's arts at mid-century are fully committed to a process of "discovery and assimilation." This implies on the one hand a new, outward-looking vitality: a number of forces — the mass expatriation of World War II, the increase in travelling fellowships and bursaries, the distance-spanning vitality of radio and TV, and the new leisure that prosperity has given us — these forces have enabled us to raise our eyes from the basic task of making a living and to look about for something more pleasing than the hooked rug in the dining room and the "nature" poem in the school reader. We *must*, in fact — in our new rôle as a world power — readjust our vision.

But if "discovery" has suddenly become important, "assimilation", on the other hand, is equally important. We are, after all, Canadians, living in an environment that is local and personal; therefore our new acquisitions, whether they be ideas from other cultures or people from other lands, can have no meaning for us until we discover their place in the pattern of our own lives, and their influence upon us. At mid-century, in short, Canadians are at the exciting centre of an artistic and social revolution. The critics that Malcolm Ross has invited to his stock-taking assembly are all aware of this challenging situation. The consensus of their opinion is that the arts in Canada now hover uncertainly between Saturday's struggling pilgrims and Sunday's brave darlings. But let us turn to the critics themselves.

Poetry and paintings, the arts which His Excellency the Right Honourable Vincent Massey describes in a 'Foreword' as "already well-established" make perhaps the most impressive showing of all the arts, with "Creative Scholarship" (a pursuit of which the general public is almost totally unaware) a challenging third. In the section on painting — illustrated with three dozen plates which, with a half dozen exceptions, represent the best contemporary work — Mr. Robert Ayre makes it clear that our painters have profited immensely from their contact with international techniques, ideas and experience. Suddenly, it would appear, they have turned their backs on the homebodies (both painters and audience) who enjoy hikes in Canadian nature, solemn official portraits or "story-telling" *genre* pieces. These new painters are like college freshmen to whom a vast new world of feeling, form and ideas has suddenly opened up, and they go exploring in all directions for new ways of expressing their vision and awareness. Apart from the eager investigation of the abstract and expressionist idioms, there is no discernable pattern in this outburst of activity. Very often, however, the painter seems most concerned with discovering *himself* — a quest which he reveals in



progressive stages to his audience. But in all this variety, Mr. Ayre notes, there are *rapprochements* between those who dwell upon order or pattern and those who create emotional "block-busters"; between those who have deserted representationalism and those who find realistic images for their insights. Many of our artists, in fact, have now painted themselves *through* abstractionism into a new realm of images — not the images of the camera (those now *belong* to the camera) but imaginative images of experience. Our painters, in short, have serious things to say, and they are alive with energy; their voices, moreover, are now clear enough to be heard in Canada, New York, Paris and Venice. They are still Saturday's children, perhaps, but they appear to be enjoying their pilgrimage intensely.

The brilliance and clarity of Northrop Frye's essay on poetry makes the current achievements of our poets appear larger, perhaps, than they actually are, but they are nevertheless (as compared with American poetry) considerable. The principal development in this art is that the poets, in parallel to the painters, have turned their backs, at least temporarily, on the popular public. They reject both the romantic poets who wrote "This-is-what-I-see: and-this-is-how-I-feel-about-it" poems, and the audience which admires such work exclusively. But instead of voyaging exuberantly into exotic places and impassioned regions of the mind, as the painters have done, the poets have retreated to the universities and thence to the imaginative and even mythical landscapes of the literary tradition. The reason for this is that the poets

work in the midst of a society which is largely indifferent to them, not because it is stupid or vulgar or materialistic, but because it is obsessed by the importance of putting ideas into words, and cannot bring itself to understand that putting words into patterns is a much more profound and fundamental reshaping of thought.

Poetry, in short, is no longer a mass art (if it ever was), but it has not on that account lost any of its significance or importance. Our best younger poets, several of whom have profited indirectly from the myth-making narrative achievements of E. J. Pratt, are attempting not so much to "describe" or "comment upon" Canadian nature or society as to discover and establish the relations of our own experience — *here* and *now* — to the total pattern of imaginative reality. Of all our recent poets, Irving Layton is perhaps the most impressive, because his grip on sensory reality is virile, while his intuition works powerfully to bring this fundamental experience into relation with man's imaginative understanding of reality. But Irving Layton is not alone; Mr. Frye finds more than a half-dozen poets whose work is "not simply an indication of the quality of Canadian civilization today, but one of the few guarantees of its permanence."

In the fields of sculpture and prose fiction — the sister arts of painting and poetry, the verdict of the critics is much less promising. Mr. William Dale gives an incisive, critical account of sculpture's partial and tentative success. In a country that has been more anxious to "get cities built" than to build beautiful

cities, sculpture is inevitably an unpopular art; in addition it is an expensive art. As a result we have produced no sculpture of the first order. Mr. Dale notes and illustrates "the traditional" achievements of Frances Loring, and records the successful use of primitive themes in Louis Archambault's work. Archambault, indeed, is the one important representative of an art that has been moribund in Canada since the 19th century flowering of ecclesiastical wood-carvers in Quebec. We cannot hope for important sculpture, says Mr. Dale, until we "demand it" of our artists.

In prose fiction, Mr. C. T. Bissell sees a well-rooted tradition of what he calls "contemplative realism". Our best novelists have sought for "a meaning in experience over and above the naturalistic; they are frankly moralists." This tradition, he believes, has developed continuously through Grove, Callaghan, MacLennan, Gabrielle Roy and Lemelin, and is augmented by such new writers as Adele Wiseman, John Marlyn and André Langevin; but it has scarcely risen to greatness. Moreover, the strand of satire that we see in Robertson Davies and the interest in "technical experimentation" that characterizes Ethel Wilson's novels have attracted few other writers. Our best new novelist, indeed, is an immigrant from Ireland, Brian Moore, who writes about an old society in an old land. The novel, it would appear, is a late-flowering art form which grows best in a rich and various social context. In Canada, lacking this essential security, it has been chiefly absorbed with problems of "assimilation" or definition rather than discovery.

The story, as we move from section to section of the anthology, parallels — with significant variations — the record which I have described above. The musicians, for example, have had much the same experience as the painters; they have "discovered" the full gamut of international idioms, but as yet they have produced no important figures, established no continuity of style, and found no substantial audience. Such enterprises as the Winnipeg Festival and the Vancouver Festival are undoubtedly building a bridge between the community choir and the serious composer, but the bridge is not yet open to traffic. Ballet and opera have made brave beginnings; handicrafts are undergoing a crucial transition from the *habitant* cottage to the studio. Architecture and town-planning, newly invigorated by international ideas, pit their vitality against public inertia with growing success. Films (Guy Glover's article is perhaps the most trenchant and constructive piece in the book) have had a narrow but exciting career.

But what of radio, TV and theatre, the arts which Gilbert Seldes would probably describe as the liveliest of our entertainments? In assessing these three areas of our national expression, Mavor Moore has tended more towards polemic than description of real achievements. His justification, perhaps, is that these arts (all three now supported by the government in one way or another) need direction more than appreciation. There should be considerable debate, however, over the conclusions which Mr. Moore reaches. He presents

facts and figures with an authority that few other critics could match, but statistics are not always the most convincing part of an argument. Without mentioning such organizations as the Little Theatre movement, the Banff School and the Dominion Drama Festival, for example, he implies that our theatre (he has Stratford, Ontario in mind no doubt) is being overrun with British actors and British ways. This, I think, is true, but can we hope to export a large number of actors to New York and London, as we now do, without receiving an equal number in return? Do we, that is, expect other theatres to receive us without receiving their emigrés in return? The reality, surely, is that we will accept imported talent as long as it pleases us, and that this talent will either adapt itself to our life or depart.

In the field of radio and TV Mr. Moore is on firmer ground. He has shared in the development of TV from its very inception and he recognizes more keenly than most of us do the full hideousness that a completely commercial system would produce. His sense of mission leads him to overlook some of our specific achievements in radio and television, however — achievements which speak more cogently than any argument.

This, I am sure, is more than enough to indicate the range and suggestiveness of *The Arts in Canada*. There are minor flaws in production (a TV photograph which looked Canadian but turned out to be American; a ballet photograph called "Intermède" which should have been "Roundelay"); at moments, too, we wish that individual critics talked with more sprightliness; and there is real disappointment in the quality of the color plates of Canadian painting. But the anthology is nevertheless a provocative and fascinating comment on Canada's arts at mid-century. Implicit in it, moreover, are two significant conclusions. First, almost all of the critics endorse the principle of government aid to the arts, for the arts are as essential to our corporate life as health or education. Our governments have done well to recognize this truth and to act upon it. Second, the critics repeat again and again the need for strong, constructive criticism, the "art" which we have most neglected. In this area our scholars might find a new and rewarding task. Within its own areas of specialization, "Creative Scholarship" has produced a number of the most durable works considered in the "stock-taking" — works which are not merely authoritative, but definitive. Yet even these, I think, have more the character of Saturday than of Sunday, on the whole they are brave but not bonny, and good but not gay. Our arts at mid-century, then, are looking from a distance towards the character of a Sabbath dawn; meanwhile, in many areas, they are having a fine Saturday night.

## Review Article

### T. S. Eliot's New Play

by

DEREK STANFORD

In the Twelfth International Festival at Edinburgh, it was T. S. Eliot's play *The Elder Statesman* which provided the contemporary English note.

Indeed, the way in which Eliot has come to be associated with modern English letters — to stand as their honoured *doyen* — is surely a paradox of our time. Two great Americans by birth (need one say the other is Henry James?) visited England, made their home here, writing as its loving and discriminating critics. And Eliot, even more than the older master, has become more English than the English. One speaks of white men who have gone native, and Eliot appears to have achieved acclimatization in an opposite direction. One wonders, however, whether this trait, this national and artistic turn-coat act, truly provides an art and point-of-view which represent the changing England of to-day. If a man should write in a style of Shakespeare, we could not hold him to be our spokesman now. Much has happened to the English psyche since Shakespeare's contemporaries volleyed and thundered. Analogously, it may be asked whether Eliot's correctness of tone, his formality of mind, and precision of temper really recreate in the mirror of drama the internal currents of present English living. Outwardly, his two former plays — *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk* — struck many as a trifle old-fashioned in the social conventions which they represented. Both of them (unlike *Family Reunion* which offers a true picture of privileged society in the "Thirties") were set in post-War London, the war-scarred capital of a Welfare-State country. Yet both had a curious pre-War note about them — the hint of manners and even of speech which properly belong to the Edwardian era. Eliot, some felt, was harking back to a period of more gracious living; was, in fact, just a little dressing up the present in the more dignified dress of the past, as Charles Morgan had done in his novels. This is not to say that he was idealising the social circle which he portrayed. Like Henry James, he was nowise blind to its levities and affectations. But this moral censure, in both of them, did not preclude a certain fascination for the people they were anatomising. Nor could Eliot be held entirely free of a rather superficial snobbery. "They were excellent people. Nonconformists", declares lower-middle-class Mrs. Guzzard of some neighbours in *The Confidential Clerk*, revealing her ignorance of the Establishment's correct social gathering — a trite West-end theatrical joke. Have things changed, one asked, in waiting for the curtain to rise on *The Elder Statesman* at Edinburgh's eighteenth-century *Lyceum Theatre*?

A quick look at the programme as well as the first ten minutes of the play seemed to promise a repetition of what had entertained us before. Here was the Law and High Finance, the flavour of Aristocracy (via marriage, politics, and company directorship), a charming house in town, and an atmosphere of becoming leisure. The first four characters to appear wore, for Eliot followers, a familiar air. Charles Hemington<sup>1</sup>, a young barrister, reminded us of Edward Chamberlayne, the barrister husband of *The Cocktail Party*. Monica Claverton-Ferry<sup>2</sup>, daughter of Lord Claverton, recalled Lucasta, Mulhammer's natural daughter with her private allowance in *The Confidential Clerk*. And then Lord Claverton<sup>3</sup> himself, retired at the end of a distinguished career, could not but suggest Mulhammer, the financier of taste in Eliot's last drama. Inevitably, too, there was a butler. But these resemblances were not quite so strong as hasty supposition might have supposed. In *The Elder Statesman* the barrister was young: in *The Cocktail Party* tiredly middle-aged. Monica, likewise, was a tender girl, quiveringly responsive to love, while Lucasta in the earlier play was encased in the shell of a sad and *blasé* past. Claverton was greyly aged (one understood he had undergone a stroke): Mulhammer, to the outward eye, seemed a vigorous man in his prime.

So there *was* a difference, despite appearances; and for all Paul Roger's resemblance, in the leading rôle, to Mr. Macmillan with a dash of Somerset Maugham thrown in, the play contained the promise of a life of its own. This promise was strengthened when the next two characters appeared on the stage: Frederico Gomez<sup>4</sup>, a sinister Central American tycoon; and Mrs. Carghill<sup>5</sup> (once Maisie Mountjoy, née Battison), wealthy ex-chorus-girl widow, as blondly vulgarian as they come. From now onwards, until the third act, the sedate ambience of Eliot's stage-world was infused with a spirit of melodrama which might have come to us directly from such popular Edwardian fictioneers as Philip Oppenheim and Robert Hichens. Here was a breaking of the social ice far in advance of anything which the last two plays had attempted. At this point it is probably fairer to offer a résumé of plot and action.

Act One opens with Monica and her escort Charles Hemington returning to tea at her father's house after a shopping expedition. Charles makes the most of his time, whilst waiting for Lord Claverton's emergence from the library, to propose to his daughter who thereupon accepts him. But Charles, she says, will have to be patient; her father has been ordered away for a complete rest to Badgley Court, a hotel-cum-clinic (the very mention of which inclines the mind to Henry James's story *The Great Good Place* — an ironical reminder, as we shall later see). Monica must accompany her father; and until he is

<sup>1</sup> played by Richard Gale

<sup>2</sup> played by Anna Massey

<sup>3</sup> played by Paul Rogers

<sup>4</sup> played by William Squire

<sup>5</sup> played by Eileen Peel



cured or — more likely deceased, the wedding will have to be delayed.

The touching exchange of love and trust between this young couple is interrupted by Lord Claverton's entry. He is a distinguished man of sixty, prematurely old and utterly exhausted. Behind him lies a shining career with which most men would have been satisfied. A First at Oxford (in spite of wild oats, marriage to a woman of birth,) his father's money, his wife's connections and through them a place in the Ministry. Resigning his post, he had become a luminary in the City and sat on the boards of venerable Guilds. And now, having received a title, he is retiring from the world of action on account of ill-health, and the prospect utterly appalls him. Ahead of him, as he says, there seems only a vacuum which he has no interest to explore and not the slightest desire to fill. Andrew Marvell's words bespeak his condition:

And yonder all before [him] lie

Deserts of vast eternity.

In this new loneliness, he leans upon his daughter, a gentle and compassionate spirit. Without her he is lost, strangely unreal — a man unadjusted to the thought of having to die.

Now enter two figures from the past, who help to explain Lord Claverton's uneasiness of mind. The first of these is Frederico Gomez (a rich citizen of San Marco) who was at Oxford with Claverton. The latter had then been known as Dick Ferry before he took his wife's more distinguished family name. Gomez's past nomenclature has also been forgotten. As Fred Culverwell, a scholarship boy, he had learned expensive tastes from Claverton which his humble station could not support. As a result of his dissipations, Culverwell had become a forger and suffered a term of imprisonment. When his sentence was completed, Claverton had helped him to leave the country. Abroad, he had made good by dubious means, and now returns to dun his lordship with an ironical appeal for friendship. The second ghost to make its appearance is the ex-revue star Maisie Mountjoy, now the monied widow Mrs. Carghill, whose first lover Claverton had been. Garish and empty as Maisie is, she had once loved Claverton after her fashion and had only been bought-off from a breach-of-promise action by his well-to-do father's resources. Both of these characters maintain that Claverton first corrupted and then betrayed them. Gomez and Maisie recognize that the friendship and love which he seemed to offer were only sops to his vanity, egoistic conquests not genuine feeling. Claverton can only half deny their charge; and the blackmail which they levy upon him is all the more subtle since what they demand is his time and company, not his money. Both of them desire to live over again the past which to Claverton is totally repugnant. They believe that it explains their subsequent course, to which Claverton opened the door. Present, too, in their obsession with him is an undissolved element of hatred. They cannot forget that their bond with him was one which he repudiated. They have come back, late in the day, to remind him of this bond and to claim their pound of flesh.



On his side, Claverton coldly rejects them. He will have nothing to do with this resurrection of an old joint-guilt, and departs to Badgley Court to seek the quiet which his illness requires. To this ambiguous place of rest (one thinks of Harcourt-Reilly's private nursing-home) Claverton retires, and here we find him, badgered in the Second Act by Mrs. Piggott<sup>6</sup>, a bully of a matron. Neither is this establishment proof against more fearful visitants. The harpies descend on Claverton in the shape of Maisie and Gomez, who are not to be so easily cheated of their at-length defenceless prey. Further anxiety harries the sick man when his ne'er-do-well son arrives. Michael<sup>7</sup> has always felt himself burdened by his father's distinguished name and past, so that his own actions have been weighed and found wanting. A spendthrift and a drifter, he has wandered from job to job, obtaining the sack or giving in his notice. Now having been dismissed for the umpteenth time, he wants to leave the country, to renounce his family status, and in desperation to strike out for himself. Claimed by those whom he would forget, rejected by the heir he wishes to respect, Claverton sinks back as the curtain falls at the end of Act Two, a mortally anguished man.

Act Three commences with a fresh assault upon him. Maisie and Gomez have conspired to assist Claverton's sons in their own shady manner. Michael is to go out with Gomez to San Marco as his right-hand man (and engage in all the dangerous or suspicious dealings which that position will obviously entail). He also plans to change his name and take on a Latin-American address. What Michael regards as his good fortune seems to his father the crowning blow. His former victims (if victims they were) have ultimately contrived an unanswerable revenge.

And now like the protagonist — the tragic hero of classical drama — Claverton suffers the full peripety, the complete reversal and undoing of his pride. But what the Greek hero endures like a stoic, Claverton undergoes like a Christian (and this is important, since at the play's beginning his words are those of an unbeliever). He decides to make a full and free confession of his blemished past to Monica, the person who loves and admires him most. And this confession serves the double purpose of an act of contrition and expiation since in his own eyes it depreciates his image from that of a respectable ex-public figure to that of a nobody with a disreputable past. Monica is the first person he has shown himself to in his own sorry colours — (between his wife and himself there was always silence and misunderstanding) — but she is equal to the occasion. She welcomes with love the reality of her father as a suffering sinful person; and with his truth told and received a strange undiscovered peace descends upon Claverton's tortured spirit. Like Oedipus in Sophocles' play who goes out to die in the sacred grove, Claverton leaves the

<sup>6</sup> played by Dorothea Phillips

<sup>7</sup> played by Alec McCowen

stage to walk beneath the boughs of a favourite beech-tree which shelters the lawn at Badgley Court. The stage is now occupied by the young lovers Monica and Charles, and the former suddenly has an intimation that her father has died beneath the sheltering branches. "The dead," she says with a radiant grace, "have poured out a blessing on the living"; and because of this she feels no fear of decrepitude and death which will one day be her share. This moment in the play has a telepathic beauty which Anna Massey's sensitive acting exquisitely illuminated. Her looks and words, as she senses Claverton's death, suggest a celestial communication, a loving libation from the soul which has departed. Monica's last speech to Charles — "And now take me to my father" — leads us to think of that other Father whom Christians associate with their lasting peace.

This is Eliot's tenderest work; a drama of leave-taking, an emblem of farewell, which recalls the mood of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Just as Prospero abdicates from magic, so Claverton renounces the false personality which power and prestige have imprisoned him within. From early days Eliot has been concerned with the problem of old age and its attendant loss of power. We think of Alfred Prufrock, old before his time

With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —

[They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!']

of Gerontion "an old man in a dry month, / Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain"; of "the aged eagle" in *Ash Wednesday*; of Simeon "waiting for the death wind"; of the aging statesman in *Coriolan* called on, in the last line, to "RESIGN"; of the *Lines for an Old Man* in the *Minor Poems*; of Edward Chamberlayne with his middle-aged loss of zest in *The Cocktail Party*; and many other references unnecessary to recount. "The desperate exercise of waning power" — a problem which humanism (*pace* Cicero and Montaigne) has sometimes missed the answer to — has life-long obsessed Eliot's imagination. Freely to renounce what we cannot still control calls for a measure of deep self-knowledge; and to this end the method of confession is perhaps a man's surest means. At a press-conference Eliot stated that he thought a writer's religious view of life should colour his work without being present in so many explicit formulae. This, maybe, is another way of saying that if *The Elder Statesman* is a didactic work, what it teaches is not specific doctrine. The Christian over-tones in this drama are fewer than in any of the previous plays. (Nor is there any reason for believing that Claverton, after his contrition and confession, dies in a profession of the Faith<sup>a</sup>). But if the over-tones are absent, the Christian under-tones are more warmly abundant. *Caritas*, in all its plenitude of meaning — this is what the play manifestly expresses. To some of us it has

<sup>a</sup> It is true that Claverton speaks metaphorically of himself and his son "sitting at the same small desk together to learn the lesson of humility from the same master." [I quote from memory of the lines, the text not having as yet been made public]. But the 'master' here is experience, in a general sense, not Divine Providence.

seemed that Eliot's genius needed humanizing along the paths of sympathy, mercy and forgiveness. And to be both deeply humane and religious has, for certain minds, proved a herculean task. In *The Elder Statesman* many may feel that this symbiosis has been achieved. The other-worldly aspect of our being rejoices in Claverton's hard-won 'happy death', while the portion of our nature turned outwards to Creation delights in the relationship of the young lovers. This late touching vision of youthful love in an aging author is an endearing thing. The world of "the hollow men", about to terminate with a whimper, now regenerates itself with a kiss.

So much, then, for the meaning of the play — its 'message', to employ that suspect useful term. And, now, what of its artistic fitness; its contribution to contemporary English drama?

To take the last question first, *The Elder Statesman* appears to belong more to the immediate English scene than its predecessors. *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk* were, as Philip Hope-Wallace writes, "lay sermons of self-healing through self-knowledge in the guise of a light comedy." This comedic form, in social tone and language, appeared to borrow from the work of Noel Coward and Oscar Wilde. Here, in *The Elder Statesman*, the aristocratic upper-class ethos which dominates the drama of Wilde sustains some potent shocks from denizens of other social milieus. Gomez, the ex-grammar-school boy who failed to make good at Oxford but amasses a fortune in Central America, outwardly belongs to Edwardian popular fiction, the novels — say — of Philip Oppenheim. Psychologically considered, however, his resemblance is closer to Osborne's Jimmy Porter. Resentment against the upper-classes (as symbolized in Claverton) remains a powerful motive in his make-up even after he has made his money. Likewise, the rumour of wealth derived from unscrupulous dealings, violence, and danger comes as an explosive element in the world of Claverton's City transactions, so dignified and honourable, at least on the surface.

Mrs. Carghill (alias Maisie Mountjoy), in her younger self, might have hailed from such a pre-1914 romance as Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival*. The chorus-girl promoted to endowed widow-hood is not a type so representative of subtle class-tensions as they now exist. It is, though, interesting to compare Maisie Mountjoy with Jessie Dill — the regal rich ex-barmaid in Fry's *Venus Observed*. Jessie has been the Duke of Altair's mistress as Maisie has been Claverton's; and the way in which they regard their ex-lovers tells us something of their creator's mind. Both of these middle-aged women are portrayed as shrewd feminine types, but whereas Jessie remains unpossessive though sympathetic to her former lover, Maisie can never quite forgive her first beau. Resentment is a feeling which Eliot understands, in its subterranean workings, more fully than Fry. (Rosabel's jealousy in *Venus Observed* is not a matter

of jealousy alone. Her burning of the Duke's Observatory was intended to wake him from his egoistic trance:

to make you human,  
To bring you down to be among the rest of us,  
To make you understand the savage sorrows  
That go on below you)\*

Talking to the Press after his play's first night, Eliot repeated what he had said before, namely, that he regarded the Festival staging of the piece — and the former two had had their first showing at Edinburgh — as a kind of public dress-rehearsal or try-out. He remarked that he had altered the text of both the previous plays after their initial 'experimental' performances, and that he might likely be making changes in *The Elder Statesman*. Any technical criticism of the work must therefore be taken provisionally.

First, as to the characters, Eliot has met with both failure and success. Claverton, like Mulhammer, is real and substantial, with his own convincing problems, as Edward Chamberlayne hardly was. Monica, his daughter, is beautifully alive; a vitally, exquisitely sympathetic creature. The same, alas, cannot be said of her fiancé Charles. This young barrister is a poor bit of cardboard; and when Eliot was asked by a journalist whether he intended the character as a prig, and replied "Not at all", the inadequacy of conception became the more apparent. Gomez and Mrs. Carghill (for all the penetrating insight into their trains of thought) remain more good *ideas* of characters than successfully realized figures on the stage. But much here may have depended upon too emphatically pointed acting. Michael, the son, is a likely character, but the compulsions behind his behaviour were not sufficiently individualized. His speech remains too close to the stock of a son-overshadowed-by-father type — we have little interest in him as a person. Mrs. Piggott undoubtedly comes off, as most of Eliot's purely comic, secondary characters do.

The construction of the play is right enough. The urbane opening of Act One soon has us precipitated into the melodramatic world (a hint of Conrad vulgarized) of Gomez and his Latin-American background. The pace of Act Three is perhaps too slow; and despite the wisdom and beauty of Claverton's farewell passages, one feels that for the theatre something drags. Economy and tightening should be possible at this point.

The language of the play is that deceptive medium to which the playwright has accustomed us. Wit and repartee are handled well; and from the nice diction of Fowler's *English Usage* we are surreptitiously ushered into poetic idiom, where the words are bathed in a reflective limpid light. Monica, in her

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\* *Venus Observed* by Christopher Fry (Oxford University Press) 1950, page 80.

discovery of love, early in Act One, pronounces such a speech, as likewise in Act Three when she senses her father's death. Claverton mounts to the empyrean with a greater gradualness and verbal gravity. His is the poetry of offence recollected in the spirit's anguish, until he comes to speak his last address — his serene parting speech of achieved liberation.

To offer any further animadversions — before the text, with its possible revisions is fully opened to us — would perhaps be uncalled for. Sophocles, it will be remembered, sat down to write his *Oedipus Coloneus* at the age of eighty. Eliot is a whole decade younger and we should like to wish for him production in the years to come.

# THE NEW BOOKS

## Culture in Canada

*THE CULTURE OF CONTEMPORARY CANADA.* Edited by Julian Park. Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1957. Pp. 404. \$5.75.

The process of national self-appraisal, so conspicuous a feature of Canadian intellectual life since World War II, continues apace. One cannot help feeling that much of the activity is premature, since the tendency is to write sweeping surveys before the basic research has been done. This latest item in the series is symptomatic of the weakness. How can a really satisfactory short essay on our music or painting or science be written when there is no authoritative history of Canadian music or painting or science to draw upon? In almost every essay in this book one has the feeling that the author is conscious of skating on thin ice, of trying deftly to evade the gaps in his own knowledge.

This is only one of the ways in which this book is a disappointing one. Since it is edited by an American professor and issued by Cornell University Press, one might have hoped that it would be an outsider's appraisal of Canadian culture. An honest but sympathetic—or perhaps even better, an honest but unsympathetic—study of our 'culture' by an outsider would be most interesting and valuable. Unfortunately, the editor contributes only a short preface to this book, and all the chapters except the final one on the culture of French-Canada by Mason Wade are written by Canadians.

The Canadian contributors, however, have been well-chosen, and I have nothing but admiration for their individual efforts. Assigned a limited space in which to sum up our achievements, they have tackled the difficult job manfully and have produced a lively if fragmentary book. Their chief difficulty always has been to effect a reasonable compromise between generalization and particular fact, and although none of them has fully succeeded they have all made an honest effort. Roy Daniells, in his

chapter on "Poetry and the Novel", has perhaps come closest to complete success, but even he bogs down towards the end of the essay by getting himself involved in naming and attaching a label to almost every Canadian poet who has written a decent lyric in the last twenty years. It is a difficulty to which I have succumbed myself in the past and I do not wish to appear supercilious, but I do think that Daniells should have been much more selective and confined his attention to trends and prospects in recent Canadian poetry rather than attempting to deal with individuals. However, Daniells' essay is full of the brilliant *aperçus* for which he is justly famous among his colleagues, and his suggestive essay is alone worth the price of the book.

It would take too long to deal even in that amount of detail with all the essays in the book, so I shall content myself with a few random comments on the remainder. Wilfrid Eggleston's chapter on "The Press" is a charming essay on what I would have expected to be a dull subject; he seems to me to have struck a very happy balance between general theory and particular fact. Robert Hubbard's essay on "Growth in Canadian Art" is informed and informative, but it suffers even more than Daniells' essay from a desire to say something about almost every individual artist. I fully sympathize with him in his problem, but I cannot feel that it is very illuminating to sum up the painting of the Maritimes in a sentence such as this: "Painting in the Maritime Provinces covers a wide variety of styles, from the gently cubist landscapes of Jack Humphrey to the angular abstractions of Lawren Harris, Jr., and including the sensitive figures of Robert Annand, the disturbing dreams of Miller Brittain and the magic realism of Alexander Colville." I much prefer C. B. Macpherson's schematic approach, in his chapter on "The Social Sciences", to this kind of label-pasting. Macpherson's, incidentally, is one of the most trenchant essays in the book: he really makes a pattern meaningful to the layman out of the apparently chaotic mass



of historical, economic, and sociological writing in contemporary Canada.

Millar MacLure, writing on "Literary Scholarship", must have felt especially cramped for space. In twenty pages he has to survey the work in English, American and Canadian literature, the modern languages, the classics, the Semitic studies. He has done his best, but the result is inevitably superficial. I am obviously biased in feeling that he has done less than justice to the recent history and criticism of Canadian literature. The work which was originated by E. K. Brown's *On Canadian Poetry* and A. J. M. Smith's *Book of Canadian Poetry* in 1943 deserves rather more detailed treatment in a book of this kind than he has given it, and such work is likely to become a more and more important part of literary scholarship in Canada.

The attribution of only twenty pages to "Literary Scholarship" points up one of the chief weaknesses of this book—its faulty proportions. If all the literary scholarship in Canada is worth only twenty pages, why should the theatre, which has been so backward until the last few years, be worth eighteen, and philosophy, which has been virtually non-existent, be worth fifty? The authors of these chapters have presented their scanty material well, but a careful reading of, say, John A. Irving's chapter on English-Canadian philosophy only confirms one's suspicion that there have been no English-Canadian philosophers but only a series of more or less enlightened teachers of philosophy.

If one wonders why some subjects were given so much space, one wonders also why some were included at all. What definition of culture did the editor have in mind? Not, obviously, culture in the broadest sense as a way of life, for there is virtually nothing in the book about the distinctive patterns (if any) of Canadian social life. But if, then, the implicit definition of culture being used is the narrow one of the arts and humane studies, one wonders why the chapter on education is included, or the chapter on science. It would certainly be possible to treat education and science as cultural forces, but the authors of these chapters are content to give more or less factual surveys.

One finds oneself wishing that the whole book could have been written by one man, who at least could have given the book a unity that it now so sadly lacks. At the very least, a general chapter on the culture of English-Canada might have supplemented Mason Wade's splendid chapter on the culture of French-Canada. As it is, the book has no personality, no central theme, no sense of direction or of over-riding purpose. There are gaps that cry out to be filled. What, for example, of the regional cultures, such as those which centre in Halifax, Fredericton, Winnipeg, or Regina? What of the cultural rôle of that peculiarly Canadian institution, the annual meeting of the Learned Societies? What of such choirs as that of St. Joseph's University in Memramcook, New Brunswick, which has won the Lincoln Trophy four or five times in succession and has won acclaim in Europe, and yet does not even get mentioned in the chapter on music?

The fragmentary impression made by the book is worsened by the peculiar format which has been adopted. Instead of one really comprehensive bibliography, we get selective bibliographies for each section and then a concluding "Selective Bibliography of Books not Previously Mentioned!" The Index is perhaps the most irritating feature of all. The editor attempts to disarm us by saying that "no attempt has been made to include the names of all persons mentioned in the text", but this cannot excuse the extremely arbitrary nature of the selection. E. K. Brown is listed, but not H. N. Frye and A. S. P. Woodhouse; H. A. Innis is in, but Creighton and Lower are left out; Lampman is in, but not Carman.

*The Culture of Contemporary Canada* is a book, then, with many faults, but containing a group of interesting progress reports on various of our cultural activities. Perhaps its very inadequacy will arouse some individual Canadian or American to attempt the herculean task of writing a better book on the same subject from a more definite point of view.

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350 ANS DE THÉÂTRE AU CANADA FRANÇAIS. By Jean Béraud. Montreal, Le Cercle du Livre de France. 1957. Pp. 316. \$5.00.

For those familiar with the broad outline of French Canadian literature, the publication of a volume entitled *350 ans de théâtre au Canada Français* would seem, at first thought, to be somewhat of a venture. Since Michel Bibaud's *Épîtres et satires* (1830) there has been a continuous flow of poetry, reaching at times the high levels of Emile Nelligan, Saint-Denis Garneau and Alain Grandbois. In the contemporary period, the novel has come into its own with Gabrielle Roy, Robert Elie, André Langevin and numerous others. But what of drama? In order to flourish, drama and high comedy normally require the wide and discriminating audiences which only large cities such as London, Paris and New York afford. Until very recent times, Canada was, to say the least, not a very propitious proving ground for ambitious young playwrights. Both English and French Canada have suffered, drama-wise, from this state of affairs, and it is therefore not surprising that plays written and produced in this country have not measured up to achievements in poetry and in the novel.

And yet, there has always been in French Canada a very lively interest in the stage. Mr. Béraud sets out to record this interest, for his *350 ans de théâtre au Canada* must needs be a history of efforts on the part of players and their managers to keep alive in Canada certain parts of the classic French repertory, as much as, if not more than a review of such attempts as have been made by dramatists to create an indigenous tradition.

The author has engaged in considerable research to bring to light the type of plays that were produced in New France and the reception which they were accorded. After having mentioned, for the sake of accuracy, the first "Canadian" play, Lescarbot's *Les muses de la Nouvelle-France* (Paris, 1609), Mr. Béraud gives interesting details regarding Frontenac's insistence on having produced in Quebec, after Corneille's *Nicomède* and Racine's *Mithridate*, Molière's indictment of religious hypocrisy, *Tartuffe*.

After the Conquest, British troops and their commanders seem to have taken

particular delight in arranging performances in Quebec City of some of the best known of Molière's comedies: *Le bourgeois gentil-homme*, *Le médecin malgré lui*, *Les fourberies de Scapin*. In Montreal, destined to become the cultural centre of French Canada, numerous ill-fated ventures were to be made throughout the nineteenth century to establish a regular theatre season. This chronicle is interesting reading in itself and Mr. Béraud has spared no effort in supplying picturesque and little known details, such as Dickens being able to satisfy in 1842, in Montreal, a cherished desire to act in comedies directed by himself.

There is little to be said about the plays written during the nineteenth century by French Canadian authors. Restricted to a great extent to college productions (that is to say, produced in the *collèges classiques*), the most memorable of these remains *Le jeune Latour*, written by Antoine Gérin-Lajoie in 1844 at the age of twenty, a play which under no imaginable circumstances it would be possible to resurrect today. Between 1844 and the end of the century, at which time appeared Louis Fréchette's *Véronica*—a pompous and unrealistic product of this poet's imagination—the outstanding theatrical events were furnished by the arrival of visiting French players. It is a curious chapter in the history of French Canadian theatre that some of the greatest actors associated with the Comédie Française should have had occasion to make extended stays in Montreal during this period while leaving no visible trace of their art in French Canadian letters. That something was lacking had been visible to Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt. The great tragedienne, who came to know French Canadian audiences quite well, characteristically blurred out the truth as she saw it during an interview in Quebec City in 1905. Having encountered considerable opposition during her successive tours of French Canada as a result of her supposedly immoral acting and her presenting such sinful plays as Scribe's *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, she bluntly stated that over the years French Canadians had lost all true French traits. To the observation that much was owed to the clergy, she is reported to have replied, "Vous lui devez ce progrès en arrière qui vous fait ressembler à la Turquie." (p. 120). Jean Béraud treats this phase of theatre-going in French Canada with considerable

deftness, allowing the reader to reach his own conclusions about the accuracy of the accusations which, in those hectic days, flew from all sides.

The second half of *350 ans de théâtre au Canada Français* is devoted to the modern period, beginning roughly at the time of the Second World War. The decade which followed those eventful years witnessed a considerable increase in the number of famous French actors visiting Canada, among them being Gémier, director of the Odéon, and Sacha Guitry. The latter was to give some sound advice to French Canadians urging them to give the widest possible freedom to their young writers, to allow these to strike out fearlessly at all aspects of Canadian life (Guitry was specific in singling out "hypocrisy" as the arch-enemy of the Canadian playwright.). It is highly probable that the advice of Sacha Guitry and that of other visiting French luminaries provided a liberating influence on the theatre in French Canada.

Considerable scope is given by Jean Béraud to the first truly creative efforts made by stage managers and playwrights in French Canada. Gratien Gélinas, author, actor, producer and manager all rolled into one, was to inaugurate a new phase in the history of the theatre with his *Fridolinons* series which began in 1938. His unabashed comedy, poking fun alternately at French and English-speaking Canadians, showed a type of self-confidence which had hitherto been wanting among playwrights. A parallel development was taking place about the same time in the field of religious drama. Gustave Lamarche was to produce his biblical dramas *Jonathas* and *Tobie*, while Emile Legault, director of the *Compagnons de Saint-Laurent*, stressed the necessity of an aesthetic approach to plays such as *Athalie* or even to *Le mystère de la Messe* by the modern French Catholic writer, Henri Ghéon.

The remaining years are the most encouraging in the history of the theatre. In 1942 the Quebec Government awarded a modest budget for the creation of a *Conservatoire de musique et d'art dramatique*. Legault's *Compagnons*, broadening their repertoire and travelling about the country, set a remarkably high standard in such classics as *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*

and Anouilh's *Antigone*. By 1949, there were no less than twelve theatrical companies in Montreal alone. The French Canadian public during these crucial years took to the idea of having playwrights of its own and gave encouragement to the first efforts of Yves Thériault (*Le Marcheur*) and Eloi de Grandmont (*Un Fils à Tuer*). Gratien Gélinas, with his highly successful *Tit-Coq*, gives convincing proof that under certain conditions, theatre can be a remunerative venture in Canada. In 1951, Jean Gascon in an interview with the press announced the creation of the *Théâtre du Nouveau Monde*, which has subsequently proved in New York and Europe that the theatre in French Canada has come of age. During these important years, the most successful companies operated on very slim margins. The demise in 1952 of Emile Legault's *Compagnons* was a severe blow to French Canadian theatre, and provided ample proof that without adequate financial support, there was a danger that the gains of a generation might be lost. At this juncture, however, as Mr. Béraud points out, the Stratford Festival provided a stimulus. Finally, the recent creation in Montreal of the *Comédie Canadienne*, with the financial support of Dow's Breweries and the Quebec Government, represents the realisation of many a player's dream and of that of Gratien Gélinas in particular. Henceforth, a modern and well equipped theatre will be permanently at the disposal of budding Canadian playwrights, whether English or French.

Mr. Béraud's rambling chronicle of the history of the theatre fills a gap, the main reference work on the subject having been Léopold Houllé's amateurish *L'histoire du théâtre au Canada* (Montreal, Fides, 1945) which is now happily superseded. Throughout his very detailed study, the author of *350 ans de théâtre au Canada Français* follows simultaneously the history of English stage productions in French Canada, the two having always been closely associated. This is an example which historians of Canadian Literature could well follow, as the subtle influences which Canada's two traditions have exerted on each other are more numerous than is generally realized. The iconography, devoted mostly to actors and stage settings, adds to the value of Mr. Béraud's work.

It is regrettable that this, the first in what purports to be a ten-volume Encyclopaedia of French Canada, should have no index. Even if Le Cercle du Livre de France manages to publish at some future date a complete index of the ten volumes, the value of Mr. Béraud's conscientious study as a reference work will have suffered considerably over the intervening years. It is very much to be hoped that publishers in French Canada gradually abandon the practice of printing works of erudition without taking into sufficient consideration the needs of the scholar or researcher. Nothing can be said in favour of the very numerous quotations with which Mr. Béraud has interspersed his book without indicating his sources, particularly when some of these quotations are translations. These shortcomings, though serious enough, do not alter the fact that *350 ans de théâtre au Canada Français* is a welcome contribution to the field of French Canadian Literature.

G. TOUGAS

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### The Crown in Canada

*THE OFFICE OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.* By John T. Saywell. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 302. \$5.50.

Dr. Saywell's book is the ninth in the Canadian Government Series edited by Robert MacGregor Dawson, whose recent death after a distinguished career in teaching and research left Canadian scholars greatly in his debt. It is an excellent book,—scholarly, readable, interesting, and instructive; in fact the author himself might well be honoured for his work with a term in the first lieutenant-governorship that becomes vacant!

The book includes studies of the Lieutenant-Governor's office, powers, and relations with ministers. The precedents and practices are thoroughly discussed, and the constitutional issues are examined with care and judgment. There are some minor errors (P.E.I. does have a Government

House, p. 20), and some of the issues are described in a bit too much detail. But the whole is a rich mine of information on the office.

Dr. Saywell's book suffers from the same limitations of other studies of the Crown in Canada, including Eugene Forsey's and my own. It features the issues and the crises, and, because the necessary material is not available, says relatively little of the normal functions of the office and of the men who occupy it. Such treatment makes the Lieutenant-Governor appear an anachronism and a nuisance. The public view of the Governor is even less favorable because most people never hear of his constitutional functions, and, if they do, they don't understand them. He must act behind the scenes and leave publicity and credit to his elected ministers on whom the public eye is naturally focussed. The result is opinions such as that of Professor Norman Ward who reviewed Dr. Saywell's book in the *Canadian Historical Review* and said that "certainly the current general estimate of the Lieutenant-Governor, as a figure of almost infinitesimal significance, is substantially accurate".

Let me disagree with my good friend Ward and say that that estimate is inaccurate and unjust. I don't want to be an apologist for the office, but I have seen too many instances of its practical value to be convinced of its insignificance.

Criticism of the Senate is similar, and it results from the same misunderstanding of the place of a non-elective office in government. In this day of public relations we are inclined to give our attention only to elected people who must cater to us to get our votes, and neglect others who, being appointed and comparatively quiet, give the impression of doing nothing.

It must be clearly understood that, under our parliamentary system, the Premier cannot be the head of the provincial government. His position *vis-à-vis* the legislature and the people requires that he be in second place,—that he be not the master but the servant—supportable, criticizable and dismissable. His ministers have the same status. The Lieutenant-Governor keeps the top place occupied; without him there can be no premiership as we now know it. No matter how powerful the servants may be or how powerless the master may seem to be, their positions are clear and im-

portant. The theory that the legislature is the real master is not enough; it has been easy for some Premiers to dominate their legislatures. Indeed the Lieutenant-Governor is part of the legislature, and his status can be considered as reinforcing, rather than rivalling, its supremacy. But, they say, His Honour doesn't *do* anything. Such criticism is like considering a fire extinguisher useless and a waste of money because it isn't "used".

The Lieutenant-Governor is, however, more than a mere constitutional fire extinguisher. In practice he has often been a real deterrent to Premiers tempted to ignore the rules; and, let us be frank, many Premiers have been so tempted, especially where large legislative majorities have encouraged them at times to take themselves too seriously. Many political shenanigans have been prevented (not all of them, of course) by the mere fact that some Premiers have had to act in the second, rather than top, position and in the presence of a fairly able Lieutenant-Governor. Some politicians will pretty well do what they can get away with; like little boys out to steal apples, when the legislature's back is turned they are more careful if someone is looking on who owns a rusty and infrequently-used shotgun loaded with reserve powers. He is not expected to shoot, but his presence reminds possible invaders that they don't own the orchard.

I disagree with some observers that the rights to be consulted, to encourage, and to warn are obsolete as far as the Lieutenant-Governor is concerned. I have seen them used. Canada has had several Lieutenant-Governors whose wisdom is respected by Premiers, and there are occasions when His Honour is just about the only person in authority who can talk to the Premier or be consulted by him. For this reason I agree with Dr. Saywell when he suggests (p. 264) that a longer term would be useful.

Dr. Saywell, in so competently discussing the crises, dismisses the decorative functions of the Lieutenant-Governor a bit too readily. Political history has clearly shown that pomp is inseparable from power and that few humans are able to handle both at the same time. Provincial politicians are no exceptions. Power is hard enough for the average Premier to bear; give him pomp

too and he simply could not function in our parliamentary system. To put the pomp in government house is, therefore, wise and democratic strategy. Furthermore, the same public that likes ritual in their courts, churches, and lodges likes it in government and it is no more snobbish there than it is in the other places. Some may scoff at the trappings, but, as any private secretary will testify, every organization from university to business convention regards the presence of His Honour as adding coveted prestige to a gathering, and an invitation to government house with most people still outshines tickets of admission to any other social function.

As for cost, the office is a cheap form of constitutional protection and governmental public relations. Dr. Saywell estimates the Canadian people pay two cents each per year for their governorships. We pay more than that each morning to enable the breakfast cereal companies to offer us cheap premiums with their products.

The trouble with the governorship is political appointment and inadequate salary. There is no reason why the office, any more than senate seats, should go exclusively to party faithfuls. Canada has many distinguished men in the professions and in business whose appointment would give the governorship far more effectiveness and prestige than would second-string politicians. As for salary, it is droll for the federal government to take income tax on it. As the Carron case in Quebec so well brought out in the Exchequer Court, the Lieutenant-Governor's salary, and a great deal of his own money as well, goes out in expenses. If this income tax could be waived there would be a much wider circle of prospects available for government houses. It must be recognized that the office of Lieutenant-Governor, just like any other office, depends not on powers alone, but also on the person occupying it. Now that politicians get pensions, their exclusive monopoly on government houses and the Senate can no longer be justified.

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## Northern Adventures

**ARCTIC TRADER.** By Charles Madsen with John Scott Douglas. Toronto: Dodd, Mead and Company (Canada) Limited. 1957. Pp. 273. \$4.50.

**MEN AGAINST THE FROZEN NORTH.** By Ritchie Calder. London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons (Canada) Ltd. 1957. Pp. 273. \$3.50.

These two books form a useful factual review of half a century of change in the Arctic.

Before he died in 1954 at the age of 71, Charles Madsen had tape recorded many memories of his life in Alaska. These have been put into book form by John Scott Douglas. As a young Dane with sailing experience on the world's oceans, Madsen went to Nome, Alaska in 1902 at the age of 19. He married an Eskimo girl who taught him much of the lore of the Arctic and how to live comfortably in an inhospitable climate during his winter travels. For several years he traded from Nome, during the summer by schooner along the Siberian coast, and during the winter along the Alaskan coast by dog team.

He was a careful observer and his comments on native customs, and on natural history make informative reading. His first-hand accounts of polar bear life history and of an attack by a wounded walrus are full of action and fine detail. He had the distinction of introducing both outboard motors and phonographs to the Siberian coastal natives. These natives believed in the powers of evil spirits to cause illness. Using what we would now call psychosomatic treatment, he was able to effect some rapid cures.

After years as a successful trader, Madsen's livelihood collapsed with the deterioration of fur prices during World War I. He then accepted an appointment as a game warden for the Alaska peninsula, and, with his usual vigorous approach, in a few years much reduced the illegal sale of liquor to the natives and their wasteful use of caribou as baits on their trap lines.

In 1918 he and his Eskimo wife were divorced. In 1919 he returned to the trading business—at first by ship and shortly after

on land, by store. Madsen's second wife, a Russian, died of pneumonia in 1927. In that year he began guiding hunting parties and two years later he gave up his store-keeping activities to become a full time guide in which occupation he was later assisted by his third wife.

While Madsen's story deals with the history of the changing Alaskan Arctic, Calder's book shows the result of a series of somewhat parallel changes in Arctic Canada. In the spring of 1956, Calder, Science Editor of the *News Chronicle* of London took a series of trips in Arctic Canada, where in contrast to the Alaska of Madsen's day, Eskimos are now taught to prospect for uranium and where in a few months a man can travel 40,000 miles by aircraft, dog team and snowmobile, most of it in comparative comfort. Like Madsen he tells his story in the first person with a wealth of personally experienced detail.

Calder's several trips, together, were intended as a reconnaissance not only of the terrain but also of the manifold problems and possibilities of a region which is still little known and often misunderstood by the public. The places he visited and the many people he met were all studied and carefully recorded in order to present a broad, factual picture of present conditions. This makes the book not only an interesting Arctic travelogue but a precise record of value to the serious student of Arctic problems.

With the co-operation of the civil and military arms of the Canadian Government and of several private agencies in the North, Calder was able to range widely across the Arctic. He early completed the R.C.A.F. Arctic survival training course which allayed any misgivings he had about living in the area. He visited "Alert" the northernmost manned point in Canada, flew over the north pole and saw "Thule" the gigantic U.S. military base on the west coast of Greenland. He met men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, nurses and doctors, all working to help the Indians and Eskimos in isolated areas. He visited the camps of the Geological Survey's "Operation Franklin" while the story of the rocks was unravelled. He discussed the edible evidence of the success of some types of northern agriculture at the re-



search station at Ft. Simpson and only avoided by hours being marooned there during the spring break-up of the Mackenzie River.

He travelled with R.C.M. Police officers on patrol and stayed at Hudson's Bay Company posts. Through numerous contacts with Eskimos he came to understand many of the problems which they face and which are shared by those trying to help them to adjust to their rapidly changing environment.

Having slept in igloos and in steam-heated barracks, travelled by dog team and helicopter and exchanged stories with newcomers and natives he is convinced that the north has a great future—but he is not carried by enthusiasm beyond the known facts of mineral and agricultural wealth and possibilities. He concludes by changing the old saying to "Go north—young man".

Both books are well written in an interesting style. Both are well illustrated by carefully-chosen photographs which add much to the narrative. Both are well produced with clear, easily-legible type.

Typographical and technical errors are few and the reader will derive from both books the results of much good first-hand observation of conditions, people and things over a 54-year period.

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**COPPERMINE JOURNEY.** *Selected from the Journals of Samuel Hearne.* By Farley Mowat. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1958. Pp. 144. \$3.50.

**PATHFINDERS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.** By Marius Barbeau. *Drawings by Arthur Price.* Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. 235. \$6.00.

*Coppermine Journey* is the chronicle of a magnificent adventure. Samuel Hearne rightly deserves to stand with Champlain and Mackenzie among the handful of intrepid men who, facing mortal danger and myriad difficulties, have single-handed map-

ped vast areas of this land. Hearne explored a quarter-million square miles of the Barren Lands in four years, blazing a five hundred mile trail which was not to be followed again by white men until this century. In his journey for the Hudson's Bay Company in search of reported copper mines the twenty-five year old Hearne left Churchill in 1770, and after two abortive attempts, finally crossed overland to the mouth of the Coppermine River on Coronation Gulf, returning via Great Slave Lake in 1772. His account of this epochal trip, with its record of hardships and endurance, its insights into the life of the Northern Indians, its vivid description of the flora and fauna of the tundra, will always be fascinating reading.

Hearne's journal first appeared posthumously in 1795, and was not reprinted until 1911 when the Champlain Society produced a limited edition edited by the Arctic expert, the late J. B. Tyrell. Mr. Farley Mowat has more than halved the text of Hearne's journal, rearranged the materials, and modernized its style and punctuation. Mr. Mowat speaks of 'what may well be considered outrageous liberties with the original text', but any purist who doubts the improvement has only to compare this with the full text to appreciate the excellence of the editing.

*Pathfinders in the North Pacific* is not an account of explorers and exploration as such. Instead its theme is two precious commodities—the luxurious pelt of the sea otter, and gold—and the part they have played in developing the Pacific Northwest. The book is a happy mixture of economics, folklore and history, written in the usual interesting style of the Dean of Canadian ethnology.

The sea otter led the Russians to Alaska, and the trade in their furs in turn made western Europe aware of a new world to conquer. As cod and beaver brought New World and Old together, so the sea otter linked the interests and trade of Occident and Orient. The developing China trade based on the sea otter produced an eighteenth century social and cultural revolution in Europe through the "China mania", tea, coffee, and chocolate. Religion soon followed trade into the Pacific, and in the chapter "Knaves or Saints" Dr. Barbeau discusses the impact of Christianity on the

natives of the region. A later chapter tells the story of William Duncan, "The Apostle of Alaska".

Gold, the second siren of the North Pacific, is considered more briefly in connection with the Yukon gold rush, and here are given case histories of some of the successes and failures of the sourdough era. A diversion into folk art is provided by a study of scrimshawing—the art of carving on whales' teeth and bone.

Dr. Barbeau's sources for this stimulating book are the records of the Pathfinders—the old ones in printed accounts, the later based on his personal research into the oral history of the area. Although its material is more varied and less integrated, *Pathfinders in the North Pacific* is, like *Coppermine Journey*, interesting and entertaining reading.

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## The Business System

*CANADIAN MONETARY, BANKING AND FISCAL DEVELOPMENT.* By R. Craig McIvor. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1958. Pp. xix + 263. \$4.75.

The focal point for most of this book is the evolution of Canadian commercial banking. The basic features of the present system of commercial banking in Canada were established before Confederation. The opening of the Bank of Montreal in 1817 marked its beginning. The issue of Canadian Army bills during the War of 1812 had demonstrated the possible contribution of a well-regulated paper issue and had lessened somewhat the distrust of the French Canadians for paper currencies. The successful operation of the First Bank of the United States (1791) also facilitated the establishment of Canada's first bank, whose Articles of Association were on the whole identical with those of the American bank. By Confederation nineteen chartered banks were operating in the Province of Canada and four each in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

While the British government hoped that the coinage could be based upon the sterling standard of value, the banks in both Canadas denominated their notes in dollars from their inception. Decimal units had been used in exchange for decades. In 1853 transactions in decimal currency were legalized and in 1858 it was adopted for government accounts.

By the time of Confederation the following features of the banking system had already been developed: the "pledge" provisions assuring a basis for extending bank loans to the extractive industries, branch banking, and an unsecured note issue (the latter was modified with the introduction of the Central Gold Reserves in 1913). Professor McIvor singles out "distinctive" or "unique" features of the Canadian banking system such as the "pledge" provisions (introduced in the Act of 1859), the simultaneous renewal of all bank charters at ten-year intervals, which led to "a remarkable sensitivity to public opinion, on the part of the bankers" (initiated by "The Bank Act of 1871"), and the provision for an excess circulation of bank notes during the crop-moving period (1908).

Partly because of the availability of foreign capital, Canada was able to remain on the gold standard without interruption from 1853 to 1914. The sole monetary policy of the government was the preservation of the external value of the currency. The chartered banks were required to maintain the convertibility of their notes and deposits into gold or Dominion notes. Because of runs on the banks in August, 1914, the government suspended gold convertibility. Full convertibility was not restored until July 1, 1926. Within 2½ years the external value of the Canadian dollar had fallen—largely because gold exports did not lead to a restriction in bank credit, which would have curtailed the Canadian boom. The banks could obtain a seemingly endless supply of reserves under the provisions of the Finance Act, a device adopted to help finance the war but then mistakenly made permanent in 1923. Trouble was bound to result from such trappings of a central bank without any effective control on the volume of "rediscounting".

The contrast between the lack of any monetary policy to curb the 1926-29 boom and the policy pursued by the Bank of

Canada in the 1955-57 boom is instructive. Referring to the "numerous 'soft' spots in the Canadian economy late in 1957" Professor McIvor contends that "the lack of any clearly discernible trend supported the holding action adopted by the Bank."

He points out that the traditional function of rising interest rates is to discourage marginal borrowers of capital and to encourage greater savings. Canadian post-war experience "clearly suggests" that inflation is likely to be very much more serious if interest rates are not raised. The widespread suffering and loss which can result from an overissue of paper money is well exemplified by the paper money orgies in New France. By 1760 some of these paper issues had depreciated so much that they were regarded as practically worthless—even before the conquest by the British, who finally redeemed the French issues at one-quarter of their face value.

This well-written volume should provide excellent reading for anyone wishing an introduction to Canadian monetary problems. While some experts might disagree with some of Professor McIvor's judgments, I suspect that such areas of disagreement are not likely to be numerous.

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*THE AMERICAN BUSINESS SYSTEM, A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE 1900-1955.* By Thomas C. Cochran. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1957. Pp. viii + 227. \$6.25.

This is a small book in which the author tries to do an enormous job—"to see the history of business forms and business action in their essential relationships to technological and industrial change, and to suggest some of the interactions of the whole complex with the rest of American civilization". The central theme is the interrelated development of a scientific technology, mass production, big business and professional managements on the one hand, and big government on the other. The principal questions concern the conflicts and communities of interest between

business and government, between big business and small, and between owners and managers; the changes in American cultural, social and political life arising from the evolution of the business system, and the strengths of the United States business system in the face of the new world-wide political and economic challenges.

The book is presented in two parts, the first covering the period 1900-1929 and the second dealing with 1930-1955. In the first part Cochran develops his theme regarding big business. American culture placed a primacy on business success in the system of social values; he puts it thus: "... business-like values and respect for them seemed the most pervasive common element in American culture, more so than religion, world mission, the democratic spirit, or similar formulations of American ideals". But, it was to small business, in which the vast majority of 'businessmen' operated, that approval was given. Big business was generally respected but was distrusted both by the public at large and by the majority of (small) businessmen; indeed the major attack on business before the first world war was largely one on big business by or for small business.

Cochran argues that, into this 'small-business' culture, there has been injected an increasingly large layer of big business; "bigness and the managerial system together were the fundamental business developments of the twentieth century and had their basis in technological change". Bigness was fostered by the increasing use of scientific ideas which required large and costly staff and facilities, by mass-production and improvements in communications and similar tendencies. Bigness almost inevitably involved the agglomeration of large pools of capital and thus the widespread sale of securities of corporations through the capital market. This inevitably led to a widened separation of ownership and management; the separation together with the complicated and technical administrative operations of big units led to the rapid growth in size and influence of the professional management class. Big business was driven to special emphasis on public relations both by the need to raise funds in the capital market and by the need to ward off the traditional American fears of big-

ness. This theme is illustrated by examination of some of the big industrial developments of the twentieth century; electrical equipment, the Panama canal, automobiles, the consolidated iron and steel industry, and chemicals.

The crash of 1929 and the great depression of the 1930's shook the American economic system to its roots as nothing else had done in the history of the republic. Suddenly the spectacular successes of big promotions and the carefully-nurtured image of a new era vanished; if big business had taken the credit for the new era, it had also to take the blame for the decline. Suddenly it also seemed paradoxical that big business could capitalize on the faith in a self-regulating economy while at the same time purporting to be influencing and shaping the American economy and the tastes and beliefs of Americans.

Cochran takes us through the debates of the 1930's about what was the matter with the American economy, through the then radical actions of the Roosevelt administration, through the enormous growth in the influence of government on business and then, in the second world war period and during the Korean war, into the development of something of a partnership of government and business in shaping the American economy. He also discusses the development of the national corporation and of the relationships of the branches of these corporations to the areas in which they operate, and the new interest in human relations in industry.

The task that Cochran undertakes is an enormous one, and he can be forgiven if the story does not come off in all respects. This reviewer, being an economist, is most put out by some of the economic passages. For example, Cochran makes the following remarks: "The greatest depression in American history may remain the subject of argument for many years, but there is almost no dispute regarding the basic causes of the greatest boom (that since 1940)". One can only express profound skepticism of what purport to be explanations of the great boom which is much more recent than the depression and which has had less study, particularly when one realizes that the basic explanations of booms and depressions pose exactly the same methodological problems. Cochran makes quite a story out of a

change in the distribution of income in the period 1910-1929 in such a way as to reduce the share going to the lower-income groups. When one knows something of the sketchy nature of our information on the distribution of income in this period, this part of Cochran's story must be treated as interesting but unsubstantiated. Doubtless specialists in other disciplines would find similar details to which they would object. Nevertheless, this is an interesting effort at trying to appraise the development of the American business system and its relationship to the political, social and cultural life of America.

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### The World Today

*TO PLOW WITH HOPE.* By D. K. Faris. New York: Harper and Brothers. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. 223. \$4.25.

Most of the world's population today are farmers who plow without hope of any improvement in their conditions in life. They are caught in a "poverty pattern from which they cannot escape". "Because hundreds of men and women along with their children are slowly starving, their minds are lethargic; their lives, lacking the stimulus of new knowledge, become circumscribed and they pass from the freedom of childhood into a premature drudgery which marks mere existence."

Yet, Dr. Faris, out of a lifetime's experience with such people, believes that they can be brought to hope. He does not avoid the population problem nor deny that the widespread application of modern health measures and the new drugs is so reducing death rates from disease that before long nothing may be left but man's starvation to contain the population "explosion" now in the making in southeast Asia. He admits that the impact of this medical revolution, unbalanced by an equally revolutionary attack on the problems of food production and education, would, by destroying the balance of this society, be a preparation for disaster.

The cost of providing anything remotely like western standards of food, health and education would be so great as to be impossible seriously to contemplate. Yet Dr. Faris does not give up hope because he thinks that with types and amounts of aid quite within our capacity to provide, the peasant farmers of the world could be given such an initial lift on the long and difficult journey to a better life, that they would soon acquire the determination, the energy and the knowledge to go on by themselves. His program has little resemblance, therefore, to the grandiose development plans which the governments of underdeveloped countries have too often thought up with the encouragement of western "experts". His is a "grass roots" program beginning with the peasant in his rural village. Foreign trained workers would show him how to raise crop yields by the use of insect disease controls, better seeds, more fertilizer and improved cultivation, while the teachers encourage some to learn to read so that they may themselves find out what to do next and how to do it. By mass education methods whose effectiveness has been shown again and again the peasants then spread the gospel of improvement and share in teaching their neighbours how to read.

Foreign aid must finance, and staff initially, the training of the native demonstrators and teachers. It should give the farmers better tools of the sort he uses rather than tractors or harvesting machines, iron spades for wooden, the scythe and cradle for the short handled sickle. It should maintain a growing core of agricultural specialists to improve methods and tools for the farmer and to devise ever cheaper ways of carrying out the educational program. Only by concentrating on the simplest changes in tools, methods and ideas is there any hope of making improvements in farming quickly and extensively enough that food output may catch up with and surpass the growth of population. This is not to deny the importance of the land reclamation and irrigating projects. It is rather to say that alone they are not enough, that small improvements in the output of millions of farmers would be far greater in total. Not only so, but they would give the villager more and better food, improve his health and energy and

lead him thus to break the bonds of ignorance, to plow with hope.

On this sound basis of rising farm productivity and buying power Dr. Faris would base his industrialization scheme. It would first stimulate local handicraft industries and in time supplement these with very small scale but power-using plants still making the goods the farmer and his family want. Gradually these industries would drain the surplus labour from the farms and thus, without needing much additional food, (since the unproductive labourer on the farm consumes it already) would raise the total supply of goods and tools available. Cumulatively, the buying power of the farms and urban workers would both rise and industries using more power and capital would become economically profitable.

Though Dr. Faris here ventures into more difficult areas where the specialists in the field of economic development wage their debates, his suggestions, as far as they go, are soundly based on a keen appreciation of the necessity first to make full use of the labour supply and then to raise as quickly as possible its productivity.

In time, if the mass improvement program does really overtake population increase, mass machine manufacturing is bound to be set up to supply the growing farm demand for goods more cheaply than local craftsmen can. Under such circumstances, however, the new competition, while disrupting enough in all probability, need not have the disastrous effect of village industries that the early textile mills in India had when they were introduced without being accompanied by a program to raise the farmer's productivity and buying power.

Many problems which his suggestions raise are handled by Dr. Faris with an uncomplicated hard-headedness that bears eloquent witness to his wide reading and his power to sift principles by the rural realities as he sees them. Though his heart is always ruled by his head it overflows, when given rein, in vivid and moving descriptions of individuals and their predicaments. The peasants who pass across his mind as he writes so insistently demand that they and their situation be given form and substance for us that Dr. Faris is prevented from lapsing into the arid phraseology of the official report or from citing statistics



unenlivened by reference to the human realities they summarize. He has written a well documented and balanced survey of the problem of poverty in underdeveloped countries and made very realistic suggestions for attacking it.

Dr. Faris who was born in Canada, and educated at Queen's University, has spent his life in just such an attack on poverty in Eastern lands, first as an agricultural missionary in China and more recently for various United Nations agencies in many countries. He believes that if the finances were provided a corps of young people might be recruited to undertake this new task with the same enthusiasm that he and his contemporaries joined in the missionary enterprise.

F. A. KNOX

#### QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

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*SOCIAL WELFARE AND THE PRESERVATION OF HUMAN VALUES.* W. G. Dixon (Ed.). Vancouver: J. M. Dent and Sons, (Canada) Ltd., and the University of British Columbia. 1957. Pp. xiv + 231. \$4.50.

It is always very difficult to pass judgment upon a book which is a collection of contributions, even when the various pieces consist of a series of reasonably well integrated essays in scholarship. It is even more difficult when, as in this case, the contributions consist of a series of addresses, comments made during the discussion following such addresses, and various bits and pieces offered by "resource persons" during a symposium held at the University of British Columbia at the end of October 1955.

The occasion for the symposium was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the School of Social Work at U.B.C. Honorary degrees were conferred at a special convocation upon George F. Davidson, Deputy-Minister of Welfare, federal Department of Health and Welfare; R. E. G. Davis, Executive Director, Canadian Welfare Council; Gordon Hamilton, New York School of Social Work, Columbia University; Eileen Younghusband, School of Social

Administration, London School of Economics; and Zella Collins, a pioneer in social work in British Columbia. With the exception of Miss Collins, all of the honored guests appear in this volume. The editor is Prof. William G. Dixon, recently appointed Director of the U.B.C. School and the foreword is by President Norman MacKenzie.

This reviewer expected a good deal from this collection of papers, commentaries and observations from such a distinguished company yet, in general, remained disappointed. The editor's problem, simply put, was that of organizing and integrating material prepared and presented on a sentimental occasion, a time of "homecoming", if you will. He would have been wise to eliminate the homey chatter and friendly reminiscences of the principal speakers or to rewrite the first few pages of the major papers.

Nevertheless, there are many "highspots" in this volume and a number of contributions which anyone can recommend with eagerness to the student of social work and social welfare in Canada, whether such student be a lay or professional person. The major papers by Miss Younghusband on "Social Work Education in the World Today", by Mr. Davis on "Welfare Services and Community Responsibility", by Miss Hamilton on "Humanizing the Social Services" and Prof. Leonard Marsh's excellent commentary entitled "Social Welfare and the Social Sciences: A Perspective" are together sufficient to justify inclusion of this volume in any bibliography of essential reading on the Canadian social services. In these papers almost all of the real issues involved in meeting human need in our western industrial society are clearly identified and considered within the available space. On the other hand, George Davidson's "Social Welfare in Canada, 1930-1955", is a disappointment, adding little to the knowledge of any reasonably intelligent citizen.

Prof. Younghusband wrote, very early in her paper:

There could be no more vital enterprise at the present time than to discover how man can be helped to get on better with himself, and to help him to do it. To achieve this is not a matter of pious aspiration but one of the more difficult



and all-demanding enterprises in which it is possible to engage, requiring a high degree of social intelligence. This implies not only specialized knowledge in the biological, social and behavioural sciences but also discipline in subjecting this knowledge to orderly thinking. (p. 4).

No one could ask for a more positive affirmation of the value of the professionally trained social worker or a clearer plea for fundamental research into the practice of social work. Miss Younghusband returned to this point by way of exposition:

It does not therefore seem unduly optimistic to hope that social research by social workers may have something to contribute to their (unsolved social problems) elucidation, as well as to that of many other problems with which social workers are also familiar. Indeed, familiarity is just the trouble. For the practitioners whom we educate will fail to make their proper contribution to social knowledge unless we in schools of social work succeed in inculcating deeply in them that habit of mind which is eternally curious, which takes little for granted, and which continually asks why people are as they are and why they behave as they do. (p. 9).

These remarks, of such importance to social workers in Canada and the United States, are underscored by Prof. Marsh's magnificent identification of six broad issues within social welfare and the social sciences as they relate to each other, and by Mr. Davis' sharp analysis of community responsibility for the social services. In particular, Mr. Davis demolishes the canards that welfare services are destroying personal initiative and in any event cost far more than we can afford. While his remarks (p. 53-54) may seem familiar to the initiated they cannot be repeated too often in Canada.

The third major division in this volume on "The Generic Curriculum" will be of considerable interest to educators in schools of social work throughout the world. The School of Social Work at U.B.C. has pioneered in the development of a so-called "generic curriculum" which will offer graduate education for social workers, rather than for case workers or group workers or community organizers or administrators. The nature and integration of

this curriculum is explained in a scant 50 pages by 8 contributors. It is a pity that most had so little to say.

Many Canadian universities and departments within universities will be celebrating centennials, golden anniversaries and the like within the next two decades. Inevitably the question of a commemorative volume will arise. The lesson of this volume is that the easy way out—the printing of all the words spoken during 2 or 3 days—is not the most satisfactory approach, if one seeks truly to commemorate.

ALBERT ROSE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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*TV AND OUR SCHOOL CRISIS.* By Charles A. Siepmann. Toronto: Dodd, Mead and Company (Canada) Ltd. Pp. 198. \$4.00.

Can two minuses make a plus? Can television, which usually emphasizes trivialities, help to improve our overburdened educational system? Mr. Siepmann believes that lectures and classes given over television will allow the best instructors to reach students who now receive poor instruction, or none at all. His book does not claim that television lectures should replace conventional education; his point is that much education has become so poor that television can often do as good a job as a live teacher—even if only during the approaching teacher shortage crisis.

Mr. Siepmann, formerly Director of Adult Education for the B.B.C., gives some appalling facts about American education, along with some remarks on French, British and Canadian education. Ninety thousand teachers in the United States fail to meet the minimum qualifications, forty-eight per cent of American high schools offer no physics courses, forty-three per cent offer no instruction in any foreign language, and only forty per cent of U.S. college and university teachers have Ph.D.'s. As might be expected, the almost three to one preponderance of Russian over American engineering graduates is pointed out, as well as the fact that every Russian student studies foreign languages for six years.

How can television help to improve this

disastrous state of affairs? Mr. Siepmann argues rationally and lucidly that educational television must not be brushed off as a crackpot innovation. He is most careful to argue against those who claim too much for TV. He cites figures derived from a surprising number of careful tests, to show that for small or large classes and for many, but not all, subjects, students taught by television get just as good marks as those taught directly. He points out that many classes are already so large that discussion and questions are practically precluded; that essays are often marked by assistants and returned unannotated to the student. It does not occur to the author, however, that lecturers in the social sciences may be more reluctant than usual to express unconventional ideas if their words are to be broadcast publicly.

This book is a sane introduction to television teaching, which is already in operation in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Washington County in Maryland, Alabama, Nebraska, North Carolina and Oklahoma.

D. Q. INNIS

#### QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

### Patterns of America

*AMERICAN CITIES IN THE GROWTH OF THE NATION.* By Constance McLaughlin Green. University of London: The Athlone Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 258. \$6.95.

The theme of this book is that the rise of cities in the United States has been as significant and dramatic as the development of the frontier, on which so much attention has been concentrated. The Revolution itself was nurtured in the cities, although at the time only about three per cent of the population could be classed as urban.

This thesis is developed through summaries of the history of sixteen American cities of a number of types. Five are the historical seaboard cities; New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston and Boston. Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans are river cities; Holyoke and Naugatuck are

New England manufacturing cities. Denver, Wichita and Chicago are centres of the mid-west and Seattle of the North-west. Only Detroit and Washington owe their importance to non-geographic factors.

The development of the various cities is traced from their first settlement, in terms of economics, politics, social life and appearance. Particular attention is given to the features of each city, its unique character. The character of Washington, for example, is dominated by its artificial creation as the capital of the new nation and the large number of transient residents, whose visits have sometimes lasted almost a life time. The result is a very readable series of character sketches of cities, which lead to interesting comparisons with cities one knows oneself. There is no dry recitation of facts but a series of lively stories which would serve as excellent models for any writer of local history.

STEWART FYFE

#### QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

*A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES 1885-1905, Volume IV.* By Frank Luther Mott. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1957. Pp. 788. \$15.00.

The most elusive goal for any historian who attempts to write a chronologically "complete" history of a continuing institution must surely be to catch up to the receding present. An example of that difficulty is furnished by Dr. Frank Luther Mott's still unfinished *A History of American Magazines*. Since publication of the first volume of the monumental work, (the expression seems unavoidable,) almost thirty years have been added to the story he has undertaken to tell. The book under review, the fourth instalment of the history, brings the main account down to 1905. Inasmuch as nearly twenty years separate the publication dates of volumes three and four, the reader might be pardoned for wondering whether Dean Mott can ever come abreast of current happenings, were there not the promise that a fifth volume spanning the

modern magazine period will shortly conclude the project.

Volume four of the work covers the double decade between 1885 and 1905. It deals with the period of American adolescence, the time when the nation was putting on its economic muscles, twenty years marked by trust-busting, muck-raking, prohibition agitation, suffragette violence, discovery of gold in the Yukon, "The Big Stick," the Spanish-American War, the growth of large cities, the business emancipation of women, and the rise of organized labour. These and other facets of an increasingly complex national life were reflected by contemporary magazines with a clarity previously unknown. What gave such publications their new-found power was a vast increase in their advertising revenue. Such financial gains made it possible, for the first time, for publishers to issue reasonably priced mass appeal magazines of a quality much superior to the "throwaways" which mail order houses had long been publishing to help merchandize their products. The change, accompanied as it was by a giant growth in circulation, marked the birth of the modern magazine. The turn of the century was perhaps that magazine's golden age, since such publications were not then faced with competition from the automobile, radio, television or movies for public attention and advertising support.

Dean Mott's present book is organized according to the plan he followed so usefully in earlier volumes. Part One considers large trends and categories. Part Two provides thirty-four sketches of selected magazines, among them *Colliers*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's Magazine*, *The National Geographic Magazine*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Sewanee Review*, *Vogue*, and *Woman's Home Companion*. The magazines chosen did not necessarily start life during the period under review, but all achieved their prominence then. Their stories are carried down to the present time or until they perished.

In devoting nearly 800 pages to twenty years of magazine history Dr. Mott has looked not only at the trees, but at a great many of the leaves, roots and branches in the journalistic forest. So far as a reviewer with little access to primary sources can judge, his has been a careful, perceptive scrutiny. The forest too, while not delineated

with final precision, is seen in clear pattern through Dean Mott's attentive eyes. In all this it is probably unfair to expect the author to furnish compellingly plausible insights into the larger developments he is studying. Until the first full overview of the vast field is complete the account must necessarily be largely descriptive rather than critical and analytical. When Dr. Mott won the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 for volumes two and three of the magazine history it was probably for the encyclopedic range of his survey. That quality seems to be the greatest strength of his latest book.

W. H. KESTERTON

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

## Australia

*AUSTRALIA'S COLONIAL CULTURE: IDEAS, MEN & INSTITUTIONS IN MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY EASTERN AUSTRALIA.* By George Nadel. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1957. Pp. xiii + 304. \$7.95.

Though this is not entirely a successful book it is an important one. The adaptation by colonists of the cultural heritage of their mother country to their new environment is a theme which has not received adequate attention by the historians of the various Commonwealth countries who (like the colonists themselves) have been primarily concerned with economic and political topics. One of Dr. Nadel's major contributions is his revelation of the wealth of material available in Australia for further studies on related themes. Similar unexploited resources undoubtedly exist in the other colonies of European settlement. He has attempted to assess the reception and impact of British ideas and ideals on Australian colonial society in the three decades following 1830, during which time a receptacle for convicted British felons was transformed into a group of flourishing, self-governing colonies becoming aware of their distinctive Australian character. After a brief but illuminating sketch of colonial political development he assesses the mental capital brought out by the emigrants, the

influence of the long sea voyage, and the impact of the new environment. In describing the literary facilities then available in Australia he surveys the stock carried by the booksellers, the titles found in the public and private libraries, and the content of the local periodicals and newspapers. The major part of the book is devoted to an account of attempts to foster educational facilities at all levels from elementary to university, with the Mechanics' Institute movement receiving particular attention. His consideration of the controversies relating to the relationship between religion and education leads to a too cursory appraisal of the condition of the various religious denominations in the colonies. As is frequently the case with pioneers in neglected fields of research, the author has tried to do too much.

This reader puts down the book with the feeling that he has perused not a single study, but a series of essays of unequal length and uneven quality. Although the most successful section from the viewpoint of historical research is that in which the author treats the rise and decline of the Mechanics' Institutes, Canadian readers (who are being offered the book at considerably more than twice the Australian publisher's price) will possibly find his account of the controversies over denominational control of education of greatest interest. Similar battles to those waged in Upper Canada during this period were being fought at practically the same time in New South Wales. The author discusses the rôles of Bishop Broughton and John Dunmore Lang, whose names are as familiar to students of Australian history as are those of Bishop Strachan and Egerton Ryerson to Canadians; he has also rescued other deserving labourers in the broad field of education from obscurity, foremost among them being Henry Carmichael, the real hero of this study.

This is a book which deserves to be read not only by those interested primarily in Australian affairs but by all who wish to broaden their understanding of Canadian history by undertaking comparative studies. The particular approach to the problem of social history adopted in this book suggests a broadening of horizons in Australian historiography. Upon his graduation from the University of Melbourne the author

went to Harvard rather than to Oxford or London, the usual postgraduate training centres for Australian historians. If books of this calibre result from trans-Pacific voyages, more Australians should be encouraged to travel in this direction.

K. A. MACKIRDY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

### Figures of the Past

*PARNELL AND HIS PARTY, 1880-90.*  
By Conor Cruise O'Brien. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 373. \$6.75.

The story of Parnell and his party ends in a double tragedy: the downfall of a brilliant political leader and the defeat of the forces making for reconciliation and understanding between England and Ireland. With singular success Mr. O'Brien achieves the difficult task of depicting passionate loyalties and resentments without sacrificing scholarly objectivity. But his readers are constantly aware that here is the stuff of tragedy as well as of history. They are unlikely to resist the temptation to speculate on what might have been. If Gladstone had been able to carry Home Rule, would Ireland to-day be a united and contented nation within the Commonwealth?

The author succinctly sets forth the purpose of his book: "to examine how the Irish party at Westminster in the eighties was made up; how it developed and what it did; how it was led and how, finally, it and its leader destroyed each other." The intrinsic interest of the subject is heightened by the diplomatist's capacity to penetrate behind façades to underlying causes and by the felicity of his style. Mr. O'Brien's art in turning a phrase may be illustrated by his suggestion that "inscrutability is an occupational disease of successful politicians" and by his description of Parnell as "a master of constitutional politics adept at the . . . pseudo-revolutionary gesture." This fascinating study shows Parnell as an eccentric but magnificent autocrat with a rare capacity for inspiring personal devotion. His conception of the proper rôle of

a party leader was shown in his advice to Dillon: consult "everybody whose advice is worth having—they are very few—and then do what you think best yourself."

From May, 1880, the Parnellite group at Westminster could be simply described as the Home Rule party. For the next ten years Parnell, as leader, was confronted by a series of increasingly difficult issues. To begin with, he was a Protestant who represented a Catholic constituency and headed a party largely supported by Catholic voters. Gladstone's early policy of combined land reform and coercion, by encouraging disintegration in the nationalist movement, posed an acute problem for its leader. A constitutionalist by temperament, Parnell had to conciliate both the left and right wings of his party and counter the Irish revolutionaries who were contemptuous of his moderation. When Gladstone arrested Parnell in October, 1881, he extricated him from his difficulties at home, by transforming him overnight into a martyr and a hero. After seven months in prison Parnell was released upon the condition that the Irish party would co-operate with the Liberals. Five years later the election of 1886 was fought on the single issue of Irish Home Rule. In the bitter campaign which preceded it Gladstone was variously categorised as "that unspeakable old man" and an "illustrious Englishman" with "a face like a benediction and a voice like an Archangel." His defeat meant the end of Home Rule and, through the secession of the Unionists, the fatal splitting of the Liberal party.

Seldom has a divorce suit had the political significance of that in which Parnell was named as correspondent. When the court found against him an insoluble dilemma confronted the Irish Nationalists. Friends and foes alike acknowledged his incomparable leadership and the inability of any follower effectively to fill his place. His retention as leader, as his opponents maintained, in view of public opinion in Victorian England, which for far less cause had ruined Dilke's career, would have meant the end of the Irish-Liberal alliance if not the end of Gladstone's leadership of his party. The rejection of Parnell at the behest of the English, as Mr. O'Brien argues, meant the sacrifice by the Irish Nationalist party of real power and in-

dependence. Thereafter it became "less the ally than the client of English liberals." Parnell's downfall was ultimately to destroy the one really conservative force in Irish nationalism. When the emotional power of Parnellism, without his policy, rose again, it was embodied in the revolutionary Sinn Féin movement and the rebellion of 1916.

The accomplishments of Parnell and his party may easily be obscured by their failures. Yet the Irish Nationalists converted the English Liberals first to land reform and then to Home Rule. By demonstrating the effectiveness of a highly organised and disciplined party they provided a model later followed by all British parties. Although Parnell himself was not a conspicuous democrat, Mr. O'Brien makes a convincing case for the view that the Nationalists' experience at Westminster in the end led the Irish people to respect the possibilities of parliamentary democracy. Less tangible but more direct was the influence of Parnell's romantic appeal on Irish literature. "Every man that sings a song," wrote the greatest of Dubliners, "keeps Parnell in his mind."

ELISABETH WALLACE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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*BERNARD SHAW AND THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY TRADITION.* By Julian B. Kaye. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. Toronto: Burns & MacEachern. 1958. Pp. 222. \$5.00.

In its remorseless footnoting, its solemn making of "points", and its pedestrian style, this book looks very much like a Ph.D. thesis; and like most Ph.D. theses it proves too much. The author's starting-point is that while Shaw had a profound intellect he gave "for the last thirty-five years of his life, the wrong answers to almost all the questions that have perplexed our age." Why was he so consistently wrong? Because he was really a nineteenth century worthy, answers Mr. Kaye, and could not feel at home in the catastrophic atmosphere of our time. Thereupon he proceeds to demonstrate, chapter by chapter, that Shaw's



rebelliousness derives from Carlyle and Ruskin, that his Fabianism comes from Mill and Comte, that his religion is an amalgam of Comte, Mill, and Arnold, that he gets his anti-mechanism from Butler, Bergson, William James, and Nietzsche, his evolutionary romanticism from Goethe, Schopenhauer, Blake, and Shelley, and his political economy from Jevons and Bellamy. So it goes, until poor old Shaw is well pickled in nineteenth century brine; he is now a safe specimen for a twentieth century American academic to handle.

Mr. Kaye tips his hand when he announces that *Major Barbara* unintentionally offers a sympathetic account of American capitalism and American capitalist ideals, and that Shaw was unable to grasp that the fundamental problem of the twentieth century is "the survival of Western civilization itself rather than the establishment of a more efficient and equitable economy." But supposing that you hold that the really fundamental problem in the twentieth century is the survival of *man*, and that a more efficient and equitable economy has some connection with that survival? Perhaps Shaw then becomes not quite so irrelevant to our time as Mr. Kaye would like to think.

Mr. Kaye assumes that Shaw betrayed his socialism by scorning the Continental Social Democrats and the British Labour Party. Someone who has slightly more understanding of socialism than Mr. Kaye might offer this fact as evidence of Shaw's faithfulness to socialism. Neither does Shaw's vociferous disgust with Ramsay MacDonald's Government and with the economic stagnation of the capitalist democracies in the 1930's prove that he was illiberal and authoritarian. Anyone who thinks that Shaw has nothing to contribute to our time might look again at the magnificent imaginary conversation between Jesus and Pilate in the Preface to *On the Rocks* (1933). I should like to guess that a public reading of that conversation within the borders of the United States would, within very recent memory, have made the reader a subject for Congressional investigation.

CARLYLE KING

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

*JOWETT, A PORTRAIT WITH BACKGROUND.* By Geoffrey Faber. London: Faber & Faber. Toronto: British Book Service. 1957. Pp. 456. \$6.00.

One of the most absorbing fascinations of late Victorian British high-brows was the mind, character and personality of Benjamin Jowett, the great Master of Balliol. The memoirs and autobiographies of the time, more especially those of Balliol men, of course, paused regularly and worshipfully over that particular great Victorian; and in addition, no fewer than fourteen one-volume sketches and studies of him were published in the decade which followed his death in October, 1893. He had also, like all his notable contemporaries, the tribute of an official *Life and Letters*, written by arrangement of his executors and his college immediately after his death by two intimates, Messrs. Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. Nevertheless, it is not in the least surprising that Geoffrey Faber has discovered in Jowett's career and personality matters of fresh interest; nor is it surprising that he has found ample opportunity and justification for throwing further light on a familiar figure. For one thing, much new material has become available; for another, Mr. Faber, writing half a century after the passing of Jowett and all his contemporaries, is able to reveal relationships and ideas, comments and observations that were not publishable in the 1890's. And finally, it must be added that Faber's book is fully justified by the false proportions given to Jowett's career in the *Life and Letters* and in all the other books about him. He has hitherto always been the Master of Balliol and never anything else. Faber has much that is new to say of all aspects of Jowett's life, but his book is strongest on the first fifty years of it, when the formative influences were at work and the character and personality of his subject took shape. He makes much of Jowett's broken home and his ne'er-do-well father; of the poor scholar and his passion for success; of the fellow and tutor, the university reformer and the public controversialist. The Master of Balliol is to Geoffrey Faber the least interesting part of Jowett's life and it is here that his book runs thin; but it is pardonably so, for the author's aim was to write a portrait and not another biography. Faber's scholarship is impressive



throughout, and his insight is here every whit as acute as it was in *Oxford Apostles*. The figure that emerges in his *Jowett* is at once more ordinary and less olympian, more complex and yet less inscrutable than the famous but distant Master of college recollections and after-dinner stories.

The educator predominated in Jowett's makeup—over administrator, philosopher, theologian and classicist—and it is partly at least for this reason that Faber finds the years before the Mastership so much more interesting than those which followed. Jowett's life was sadly blighted when the Master's duties cut him off from tutoring and teaching and from close contact with his young men. Like all the Victorians he believed in progress, in particular in that kind of personal progress which comes from the improvement of the mind and character of oneself and others. "To arrange my life", he wrote in a typical note on his 59th birthday, "in the best possible way, that I may be able to arrange other people's". He was one of the empire-builders of Victorian England; he educated an élite of ability and character to the duties of democratic leadership, or, at the very least, to the duties of hard, earnest, improving work. There was little room for research in such an interpretation of the don's task; indeed, Jowett thought research a form of academic self-indulgence, an escape from the professor's true responsibility. He was an uncommonly effective tutor and though he lacked all sporting interests he succeeded in impressing a dazzling variety of bright young men, converting them to the life of intelligence and industry. Jowett was one of the makers of late Victorian England and Geoffrey Faber is to be congratulated upon his success in bringing the whole man back before us.

H. W. MCCREADY

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

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**MARGARET THE FIRST.** By Douglas Grant. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. 253. \$4.50.

**FOUR WORTHIES.** By Wallace Notestein. London: Jonathan Cape. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. 1956. Pp. 248. \$3.75.

The subject of Douglas Grant's biography is Margaret Lucas (1623-73) who became the second wife of Sir William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. On her tomb in Westminster Abbey she is described as a "wise, wittie and learned Lady, which her many Bookes do well testifie."

This description of Margaret is at once eloquent under-statement and over-generous praise. Witty she certainly was, but neither wise nor learned. Her reputation is based on a spate of fantastic writings—verse narratives, prose essays, orations, plays, epistles, pseudo-scientific discussions, and biography—which reveal an extraordinarily active mind, a reckless confidence in her own inspiration, and great vivacity of style. But her mind is so undisciplined and so lacking in resources of knowledge and reasoned judgment, that her books are a helter-skelter of irregular fancies.

She tackled almost every literary form and did not hesitate to write literary criticism, social comment, and political and moral discussions; but her strongest love was for natural philosophy, a field in which she might have made a significant contribution, given some formal education. She developed her own atomic theory of matter, which she replaced with a theory of matter and motion; she attacked the opinions of Hobbes, Descartes, More, and Van Helmont, preferring her own untrammelled speculations to any proposals based on experiment and observation. In everything she wrote Margaret was volatile, imaginative, and intensely personal. Her plays and verse romances were, equally with her scientific speculations and her strident eccentricity in dress and behaviour, derived from a demonic drive for self-expression and recognition. As she stated in the dedication of one of her works to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the women of her age were largely frivolous, condemned to an inferior position and denied proper education. Her eloquence on this subject encouraged later writers, notably Addison, to propose serious training of women's minds; her life and writings provided further argument, for whatever men might think of her style or opinions they were forced to pay some attention to her and to admit that she had a vigorous mind.

Douglas Grant has succeeded in presenting Margaret to us largely through her writings, with only the necessary minimum of background of civil war, exile, and restoration, and with enough account of Newcastle himself to show us the effect of her husband's help, defence, and encouragement on Margaret's literary career. Newcastle was himself a brilliant figure but in this work he stands just to the side and behind his consort.

The organization and style of the book leave little to be desired. The opening chapter, telling of Margaret's famous visit to the Royal Society in 1667, is a most effective device for creating her character in our minds at the outset. The chapter arrangement, based partly on the periods of her life and partly on themes (such as natural philosophy, or the defence of women) makes it easy to re-read the passages that interest us most. The writing is admirable throughout, as Grant somehow manages to remain objective and to let his remarkable subject tell her own story. In all probability this will remain the definitive biography of the woman who prized originality above all things.

A sharp contrast to the scholarly approach and sensitive insights of Grant's biography of the Duchess of Newcastle is provided by Notestein's *Four Worthies*. This book, by the Sterling Professor of English History in Yale University, is certainly for the general reader, as the publishers state. It consists of four short biographies of seventeenth-century English figures who are of minor importance in themselves but interesting enough and significant when seen against the political and social background.

Of the four, John Chamberlain the letter writer is the most fully treated; he gets half of the book. As correspondent for Sir Dudley Carleton, a diplomat stationed in Europe, Chamberlain became a news-gatherer, a "Pauls-walker", an observer of the court, the gentry, London life, James I, religious and political disputes, and a shrewd commentator on the ambitions and the struggles of the great. He himself was a modest, retiring man, a bachelor but not a recluse, a staunch friend to Carleton whose interest he constantly tried to advance. Chamberlain's letters, one of the primary sources for news and gossip

of the last years of Elizabeth and the reign of James I, yields generous information on almost every topic except literature. Professor Notestein has arranged his gleanings in numbered sections of a few pages each; thus there are sections containing his views on the struggle between King and Parliament, on courtship and marriages, on Sir Henry Wolton, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Thomas Bodley, and various scandals such as the poisoning of Overbury.

I should think the main merit of these selections from Chamberlain's letters is that they might encourage some readers to go to the letters themselves. Notestein's style, here as in the latter part of the book, is frequently monotonous and it is a pleasant change to meet, in one of the rather rare quotations, the vivid style of the Jacobean prose writer. Thus Chamberlain writes about the court in 1612: "Here is such discoursing, such working, plotting, and supplanting, that what stands right today is awry tomorrow."

The other persons dealt with are Lady Anne Clifford, John Taylor the Water Poet, and Oliver Heywood a Presbyterian minister. The reasons for including them are I suppose that they fall partly into the same period (although Chamberlain died in 1628 and Lady Anne in 1676) and their lives may be reconstructed from diaries or published personal writings. Otherwise there is little to justify the structure of the book except the very general argument that through the experiences of four such different persons the reader may get an impression (no matter how incoherent) of English life in the seventeenth century.

However, the characters are decidedly interesting in themselves. Lady Anne, an indomitable figure, resisted the combined strength of her husband (the Earl of Dorset), an Archbishop, and King James I, in the matter of her lands in the north; she outlived all three, survived another husband (the Earl of Pembroke), and eventually emerged triumphant after all vicissitudes as the great lady of the north. Her Yorkshire lands came to her finally and she spent the last thirty years of her life rebuilding five castles, ("a wise body ought to make their own home the place of self-fruition"), making splendid progresses through the county, living thrifty

at home, and giving bounty to the poor. She was a woman of force and character who could in her last years read through the diaries which recorded her dark days of oppression and loneliness and feel great satisfaction in her accomplishments. Wealth, persistence, and longevity had overcome all obstacles.

The other two figures are less interesting. Taylor, the unemployed Thames ferryman who became a professional versifier, and intrepid traveller, is too well-known to deserve much comment. As the author remarks, Taylor's verse was unrhythmical and his opinions commonplace. He scribbled books on every topic that occurred to him and through his egoism and boisterous self-assurance became a public figure. The relentless catalogue of Taylor's opinions and observations makes for dull reading.

Oliver Heywood, an itinerant evangelist who suffered from the repressive measures taken against non-conformist ministers after the Restoration of 1660, is not a figure glowing with life. He is rather the zealous Puritan, better educated than most, familiar with Catholic and Anglican writings, but joyless in his outlook. He preached well and often to the Presbyterian congregations of north Yorkshire, travelled over rough roads as much as one thousand miles in one year, suffered deprivation and imprisonment, wrote tracts, kept a diary, and brought up two sons to be ministers. His life illustrates the tenacity and dogged determination of the Puritan divine of that century.

This book should be judged by popular and not by scholarly standards for it offers nothing new and is intended merely as an introduction to the age. In these terms, the book can be recommended for readers who enjoy enlarging their knowledge of history through biographical sketches.

MURDO MACKINNON

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

## Literature: History and Criticism

*ON POETRY AND POETS.* By T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber. Toronto: The British Book Service. 1957. Pp. 262. \$4.25.

As eleven of the sixteen essays in Mr. T. S. Eliot's new collection, *On Poetry and*

*Poets*, were published before 1950, I may perhaps assume some knowledge of its contents and limit myself to an assessment.

It is in my judgment better than any Eliot work in prose since the *Selected Essays* and more circumspect and statesmanlike than that volume. It is much less provocative and so, unfortunately, likely to be less influential. The old fighting spirit flashes occasionally, as in the jab at Hobbes as "a notable atheist and totalitarian"; and the treatment of Akenside, in Dr. Johnson's most magisterial style, must have been as much fun to write as it is to read: "His syllables are well disposed; his pauses, his sentence structures, are generally such as to give perpetual variety, without breaking down the metre altogether; and though he is always dull, he is seldom absurd."

As in the earlier collection, the concerns of the poetry appear in the criticism, and readers of the *Four Quartets* will recognize the working of the same sensibility in the appeal in the essay on Goethe to the wisdom that is common to all, in the observation in an essay on Virgil that Aeneas' end is only a new beginning, and in the concern for the good estate of the language that pervades the whole book. For the first time there is added a sense of the new essays completing and correcting the old—this in spite of repeated assertions by the author that he cannot bear to re-read his prose works. The tone of the book is one of autumnal serenity and the wisdom of age. With Mr. Eliot now wisdom is a settled habit of mind. Such folly as he shows is sporadic—as in the astonishing reference to *The Deserted Village* as original in idea, and in the obstinate wrong-headedness of a statement that Congreve was in some way, in any way, more "mature" than Shakespeare.

This may not be a great book, but it is the book of a great man of letters and critic of life. More than ever before, Eliot exercises his power of revealing a deeper intention that had been concealed until the appropriate moment under the carefully qualified and specific literary observations. One of the essays ends with these words:

And if the time comes when the term 'European literature' ceases to have any meaning, then the literature of each of our nations and languages will wither away and perish also.

Another ends thus:

It is equally possible that the feeling for poetry, and the feelings which are the material of poetry, may disappear everywhere; which might perhaps help to facilitate that unification of the world which some people consider desirable for its own sake.

That is the anguish of the marrow, the Grail King's groan.

WILLIAM BLISSETT

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

**SCIENCE AND THE CREATIVE SPIRIT.**

By Harcourt Brown, Karl W. Deutsch, F. E. L. Priestly, and David Hawkins. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1958. Pp. xxvii + 165. \$4.50.

The title of this book is misleading. One might suppose that it was written by scientists who would deal with the development of scientific theories. Instead, it consists of essays by professors of literature, history, and philosophy giving their views of science and its effects on literature, poetry, and scholarly thinking generally. It is stated to be the fruit of five years of meetings of a committee on the humanistic aspects of science held under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies.

In the introduction Harcourt Brown says some sensible things about the origin of science in the useful arts and its return to create industry and a new social environment. While the scientist has sought isolation of his subject matter, and even of himself, he must recognize ethics in which science seeks the freedom of society rather than freedom from society.

Karl W. Deutsch considers art as presentational, representing the integrity and wholeness of mood, while science isolates parts and investigates, deriving specific propositions and predictions. He deals with the effects of humanistic civilization and science on each other and shows that the foundation of both is in values—the motivation to compassionate, merciful, and competent action.

F. E. L. Priestly writes on science and imagination in English literature and shows

the extent to which poets were influenced by scientific knowledge and theories of their times. Harcourt Brown treats French literature similarly.

David Hawkins notes the influence of the machine and industrial society on literature and art. He recognizes the cumulative character of science and its capacity for progress. He covers the history of science briefly from teleology through mechanism to evolution and notes the vast effects of science and technology on human existence. The older humanities have been injured by this rapid growth but so also has science. There is need for a fuller attainment of the community of the humanistic spirit through intelligence and devotion to the common welfare.

This book might have been written twenty years ago for there is no reference to powerful influences of science and technology which have developed in recent years. One thinks of the need for oil and the effects of this on Arab nationalism, of television and the failure of the humanities here, and of the ethical problems of the atomic scientists. Although the authors show a true appreciation of the fundamental nature of science, and while it will be of real interest and value to thoughtful people who are not scientists, it is doubtful if it will have a wider appeal.

R. O. EARL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

**MILTON AND THIS PENDANT WORLD.**

By George Wesley Whiting. Austin, Texas: The University of Texas Press. 1958. Pp. xv + 264. \$5.00.

Since his own time, Milton's eminence has been generally acknowledged, even when his poetry was neglected. But for some twenty years, especially in the United States, he has become a re-opened mine for academic diggers and investors applying new processes, seeing new possibilities, eager for reward. Graduate students have discovered—or have been assigned—subjects for Ph.D. theses. More critics have come to bury Milton than to praise him; sources of his ideas and of his technique have been sought, classified, and labelled. Few have seen him steadily and seen him whole.

Professor Whiting is convinced that no critic can understand Milton's thought or appreciate his poetry without knowing something of his religious beliefs. He inveighs against "the prejudices and whims of the anti-Miltonists," and he sees the difficulties besetting students of Milton "in a culture dominated by the assumptions of the natural and historical sciences and by the illusions of progress and enlightenment." Some casual readers may consider this the old struggle between the good and the clever, but not even the most arrogant critic can safely be supercilious about Dr. Whiting. His scholarship is unquestionable; his bibliography includes not only many books written about Milton but also very many papers published by learned societies; he has also consulted many books dealing with relevant religious subjects. Unfortunately his English style is heavy with abstract nouns and not lightened by humour. The jacket cover does the book a disservice, with its head of Milton in full-bottomed wig and with vacant, staring eyes, unlike any known portrait of the poet, and, hard by, a tiny globe hanging by a massive chain. Milton was well aware of the Copernican view of the universe, but he had adequate artistic reasons for using the Ptolemaic theory; careful students of his cosmography find in his picture of "this pendant world" no insuperable obstacle in following Satan's journey from the gates of Hell to the Garden of Eden. But Dr. Whiting is eager to prove in detail that the "pendant world", the stairs, and the glassy sea are symbols, familiar to mediaeval interpreters of Scripture and intelligible to Milton's contemporaries. He is largely in sympathy with the opinions expressed by C. S. Lewis, who is also both scholar and earnest Christian, but Dr. Whiting looks at the non-Christian influence on contemporary society with sombre foreboding, where the eager champion disregards the lions in the way, and finds them chained.

Dr. Whiting does indeed find rhythm in poetry and ritual "of essential help in expressing religious ideas", but we catch no glimpse of the young poet, delighting in the beauty of sight and sound, happy in writing his famous masque, with his friend's music and the pleasant acting of graceful amateurs, and turning later to polemic prose only when really bitter constraint com-

pelled him to defend his deepest principles. Dr. Whiting has read *Milton the Poet* by Professor Woodhouse, but he does not accept the striking and beautiful interpretation of the theme and action in *Comus*, and he would hardly agree that Milton "is so truly a poet that nearly all his best thinking is done in his poetry." Nor does he observe, with Professor E. F. Scott, the influence on *Paradise Lost* of the apocalyptic vision of the Book of Revelation.

Dr. Whiting is happier in his analysis of *Samson Agonistes* and his emphasis on the Geneva Bible, but Milton's poetic translations of Hebrew Psalms and his admiration of Spenser might give the critic a clue to the combination of Greek, Hebrew, and Christian influence on the thought of the poem, its dramatic action, and its triumphant close.

WILHELMINA GORDON

KINGSTON

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*GOETHE'S FAUST: A LITERARY ANALYSIS.* By Stuart Atkins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1958. Pp. xi + 290. \$7.95.

When Faust questions the possibility of objective historical knowledge:

. . . times of old  
Are like a book that's sealed-up  
sevenfold.

And what you call the Spirit of the Ages  
Is but the spirit of your learned sages,  
he is indirectly expressing the truism that great works of art need to be re-interpreted by each succeeding generation. This handsomely produced volume on *Faust* was therefore received with keen anticipation. Unfortunately all that glitters is not gold.

Professor Atkins seems to have written this book under the influence of the so-called New Criticism which denies or diminishes the validity of data not contained explicitly in the *oeuvre*. This leads to lacunae or distortions in treating a work like *Faust* written over a span of sixty years encompassing disparate views expressed at different stages by various characters. Thus Mephistopheles receives short shrift since his changing aspects can



only be considered in conjunction with the changing Goethe whose views he increasingly represents in Part II. Goethe is so insistently kept out of this treatment of *Faust* that the fiction is developed that Faust is the creator of *Faust*. Now such a thesis can be maintained up to a point for the two "Walpurgis Nights" and the "Helena Act" as dream manifestations in Faust's subconscious. But surely this concept is stretched when Faust, not Goethe, is referred to in discussing the use of different verse forms:

Whereas in the scene Pharsalian Fields Faust maintained the fiction of recreating the outward forms of classical Greek drama only during the opening monologue of Erichtho, and then permitted himself a freedom of versification and a disregard of classical formal restrictions equally appropriate to utopian comedy and his sense of utopian freedom, throughout the whole of Before Menelaus' Palace at Sparta and even into the next scene he (sic!) sustains a rigidly circumscribed dramatis style, visibly inspired by the model of Attic tragedy, that represents the resolve to demonstrate the validity of his insights within a strictly delimited, symbolically finite segment of human experience.

The author's style is not visibly inspired by anything. This is a fair sample for there are many worse sentences. It is academically pretentious and devoid of grace and even clarity. There is a persistent use of infuriatingly long parentheses set off by dashes. His own translations are used throughout and only occasionally are they an improvement on extant versions.

The peculiar focus on Faust as self-contained creator of himself—legitimate in the dream-interpretation sections—culminates in the epilogue, *Bergschluchten*, where we see Faust continuing to displace not only Goethe ("Faust allows himself a last aerial translation and a potential heavenly salvation") but God Himself: "For it is Faust, not God, whom they (die seligen Knaben) are to see and respect."

The book is much concerned with culling motifs. Sometimes these are suggestive and illuminating. At other times they add little, or even distract from more intrinsic matters. The treatment of Goethe's (should I say Faust's?) neo-platonic, neo-mythical vision

of "The Mothers" is not enhanced by dragging in every casual reference to motherhood by Gretchen.

The purported major thesis of the book—that *Faust* is a self-contained drama of character—is hardly substantiated, because it is of course much more than that. Learned sage though the author undoubtedly is, he has not produced with this book the key to unlock the sevenfold sealed-up spirit of Goethe's *Faust*.

G. W. FIELD

VICTORIA COLLEGE, TORONTO

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*BETTINA, A PORTRAIT.* By Arthur Helps and Elizabeth Jane Howard. London: Chatto and Windus. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin and Company. 1957. Pp. 223. \$4.75.

Bettina was sister to Clemens Brentano and wife to Ludwig von Arnim, leading poets of the Romantic Movement in Germany, intimate friend to Goethe and Beethoven, and the author of several books and innumerable letters. She has been known to the English literary world previously mainly in connection with the great men amongst whom she lived. The present work undertakes to present her as a person of interest in her own right, mainly by means of copious quotations from her letters (in translation) stitched together with a running commentary. The result, though not quite a biography, does achieve its main purpose of keeping the focus steadily on this curious and wayward lady.

In this solemn and conforming society it is difficult to take seriously the special brand of eccentricity to which she and her group were addicted. She seems to be perpetually shooting off at tangents, behaving in a wild, headstrong, and irresponsible way—not, apparently, for the sake of publicity, but merely because such behaviour pleased her. Her letters are full of news about the state of her soul and feelings. When she married Von Arnim in 1811, her husband-to-be stopped passers-by in the streets of Berlin until he found a priest to tie the knot—an expedient that at least prevented the brothers Grimm from attending the wedding, as they had threat-



ened, dressed as storks—and they spent their honeymoon surreptitiously in the vacant house of a friend. Amusing and provoking she must have been, but it is hard to see through all this froth the solid qualities of mind and character that she must have had in order to attract Beethoven and Goethe. The numerous quotations presented here from her letters seldom show any depth of judgment, and the running commentary fails to help with the problem. The latter, indeed, is as clumsy a piece of work as I have seen in some time: a meandering narrative, full of prejudice, of which the following is a fair sample:

This is an admission that something went very wrong in Germany in the course of the 19th century. It is evident that the Germans failed to produce a middle class with a powerful voice in the country's affairs and it is tempting to ascribe the inward decline of Germany to this cause, with the rider that but for the parliamentary system and the public schools, in fact, a *Punch*-reading public, the same thing might have happened in England.

The authors are perpetually neglecting their job in order to let off fire-crackers like that.

CLARENCE TRACY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

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*AT THE MERMAID INN* (1958). Edited, Annotated and Selected by Arthur S. Bourinot, obtainable from the author at 158 Carleton Road, Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Canada. Pp. 96. \$3.50.

For sixteen months three Canadian poets wrote a weekly column in the *Globe*. Fancy free, their comments on the passing scene made good copy, provoking controversy and holding reader interest. In any generation such a feat of journalism would be newsworthy. When the columnists were Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott and William Wilfred Campbell, the wonder is that their essays have remained buried in the files of the *Toronto Globe* for February 6, 1892 to July 1, 1893.

Biographers and critics have on occasion read these Saturday columns looking, as one might imagine, for quite the wrong

things. Taken for what they are, these comments, occasional verses, bits of good humour, flashes of irony and incidental opinions are well worth the reading for the delight they offer. They still have a contemporary flavour.

The rewards of writing such a weekly column are many. Opinions and prejudices are aired and seen, in print, for what they are. Causes are championed and torches carried and no one gets hurt. Pockets of bitterness are turned inside out, and high spirits overflow. The therapeutic value of newspaper articles cannot be estimated at a cent a word. Critics who take them too seriously will be disappointed, and those who ignore them ignore the writers.

The rewards of listening to the "genial tongue" of these poets will vary with the readers; it could scarcely be otherwise. Here are fascinating glimpses of an Ottawa that is still just recognizable and unexpected sidelights on almost forgotten painters, poets, musicians and magazines. The heresies of the early Nineties may be the commonplace of today, but the writers were more courageous than the editor. Certainly they attacked with vigour such controversial topics as the eminence of Wordsworth, Fundamentalists and the Garden of Eden, the lack of critical taste in anthologies of Canadian poetry, the teaching of literature in high schools, and sonnet writing. From a rag bag came the odds and ends that were braided or woven into a rag rug. There is something of the same homely charm of colour and pattern in this book. It is period Canadian.

Arthur Bourinot has selected enough material to fill ninety pages; four fifths of the columns remain unpublished. The wonder grows that a University Press has not reprinted them in their entirety.

The Editor's preference is apparent. Lampman is represented by fifty selections; Campbell and Scott by twenty-five each. Such favouritism is an editor's privilege, one of the pleasures accruing to him for undertaking at his own expense a labour of love.

Rather unexpectedly, for this reviewer, it is Campbell whose personality emerges most clearly. There is a bitter forcefulness and a somewhat ungracious expression to the suddenly released thoughts of a lonely

man. Campbell was too advanced for his time and too easily hurt, but in his comments the tincture of irony is a remarkably effective preservative. He wrote, as well, the funniest pieces in the collection, including the prototype of *Sarah Binks*. One may read his contributions with a sense of discovery.

Scott is more urbane. In the column he sorted out his ideas on writing, style, poetry and literature. His appreciation of art and music adds grace notes to these pages. He had a good mind that ranged freely and lightly. We leave him unread to our own cost.

Lampman had the many-sided interests of an alert, vigorous, informed and observant man. Much recent criticism of his poetry has been over-precious. Arthur Bourinot has earned our gratitude for making available a considerable amount of Lampman's prose in which the man himself can be glimpsed, at home, among friends. The letters and these essays make it more possible for us to form a considered opinion of the man.

This selection is an admirable "bed-side book", if such books and their delights and reading in bed are not completely out of fashion.

FRED SWAYZE

TORONTO

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**THE LETTERS OF EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON TO ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN (1891-1897).** Edited with notes, a Bibliography, and other Material on Thomson and Lampman by Arthur S. Bourinot. Ottawa: The Editor. 1957. Pp. 49. \$2.50.

This book is better edited than its previously published companion volume, *Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson (1890-1898)*. The introduction is briefer, and Arthur Bourinot's eulogy of Lampman is more restrained. Thomson's letters, unlike Lampman's, are given in full, and where certain omissions are unavoidable, they are carefully noted with an explanation. The appendices and bibliographies contained provide useful hints to scholars wishing to look more closely at the work of both Thomson and Lampman.

On the surface, Thomson's letters show a bluff, engaging, confident personality willing to go to extraordinary lengths to provide moral support and prospects of employment to a younger, more diffident friend. Read in conjunction, the Thomson-Lampman correspondence reveals a rather conventional patron-poet inexpensive mutual admiration society.

"If I could only be free from this drudgery, what great things might I not do" writes the poet in effect to his patron, knowing all the time that, as jobs go, his is a sinecure.

The patron rises to the bait, "Come with me to Boston and I'll guarantee a job with nothing to do and proper appreciation of your genius." (Knowing all the time that Lampman will never leave Ottawa.)

"I'm no genius, really; only a very minor poet" writes Lampman, telling the truth for once, but fishing not in vain for further compliments.

Such games our harmless vanities prepare for posterity. Unfortunately, posterity in the person of several Canadian critics has chosen to take this particular game seriously.

Scattered throughout this mutual make-believe are remarks which prove Thomson to be a penetrating, if unsystematic, critic. He unexpectedly spotted the "phoniness" of the work of George Frederick Cameron and the silliness of much of what William Wilfred Campbell was writing. Moreover, his remarks on how to write reviews can still be read with profit by most reviewers in Canada today.

FRED COGSWELL

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

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## Recent Novels

**YOUNG MR. KEEFE.** By Stephen Birmingham. Boston: Little, Brown. Toronto: Little, Brown. 1958. Pp. 369. \$4.50.

**THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS.** By Frederick Buechner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1958. Pp. 308. \$4.25.

**HOME FROM THE HILL.** By William Humphrey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1958. Pp. 312. \$4.50.

*ON THE ROAD.* By Jack Kerouac. New York: Viking Press. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada. 1957. Pp. 310. \$4.50.

*THE SUBTERRANEANS.* By Jack Kerouac. New York: Grove Press. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1958. Pp. 111. \$3.50 (cloth), \$1.45 (paper).

*THE LADY.* By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1957. Pp. 191. \$3.50.

None of these novels exemplifies the fashion which Malcolm Cowley deplored in *THE LITERARY SITUATION* of 1954. The "New" Fiction, as he called it, ignored social and political themes, eschewing all ideas except a few repeated generalities. Instead, it focused on the private crises of sensitive, often adolescent, individuals, who were singularly isolated from the activities of most people.

If these more recent novels are representative, and they probably are, the fashion has changed. All of these are "about" something. Only in their conscientious, and generally successful, craftsmanship do they resemble Cowley's New Fiction. Involved as they are with private problems, they as well as their characters are part of their time and place and society. Of these half-dozen novels William Humphrey's *HOME FROM THE HILL* has been most widely praised and Jack Kerouac's *ON THE ROAD* most vigorously discussed, for and against; but each has its special interest and to some readers its especial appeal.

Frederick Buechner is one of the leading young American novelists. In his third novel, *THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS*, he adds scope to the precocious virtues he displayed in his early New Fiction. Not only does Buechner set the private problems of his main characters in the wider contexts of national affairs, his theme itself concerns that involvement, the need for commitment. His main character is a distinguished statesman, Ansel Gibbs, called back from retirement to a cabinet post in Washington. Gibbs may well suggest Adlai Stevenson in his cultivation, in the loyalty of his supporters, and perhaps in his reluctance to give up privacy for the glare and

turmoil of politics. Ansel Gibbs is assailed, on a national television panel, by a senatorial enemy. When he is accused of being too civilized, he upholds intellectual aristocracy and cosmopolitan interests. "I am civilization," he asserts. In the subsequent controversy over senate confirmation, he is tempted to withdraw into unpolitical peace. The private dilemma, presented credibly though least effective in the climaxes, embodies an arresting theme.

In *YOUNG MR. KEEFE* Stephen Birmingham also involves his title character in a contemporary situation—the various problems, social and domestic, of a very young business man in San Francisco. There are many suggestions of J. P. Marquand, as in more than one recent novel, in subject and presentation. In the setting it depicts, and in its youthful characters and attitudes, *YOUNG MR. KEEFE* finds its novelty. Having rejected the security of his wealthy Eastern family, James Keefe is tempted to discard both responsibilities and moral standards. The struggle he makes to save himself and his marriage reveals a theme of some importance, with notable skill for a first novel. But Young Keefe is sometimes submerged in superficial details, as an amateur actor in his mannerisms; urgency is lost, and immediacy.

Conrad Richter's heroine, *THE LADY*, is seen against the richly described background of New Mexico of seventy years ago. With the practiced hand which has won him a wide audience and a Pulitzer Prize, Richter portrays Doña Ellen, whose passionate arrogance almost betrays her to the cold conniving of her enemy. Here is a well-made novel, with many of the elements of a colorful, and sometimes melodramatic, motion picture. Yet not only in the title does *THE LADY* suggest Willa Cather in her later novels, her novels "démoullé." The growing awareness of the child who narrates the story and the restrained bareness of some of the episodes achieve a sympathy, though not enough concern, for Doña Ellen.

The hunting scene alone would entitle William Humphrey to the praise which has been given his first novel, *HOME FROM THE HILL*. Only with the masters, Hemingway in *ACROSS THE RIVER* and, more particularly, William Faulkner in "The Bear," can he in such scenes be compared. For

Humphrey absorbs the reader in the scenes and in the various suspense of them. They become part of Theron Hunnicutt's initiation into manhood, the arduous triumphs through which he knows himself and knows his father. The boy cannot avoid a further awareness, of an adulthood embittered by his father's sins and his mother's hatred. Gradually, and possibly with unnecessary indirectness, this second initiation reveals itself, in the comments of the community, in the tensions within the family, and, least convincingly, in the extravagant climax.

Jack Kerouac's *ON THE ROAD* is in many ways the most original of these novels; it is likely to have the strongest impact on its readers, fascination or revulsion or both. Kerouac, born in New England of French-Canadian stock, has lived in many American cities, recently in San Francisco. In *ON THE ROAD* he pictures, without concern for the sensibilities of the tender-minded, a startling generation, the Beat Generation as he calls it. They have had no illusions to lose and apparently no standards to reject. They want to live a life of pure and intense sensation, with no obligations except to themselves. To live means to drink oneself wild or sodden, to smoke marijuana, to live with one girl in San Francisco, possibly in marriage, and then to move on, with or without divorce, to another woman in New York. It means jazz sessions, all-night talks, and racing across the length and breadth of the country, at times in a stolen car. The pattern of *ON THE ROAD* is movement, whirling movement. Most of the characters are merely glimpsed in the whirl. Two are not, the narrator Sal Paradise and one incoherent friend whom he admires, Dean Moriarty, the "Holy Goof," who, "by virtue of his enormous series of sins, was becoming the Idiot, the Imbecile, the Saint of the lot." For Dean is uninhibited, with the honest intensity of the simple-minded; he is, declares Sal, "Beat—the root, the soul of Beatific." The judgments are ridiculous, but the frenzied activity is recreated, by image, structure, headlong sentence,—a whirl of vivid sensation. Fortunately, the term "generation" is exaggerated.

Kerouac's most recent novel, *THE SUBTERRANEANS*, limits its locale to San Francisco and its physical activity to drinking and sex. The Subterraneans are Bo-

hemians who know Pound and Baudelaire as well as jazz and drink and varieties of sexual conduct; they are said to be "urban Thoreaus," "hip without being slick." Yet neither the unsavory love affair which constitutes the plot nor the free-wheeling interior monologue is likely to add to the admirers won to Jack Kerouac by *ON THE ROAD*.

F. D. CURTIN

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY

## Political Thought

*THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF HOBBS: HIS THEORY OF OBLIGATION.* By Howard Warrender. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 346. \$6.50.

*DIDEROT: THE TESTING YEARS, 1713-1759.* By Arthur M. Wilson. New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xii + 418. \$11.50.

It is instructive to read these two books together, for when placed side by side they illustrate two sharply contrasting approaches to the study of ideas, and also two very different contributions to the development of political thought. The volume on Hobbes is a philosophical study of a philosopher; that on Diderot is an historical and biographical study of a *philosophe*, a word to be translated in a special sense in this context.

Warrender has enunciated a radically new interpretation of Hobbes's moral and political philosophy, based, as he points out, upon the continuous rereading of *Leviathan* until the inconsistencies were resolved. This method can often be extraordinarily effective, even for the most familiar figures, in cutting away the underbrush of accumulated tradition and revealing the original tree in clearest outline.

Briefly, Mr. Warrender's position is that Hobbes enunciates clearly a theory of moral obligation which obliges men at all times to obey the law of nature. It arises from

man's relation with God, and exists in the state of nature just as it does in the state of civil society. What is lacking in the state of nature is not the obligation itself but the series of operative conditions which are necessary in order that the individual may heed his obligations without jeopardizing his personal safety. The full argument is a complex one, and is likely to prove heavy going for the average reader. But the author's case, on the surface at least, is a convincing one, and he shows a readiness to examine the conflicting evidence as well as that on which he bases his interpretation.

Warrender purposely avoids any discussion of Hobbes's place in the history of thought, but it is to be noted that his interpretation tends to separate the real Hobbes and his ideas from the position that he has long enjoyed in the history of political thought. If we follow Warrender, the Hobbes of tradition, Hobbes the great atheist, Hobbes the apologist of absolute power, vanishes in a puff of smoke. It is not that the tradition is necessarily, or even probably, more correct than Warrender. What has happened is that tradition has given us a second Hobbes, simpler and therefore more attractive than the original man and his ideas, who has been devised in order to illustrate a point of view in the history of ideas. Hobbes is not the first political theorist to play such a dual—or even multiple—rôle. The contribution of Warrender and other students of Hobbes in recent years has been to look behind this convenient myth in an effort to draw a more accurate picture of the man himself and his political system.

The career of Diderot reminds us, first of all, how large a debt the world owes to the editors of its major works of reference: to Diderot and D'Alembert, in the first place; to Moreri, to Pierre Bayle, to Michaud, to Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee, to Sir William Smith, to Sir James Murray—to name only a handful. The book reviewed here might well be described as the biography of the *Encyclopédie*, and the attention which the author devotes to it seems justified, for apart from this enormous work of 35 volumes Diderot's place in the history of ideas, as distinct from the history of literature, would undoubtedly be a negligible one. As it is, the *Encyclopédie*

remains for all time one of the best reference sources for the France of the old régime, its judicial procedures, its economic organization, its weights and measures, and many other topics. It is a reflection on Canada, rather than on the work itself, that the Union Catalogue of the National Library can report not a single set of the first edition—for which there were approximately 4000 subscribers—in Canadian libraries, and only three sets of later editions.

Diderot's achievement in the publication of the *Encyclopédie* represents a triumph of hard work and dogged determination over many vicissitudes. Neither imprisonment, nor the nagging tribulations imposed by the censorship, nor the crossfire of religious controversy both from Jesuit and Jansenist sources, nor even outright suppression by royal decree, was sufficient to block its publication irretrievably. The opposition objected, of course, not to its factual content, but to the rationalist spirit that permeated it as far as the censorship would allow. Having declared sharp war upon ignorance and obscurantism, it could hardly fail to impress upon its readers in a thousand indirect but obvious ways the shortcomings of existing institutions, both ecclesiastical and secular, and it was an admirable instrument of propaganda precisely because of its pre-eminence in its field. As Wilson justly remarks, it had a captive audience that found it indispensable. That it proved a most efficient instrument for the destruction of the old régime should not surprise us.

Yet as an encyclopedia it had deficiencies. In keeping with the rationalist assumptions of its editors, it inclined to the view that philosophy was everything, and history nothing. Consequently against its excellence in the sciences, in technology and the crafts, in commerce and economics, could be set deficiencies in systematic history, in biography, in geography. In the biographical field it was inferior to the seventeenth-century projects of Moreri and Bayle. However, these faults, if they are faults, were intentional. Diderot and his colleagues set out quite deliberately to change men's modes of thought, and to a very considerable degree they succeeded.

Diderot's imprisonment in 1749 was not occasioned by the *Encyclopédie*, for the



first volume was still in preparation. The trouble arose over certain philosophical essays and a salacious novel called *Les Bijoux indiscrets*. His crimes were, on the religious side, a deficiency of belief in God; on the political, a tendency to comment on social and political abuses. The novel seems to have drawn official ire for its rather too transparently disguised references to the King, the Court, and many public figures, as well as for its digressions on public policy; no one seems to have been greatly troubled by the pornography of the main plot. Even in censorship fashions change.

Mr. Wilson's volume carries the career of Diderot down to the critical year of 1759 when he was 46 years old. There is no mention of a volume to follow, though it is much to be hoped that a later one will cover the remaining 25 years of his life.

These two studies yield some further points of comparison between British and American academic books, though it must be emphasized at once that both are products of distinguished scholarship. The Hobbes volume is written as rigorously and impassively as an exercise in logic, and demands the close concentration of the reader. The Diderot volume has warmth and depth of understanding, an impressive array of research behind it, but a somewhat annoying tendency to seek out rather too often the American connections and even the modern French parallels with the scenes being described. The English volume has footnotes on the pages of text; the American one suffers from footnotes relegated—one might almost say buried—at the end. Finally the price differential speaks for itself.

K. D. McRAE

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IN BYZANTIUM from Justinian I to the last Palaeologus. By Ernest Barker. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1957. Pp. xvi + 239. \$4.50.

Two years ago in the introduction to his book "From Alexander to Constantine"

Sir Ernest stated that it was to be his last work. At that time this reviewer expressed the hope that Sir Ernest would change his mind. He has done so. As he modestly writes in the introduction to his latest work, "another bud has appeared on the tree which I had thought was barren." Herein lies the difference between a "Farewell" performance by a scholar and, for example, a singer. When the Prima Donna insists that she will never appear on the stage again, all too often we sincerely hope that she will keep her promise. Her range is diminishing, her voice has lost its resiliency. But the great scholar, like a fine vintage, improves with age. His scholarship only mellows with the years.

This present work is written after the manner of the earlier source-book. It consists of translations from primary sources linked together by brief essays on authors and subject-matter. As usual, Sir Ernest exhibits an enviable familiarity with writers few of whom are more than names to any except specialists in the Byzantine period. This reviewer cannot pretend to the knowledge requisite for a critical evaluation of the selections. They seem well balanced between social and political thought. Naturally, considering the period, the political thought is concerned primarily with the theory of monarchy and the relations of Church and State. One may regret that the author did not include more selections from legal documents and administrative records to give the reader a more adequate impression of the history of Byzantine political institutions. Such a criticism, however, is possibly unfair, since Sir Ernest's prime concern, as always, is with the history of political thought.

The author has now examined the political thought of the Greek, Roman and Byzantine world from the fifth century B.C. to 1453 A.D. He has left but one gap in this period—that of the important years from 337-527 A.D. Perhaps there is still another bud on the tree.

S. E. SMETHURST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY



## Life and Death of Christ

**THE PERSON OF CHRIST IN NEW TESTAMENT TEACHING.** By Vincent Taylor. London: MacMillan & Co. Ltd. Toronto: The MacMillan Co. of Canada. 1958. Pp. 322. \$4.00.

**THE DEATH OF CHRIST.** By John Knox. New York: Abingdon Press. Toronto: G. R. Welch & Co. Ltd. 1958. Pp. 190. \$2.75.

Here are two significant books by distinguished New Testament scholars whose points of view are so radically different that, if what one declares in respect to the life and ministry of Jesus is true, the other is very far removed from it.

Dr. Vincent Taylor has been for some decades an English Methodist scholar of great reputation, has written upon almost every conceivable New Testament subject and has left us with a number of superior volumes which will continue to enrich the world of Biblical Scholarship. *The Person of Christ In New Testament Teaching* is one of a trilogy which Dr. Taylor has written on the Person of Christ, and comprises lectures delivered at Oxford University. It would be difficult to find a more exact and adequate piece of theological writing than this.

The book is divided into two almost exactly equal parts, the first of which is exegetical, the second historical and theological, reflecting Dr. Taylor's choice of a method which avoids the weaknesses of preoccupation with the predominantly exegetical on the one hand, or following mainly the theological on the other. With the competence for which Dr. Taylor is so well known he lays bare in Part I the content of the Gospels, the Epistles, and the other writings of the New Testament, indicating with clarity and objectivity what each teaches concerning the Person of Christ. The whole section is a model of what sound exegesis and exposition should be, and there is much to admire in the way the great writings, and sometimes the great passages (e.g. the 'Hymn' in *Phil.* 2:6-11), are examined. The painstaking scholar leaves no stone unturned to present the facts in concise and orderly fashion, and conducts in the true sense an investigation which shows, as he puts it, "how markedly the categories of Lordship and

Sonship stand out in New Testament teaching concerning Christ."

In the second part Dr. Taylor comes to grips with interpretation and, combining the historical and the theological, gives us the wisdom and insight of a life-time of study and devotion, in a number of essays that are exceedingly able and penetrating. Substituting "the Divine consciousness of Jesus" for the traditional "Messianic consciousness", in two rich chapters he maintains that "within the limitations of the human life of Jesus His consciousness of Sonship was gained through the knowledge that God was His Father, mediated by prayer and communion with Him in a process of growth and development which begins before the opening of the historic ministry and is consummated in decisive experiences of revelation and intuition". What the early Church believed about Christ is followed by a discussion of the contribution of Paul, of *Hebrews*, and of the Johannine writings, and the defects of the primitive view, namely "failure to appreciate the Christological importance of the Work of Christ and a limited apprehension of the bearing of the high claims made for Him upon the doctrine of God", are supplied by these great writers who give the Work of Christ its proper place, who understand that "the Work illuminates the Person and the Person explains the Work", and who, in using such categories as Wisdom and the Logos, present a much more adequate and richer Christology.

The rest of the book deals with the bearing of the New Testament doctrine of Christ upon the development of the doctrine of the Trinity, with kenotic theories that have arisen from the famous passage in *Philippians* (2:1-11), with the bearing of Psychology upon Christology, and with an attempt to formulate a doctrine of the Person of Christ "implied in New Testament teaching as a whole." As to the Trinity, it is not "an express New Testament doctrine", but "great passages foreshadow later developments" of it. Respecting kenoticism, that the incarnation involved the self-limitation of the Son of God, Dr. Taylor thinks such a view inescapable and propounds such a position in his final chapter. Here, in one of the ablest sections of the book, we have a most acute criticism of the views of William Temple and Donald

Baillie both of whom questioned kenotic doctrine. Few have encouraged the application of Psychology to Christology, remembering the ill-starred attempt of William Sanday to do so in 1910. Taylor, however, feels that Sanday's work has not been justly appraised, and that "the better understanding of human personality made possible by the Psychology of today" does have relevance for Christology. We are reminded finally, in a word which sums up so well our author's own approach to this important study, that "we do not first discover who Christ is and then believe in Him; we believe in Him and then discover who He is."

Without question this in one of the ablest books in the biblical and theological field that have appeared for some time. It will become a standard text for all who seek the biblical foundations of Christology, both students and teachers. It represents vast learning, excellent explication, able argument, balanced judgment, and the wisdom of maturity. Again Dr. Taylor has placed the world of biblical and theological scholarship greatly in his debt.

*The Death of Christ* by John Knox of Union Theological Seminary, New York, is a most provocative book. It is a study of the Cross of Christ in New Testament History and Faith dealing with "the external circumstances of Jesus' death, its meaning for him, and its meaning in and for the Church." The main emphasis of the book, however, is placed upon the second of these, "the problem of Jesus' own understanding of his death."

No attempt is made to give an historical account of the circumstances surrounding the crucifixion. This Dr. Knox believes to be impossible since the evidence is "so meager and, even where it exists, so ambiguous." That Jesus was crucified is clear. Not so clear are three tendencies which were at work among the earliest interpreters of the cross, namely (a) to elaborate, with the help of Old Testament texts, the bare facts of the crucifixion; (b) to "play down the Roman part in it" and to exaggerate "the part taken by Jews"; (c) "to discount the political significance of the incident". With these the first, and briefest, part of the book is concerned, for Professor Knox maintains that the way the fact of the cross was remembered and

interpreted depends largely on the operation of these three tendencies.

In the second part, where he deals with the mind of Jesus respecting his death, we have a very frank and honest examination of the contents of the synoptic tradition by one who has accepted the position of the extreme Form Critics generally, namely that the creative impulses which produced the Gospel tradition came from the Church. We are not, therefore, surprised to find this section very negative in character. Jesus did not believe himself to be the Messiah; he did not believe himself to be 'Son of Man'; he did not believe himself to be the Suffering Servant; nor did he create the synthesis 'Son of Man—Suffering Servant' by way of transforming the traditional concept of Messiahship. In fact, maintains Knox, if we are to retain the sanity of Jesus and avoid "the most serious psychological difficulties", we must not suppose that he believed any of these things or created the synthesis commonly attributed to him by the Church and by conservative New Testament scholars. Rather we must find the uniqueness of Jesus not in some "Messianic consciousness" conferred upon him by the Church community, but in that "something extraordinary" in his consciousness which, though real, cannot be identified with any degree of "precision and certainty," but may best be described as a prophetic consciousness with "a sense of unique vocation", unique because he stood "in a relation of peculiar responsibility to the coming crisis", the imminence of the Kingdom of God. Thus Jesus "was not preoccupied with his own status or 'nature'. His thoughts were turned, most of all, toward God—God's will so strenuously demanding, God's love so extravagantly bestowed, God's sovereignty so soon to be vindicated". When, because of his unflinching witness to this purpose, it became clear that his enemies would destroy him "we can understand his having come to the conclusion that God would use even his death in bringing to fulfillment his sovereign purposes and that in that fulfillment he himself would share".

Turning finally to the meaning of the cross for the early Church Dr. Knox describes the cross as "the very center of faith" within the life of the Christian community, and "the actual and symbolic

center" of the entire Christ event. The Church found ways of expressing the significance of the cross and of communicating its power to others by picturing it, placarding it before men's eyes, that they might "see and feel it, imaginatively entering into the sufferings of Christ" in order to understand the benefits of his passion. These attempts at expression sometimes referred to as "theories of the atonement", interpreting either Christ's victory over evil, or his work of reconciliation, or his revelation of God's love, while not compatible, or acceptable as full explanations of Jesus' death, nevertheless are necessary and indispensable to the expression of "empirical meanings" seen and felt in the experience of the Church, namely the consciousness of victory over evil, the sense of the forgiveness of sins, and the disclosure in both of the love of God. Christians accept the cross when they rely finally upon this love, and find in it the ground of "a mighty hope" that the redemptive work which God has begun in them He will ultimately bring to completion.

This book is radically different from Taylor's whose work would be classed by Knox as conservative. The affirmations of Taylor respecting the title of Jesus in the Gospels are the denials of Knox. The latter at the beginning of his book hopes to be free from the liberal position which assumes "that Jesus was not only a typical man but also in effect a modern man" who "could not have had thoughts about his death which such a man could not easily or naturally entertain". The reader must decide whether Dr. Knox has not fallen into this very position which he hoped to avoid, particularly in his handling of "the psychological question". Moreover, to place Jesus' uniqueness in his sense of having a share in, or a particular responsibility for proclaiming, the Kingdom of God, is surely not less psychologically difficult than to have him accept the title 'Son of Man'. Perhaps it is because the creativity of Jesus is subordinated to the creativity of the Church that Knox, and other scholars like him, refuse to admit the possibility that Jesus did transform ancient titles and create a 'Son of Man—Suffering Servant' synthesis. One wonders also whether Knox does justice to eye-witness tradition. To brush aside titles in *Mark* because this Gospel

did not appear until A.D. 70, scarcely gives much place to the transmission of a reasonably reliable tradition. Thus while Knox speaks often of what was remembered concerning the 'Christ Event', one often has difficulty in pinning down in any concrete fashion what these memories were. The book suffers, therefore, in its main section from a dreary vagueness often accompanied by rhetorical questions which require answers that follow only because the questions are based on assumptions by no means self-evident. One has the feeling also that this vagueness might have been overcome had Dr. Knox defined History a little more clearly, rather than giving the impression, which he evidently does not intend to do, that History (objective fact) can be separated from interpretation. These are a few questions prompted by a book which is an honest and courageous work, written by one whose intellectual integrity in no way interferes with his zealous devotion to the Faith he professes.

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## Roman Britain

*ROMAN SILCHESTER.* By George C. Boon. London: Max Parrish. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin. 1957. Pp. 245. \$6.50.

The town of Calleva (Silchester) has been the subject of sporadic archaeological investigations since the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet surprisingly enough, though Silchester is the most extensively excavated of Romano-British towns, no complete report of the discoveries has been made. The author of this book, formerly Archaeological Assistant at Reading Museum where the Silchester Collection has been deposited by its owner, the Duke of Wellington, has worked on the site for the past six years. He has written a concise yet fairly comprehensive account which stresses the importance of Silchester for an understanding of the civic and social life of Roman Britain.

After a brief survey of early descriptions of Silchester and an account of the first excavations Boon describes the growth of

the town which, at first a Belgic settlement (founded by the Atrebates?), was gradually Romanized until it became an important and well fortified town in which it is possible to distinguish three defence systems. There follow chapters on public buildings, temples and religious life, and houses. The author then describes the domestic and economic life of the inhabitants, and ends by discussing Calleva's place in the road system of Roman Britain.

This book, which is well annotated but has a disappointing bibliography, will be of especial interest to the layman and the teacher of British history who is not a specialist in archaeology. In the first place, it is the most readable account so far of life in a Romano-British town. What is possibly more important is the fact that the discoveries at Silchester seem to indicate, as the author observes (pp. 78-79), that Rostovtzeff's gloomy picture of the decay of Romano-British towns in the

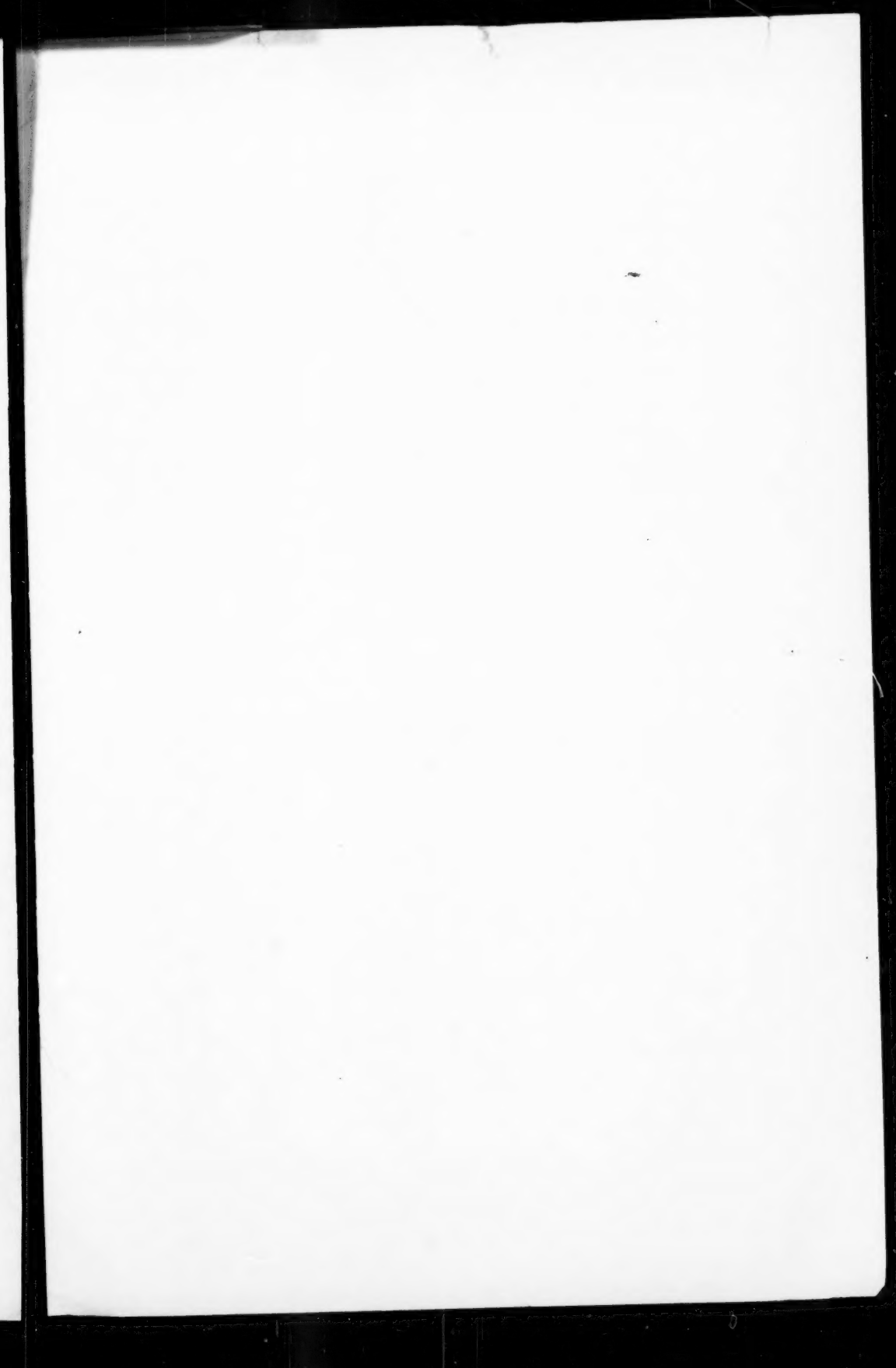
early fourth century should be revised, since at Calleva, at any rate, there are signs of a vigorous municipal life extending into the fifth century and possibly even later.

The book is well produced with excellent plates in half-tone and many line drawings. There are indexes of persons, buildings and subjects and a plan of Calleva. The Duke of Wellington has written a foreword, and Mrs. M. Aylwin Cotton, who conducted excavations in 1938 and later, has contributed an instructive introduction which is refreshingly different from most introductions in that she disagrees with certain of the author's conclusions.

This book is to be recommended to all readers interested in the early history of Britain and social history in general.

S. E. SMETHURST

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*Some Account of MATONABBEE, and of the eminent Services which he rendered to his Country, as well as to the Hudson's Bay Company...* SAMUEL HEARNE.

MATONABBEE was the son of a Northern Indian by a slave woman, who was formerly bought from some Southern Indians who came to Prince of Wales's Fort with furs, &c.

It is impossible for any man to have been more punctual in the performance of a promise than he was; his scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty would have done honour to the most enlightened and devout Christian, while his benevolence and universal humanity to all the human race, according to his abilities and manner of life, could not be exceeded by the most illustrious personage now on record.

